CANFIELD

BY ALEXANDER GARDINER

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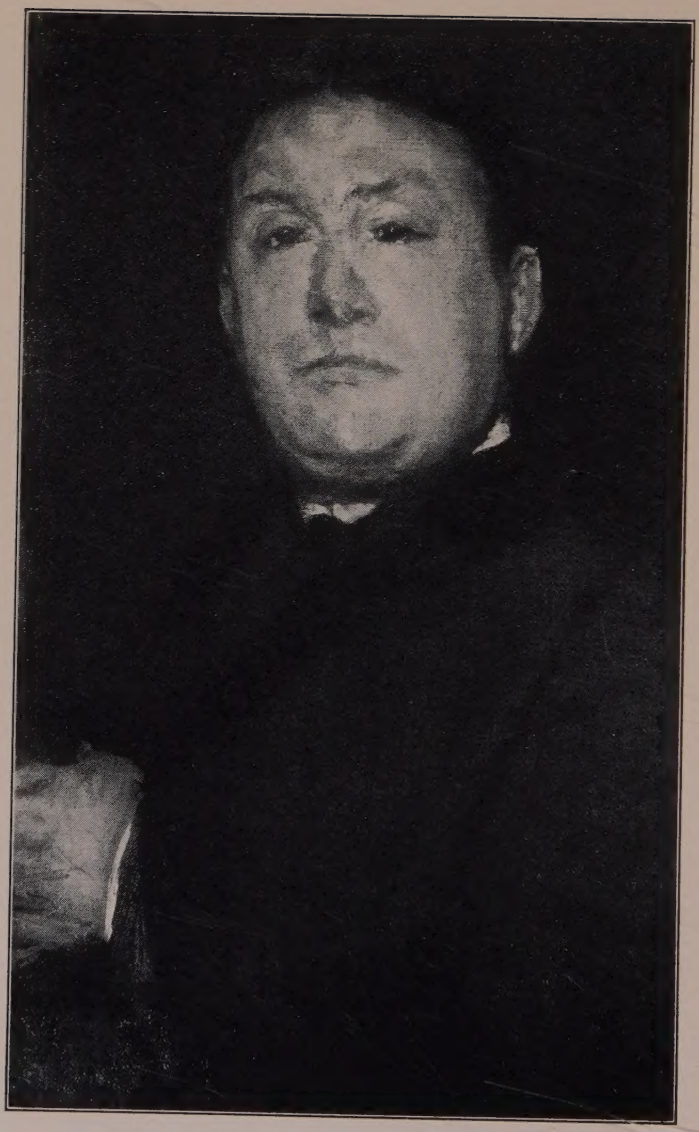

Richard A. Canfield, from the unfinished portrait by James Abbott McNeill Whistler, which the artist called "HIS REVERENCE."

Courtesy of Cincinnati Museum

CANFIELD

THE TRUE STORY OF

THE GREATEST GAMBLER

BY

ALEXANDER GARDINER

Illustrations
from photographs

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN AND
COMPANY, INCORPORATED
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CANFIELD

CHAPTER I

THE GREAT AMERICAN GAMBLER

I

An old, ramshackle wagon, driven by a seedy horse, rambled up Fifth Avenue cheek by jowl with hansom cabs carrying first-nighters from a memorable performance of *Brutus* by Mansfield at the Herald Square to after-theater suppers at Sherry's and Delmonico's at Forty-fourth Street. It was a queer sort of equipage to slow down the fast-stepping traffic on the Avenue at eleven o'clock this frosty December evening. Half-a-dozen men sat in back on what appeared to be a couple of ladders and a jumble of axes and other implements that looked like burglar tools, while the large, moustached driver talked animatedly to a clean-shaven, earnest-looking young fellow who sat beside him on the front seat. The *clop-clop* of the well-groomed horses drawing the hansom cabs and the derisive "Back to the boneyard" flung by their drivers as opportunity came to push ahead of the down-at-the-heels wagon and its badly frayed motive power awoke the echoes as the procession passed the Union League and continued north.

Across Forty-second Street, a decorous and not too well-lighted Forty-second Street, the dilapidated wagon

proceeded, the heavy-set driver giving the mare a light flick of the whip to hurry her a bit. Then up past the Forty-third Street corner where William M. Tweed had once lived, past the Willow Tree and its Cottage, now all but deserted of its coachman patrons, and to the southeast corner of Forty-fourth Street. The earnest-looking young man slid off the seat as the wagon turned east on Forty-fourth to a renewed jeering by the cab drivers.

In the ballroom at Delmonico's Restaurant Mayor Seth Low and other notables attending the annual dinner of the St. Andrew's Society were laughing over the story of the Scotch golfer who when he flubbed a shot said "Croton" because that was the biggest dam he knew, a story that President Woodrow Wilson was to tell a dozen years later with "Assouan" as the key word. The young man who had slipped off the wagon did not go into the ballroom, however, but stood at the entrance to the dining room looking at the islands of tables. Finally he saw what he wanted—William Travers Jerome, District Attorney of New York County, sitting at a table in a far corner with Deputy Police Commissioner Piper.

The young man hurried over, bent for a moment to whisper to the district attorney. The two men seated at the table quickly arose, got their hats and coats from the attendant, and walked out. They turned into East Forty-fourth Street, walked down the side of Delmonico's, past the house next to it, and stopped. The dilapi-

dated wagon stood at the curb in front of the home of Richard A. Canfield, the most famous of American gamblers. This house of his at No. 5, a combination of art gallery and temple of chance for authentic men-about-town and Pittsburgh millionaires, had defied the authorities for years. There were lights in the windows of all four floors of the brownstone building. The great bronze door set between columns made it evident that whatever was going on within would be all over before axes battered down that portal.

By this time the men on the back of the old wagon had dropped to the sidewalk. Piper gave a tentative ring to the Canfield doorbell, and Jerome nodded to the wagon crew. Instantly one of the ladders was out on the sidewalk and then they were dropping it against the sill of the window nearest the door. The big, moustached man who had driven the old wagon up Fifth Avenue grabbed an axe, walked gingerly up the ladder, and steadying himself, took a vicious cut at the window. Glass shattered. Then another smash and the hole was big enough to suit Police Inspector Nicholas Brooks. He entered the house with drawn revolver. Jerome and Piper, detectives, and two or three assistant district attorneys followed.

Two years before, when Jerome as a Special Sessions judge was using county detectives and special investigators of various reform associations to break into gambling houses, and was holding summary court on the premises, the obese gambler in his cups at Del-

monico's had profanely and stridently boasted that never would Jerome get into 5 East Forty-fourth Street. Word of that boast had been carried to Jerome, and a year later, when he was heckled during his campaign for the office he was now holding by men who wanted to know why he couldn't get into Canfield's, he had promised that he would close up the gambling citadel.

Now he was making good on that promise.

The successful raid he made that night of December 1, 1902, marked the beginning of a new era in New York as well as in the country at large. New York City had had its fill of exposés of rotten conditions by the Roosevelt, Lexow, and Mazet legislative committees, but despite these and the work of Anthony Comstock and Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, vice had remained in the saddle. With Jerome's victory over Canfield the reformers took heart, and soon they had municipal corruption and corporate abuse on the run all along the line. Lincoln Steffens cried aloud about the shame of the cities, Ida Tarbell disclosed the rottenness of early Standard Oil practices, Thomas W. Lawson showed up the evils of frenzied finance in Wall Street, Upton Sinclair pilloried the meat packers, and Reginald Wright Kauffman inveighed against the system back of prostitution. Charles E. Hughes rode into the governorship of New York on the wave of disclosures of evils in the great insurance trust. "Muckraking" got into the dictionary, the federal pure food laws came into being,

the Interstate Commerce Commission was suddenly a real force in transportation. Finally, the Becker case stilled the feeble quivers of what was left of the gambling system in New York after Charles F. Murphy plainly told the backers of the game that Tammany would no longer countenance its continuance. And Billy Sunday's gibberings actually cleaned up the "Gut" in Albany and made "Railroad Avenue" in Syracuse behave itself. By the time the United States entered the war the East at least was safe for the reformers, whose one losing fight was to be against that section's adopting what is known as the Continental Sunday.

It is one of the anomalies of American politics that Jerome never climbed higher than he did. To be sure he was a Democrat fighting Tammany in its own front yard. But Cleveland did that, and Woodrow Wilson also made the Tiger behave. Jerome kept in the limelight throughout his career as district attorney, what with Canfield and the Thaw case, but though he fought ably, he failed to gain one of the big prizes in the lottery of politics.

Almost two years to the day after Jerome entered Canfield's, the master gambler surrendered so far as his New York City place was concerned. The battle had been a brisk one, with Canfield returning blow for blow, whether the weapon was subpœnas, injunctions, or quotations from the classics. Canfield paid a fine of a thousand dollars on pleading guilty to being a common gambler. Jerome thereupon was a target for the

newspapers, which wanted to know why the prince of gamblers was not sent to prison. Jerome told them that it was because the warrant on which he got into Canfield's place, he had since found out, was based on out-and-out perjury.

II

From the time when as a youngster of twenty-one he won $20,000 on the customer's side of a faro box, in 1876, until he finally counted himself out as a gambler at Saratoga thirty years later with a fortune of more than twelve million dollars, Richard Canfield's career was interesting always, and not infrequently exciting. In his houses at New York, Saratoga, and Newport the games were played amid more luxurious surroundings and for higher stakes than anywhere else in the history of gambling. Canfield hated the limelight and had been rather successful in dodging it, but with Jerome's raid it began to play upon him insistently. He dodged to Europe and the papers printed columns about his sitting to Whistler for a portrait, the last work that great artist did. He returned to America to sue and be sued, to be raided at Saratoga, to be cartooned and lampooned by the newspapers, to see his patrons fighting in the courts to avoid testifying about play in his houses. Reginald Vanderbilt, whose I. O. U.'s for $300,000 lay in Canfield's safe, for months dodged process servers from Jerome's office who wanted him, in the language of the newspaper headlines, to

tell all. The district attorney, balked in his fight against the gambler by the inadequacy of the statutes, harangued legislative committees and pushed through a law which forced patrons of a gambling house to testify before a grand jury or in open court. Canfield surrendered, but now his old lawyer sued him and brought into the open all the details of their association and the secrets of the Forty-fourth Street palace. And then suddenly Canfield was all through with illegal gambling and settled into the routine of stock-market operator and glass manufacturer. He lost nearly his entire fortune in the panic of 1907, and it is likely that seven years later he was still feeling the financial stress when he sold his marvelous Whistler collection to the Knoedler Galleries for $300,000.

Having given up the gambling business, he gave himself whole-heartedly to art. Deep study over the years, plus native genius and a remarkably retentive mind, made him in his last years the most discriminating American art collector, and his judgments were respected at Christie's and the other great auction houses of England as they were in France and his own country.

The aura of an off-color past intrigued the herd into annoying him in his later years. He wanted to talk art, or possibly the prospects of United States Steel in Wall Street; they wanted the low-down on systems to beat the wheel, which by that time had sent the faro box into an ignoble retirement, and was it true that he was going to start a gambling place in Havana?

Just once in the seven years following his retirement from gambling as a profession was he tempted back into the sure-thing business of the promoter. In 1910 agents of President Porfirio Díaz of Mexico deposited $15,000,000 (American, not Mexican) in a New York bank and bade Canfield consider himself director of the Mexican National Lottery, with the fifteen millions as a drawing account. Half-a-dozen financial greats of the Street associated themselves with the venture. For nine months Canfield worked assiduously with plans for the lottery, but so guarded were his movements that when the project collapsed with the fall of Díaz in May, 1911, not a word of the failure of it came out. In the nine months the only person in Canfield's employ who knew anything about the lottery plans was Clayton F. McKenly, who in 1911 had been twelve years the master gambler's confidential and financial secretary. McKenly learned stenography and typewriting because of Canfield's aversion to letting anyone in on the plans, and the two men spent many evenings and Sundays in the working up of the details. The failure of the lottery project was a bigger blow to Canfield than the financial panic of 1907, and ranked next to the Jerome raid in its effects upon his career.

From this time on he stuck to the glass business, with art as an ever-present comforter and solace for the drabness that had now settled down upon his life. Fate had evidently determined that he was to become a manufacturer of bottle stoppers in Brooklyn, famous

just then for its churches, cemeteries, rubber plants, and well-ordered family life. But Canfield was no ordinary manufacturer. The bottle stopper's efficacy must be tested daily. There was city water in the building at 81 Washington Street, but Canfield scorned the idea of using it in his bottles. Instead the best beer that he could obtain was brought to the plant in barrels and transferred to the bottles, which were then placed on ice in a monster refrigerator. Frank Jay Gould, son of Jay Gould, was a frequent visitor to the plant, and always brought a party of men and women with him to test the Canfield product. Gould would send out for viands to go with the beer, and Canfield and his staff would be back in spirit in the days of Saratoga and Forty-fourth Street. Eventually Frank Gould bought the Casino de la Méditerranée on the Riviera, a gorgeous palace in the best Canfield tradition, paying $5,000,000 for it. It has proved a losing venture, because Americans have preferred the more noted Monte Carlo casino, but Gould's other financial ventures have been uniformly successful.

When Canfield died, three years after the bursting of the Mexican bubble, his estate was found to be worth a million dollars. To-day it is valued at two millions, with prospects better than ever.

Virtually all of the romance that attaches to Canfield's name relates to the period ending in 1906 when he gave up his gambling career. As the head and front

of the intrenched gambling interest of the principal city of the nation, he was the target of the moralists' attack along with the liquor saloons and houses of prostitution. "They can't close Canfield's," men said for years, until it became a formula. Men lost hundreds and thousands of dollars in his various houses in a night's play, and occasionally, but not frequently, a plunger like John W. Gates, the colorful "bet-a-million" of jovial memory, walked out with $100,000 that Canfield had taken from other suckers. But no pikers called the turn of the wheel or the card at Canfield's. No struggling young bank teller had the opportunity of bucking the master gambler's roll, no tin-horn sport with a couple of hundred in his pockets and the whole night before him got by the massive bronze doors at Forty-fourth Street or the illusively more open façades at Saratoga and Newport. You had to be passed upon. If you made the grade and stood up under the successive financial shocks that frequent play was likely to entail, you were counted a patron, and anyone you recommended was able to gain admission. Thenafter his conduct and the way he reacted decided whether he remained eligible.

Canfield regarded the I. O. U.'s presented by patrons whom play at his tables had temporarily embarrassed as representing money justly due him. On occasion he brought suit to recover on these informal promissory notes—always in vain. If one should attempt to call the roll of lawyers who represented him in these and

other transactions over the period of thirty years during which he was a prominent figure in the life of his day, he would find it lengthy. With most of these men he parted in anger, but when his will was admitted to probate it was found that he had chosen a lawyer as executor of his by no means paltry estate with absolute power to dispose of his holdings.

He could converse intelligently on almost any subject, as a newspaper reporter found when interviewing him. Thus:

> After talking for an hour with Canfield a stranger who did not know his calling would be at a loss to determine whether the man was an art critic, a man of letters, or a financier. He would talk ceramics and pictures and tapestries with the art lover; he would discuss the philosophies of Kant and Hamilton or the theories of Darwin or of Huxley, or the historical conclusions of Gibbon and Hume and Froude and Green with the man of letters, and reveal an intimate knowledge of literature and of art. But of gambling one would never know he had the remotest knowledge.

The close friend of Whistler in that great artist's last years (Whistler said Canfield was the only man who had never made a mistake in his studio), the master gambler came of *Mayflower* stock on his mother's side and of at least Revolutionary forbears on his father's. Though his formal education stopped short of even the first grade of a high school, he studied books, men, cultures all his life and acquired a poise and a

forthright understanding of knowledge in all the implications of that amazing word that caused persons of culture to picture him as a Harvard graduate out of the famous Boston Latin School. A commanding figure among his fellow art connoisseurs of the exclusive Walpole Society in this country, he did not try to conceal the origin of his wealth. But he was an honest gambler in the sense that his machines were never crooked, and there are men of substance and high repute living to-day who had fifteen years while he was alive to pay him what they borrowed of him and did not do so and have not paid his estate in the sixteen years that have elapsed since his death. But they need not fear, as the I. O. U.'s were long ago burned up.

The only male heir he left died eight years ago without issue. But possibly five hundred years from now his name will live in a card game he never played and which is only theoretically a gambling game.

CHAPTER II

THE QUAKER BOY

I

New Bedford, Massachusetts, where Richard Albert Canfield was born on June 17, 1855, was at that very time at the height of its glory as the great whaling port of the world. Schooners which had chased the whale in the seven seas tied up at its wharves and discharged their cargo of oil and bone, to fit out anew and cruise for two or three years until, having filled their hold with barrels of sperm oil, they returned to port to divide their shares and enrich the little city by the sea. During the decade 1850–1860 scarce a day passed without some whaler making port, to be surrounded in the lower harbor by boats carrying rival boarding-house keepers and ship agents anxious to make first contacts with Jack before he was fairly settled on land. Ten thousand seamen made up the crews of these vessels, and although cotton manufacturing, which is now the city's principal industry, had recently begun, probably ninety per cent. of the population owed their living to the pursuit of King Whale.

The town was overrun with agents who negotiated the sale of the precious cargoes, small foundries which

supplied the harpoons and other hardware required for a cruise, mills which turned out the barrels for the oil, and tradesmen who dealt in ships' stores—restaurant keepers, hotel men, and even journalists whose newspapers contained nothing that did not bear on the whale trade.

A hardy race, these whalemen, gamblers for the biggest stake—their lives against the whale's. In their small boats they stalked the leviathan, flinging the barbed harpoon into the monster, to be dragged through the sea in a crazy-pattern course that despite all that skill and courage could muster too often meant swamping of boat and drowning of crew. If they survived this ordeal it was to meet with a greater. Tired out at length, the whale would allow the boat to approach it. Then indeed came the supreme test of courage, for to make the kill the boat had actually to be drawn alongside the wounded, maddened, fighting animal while the mate drove in the killing lance. As the blood gushed forth the huge beast in its death throes churned the sea with its great tail and sought to crush the boat in its ponderous jaws.

This on top of the ordinary perils of the sea, in voyages that more often than not kept the whalemen away from their home port for three years. New Bedford's Whaleman Statue, with the whalers' slogan "A dead whale or a stove boat," will tell the generations to come of the priceless heritage of courage these intrepid Yankees handed down to their children.

The discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania in 1859, the Civil War, which brought about the destruction of a large number of the whaling ships, and the advance of steam navigation dealt whaling a blow from which it never recovered, and although for fifty years after Appomattox schooners sailed out from New Bedford to cruise in the farther waters of the globe, by 1870 the industry was quite definitely on the wane.

William Canfield, father of Richard, had been a sailor on one of the whalers out of New Bedford in the early Thirties, and the crutches he used to help him get about town spoke eloquently of injuries he had received as a seaman. Returning in the dead of winter from the perils of a long cruise in the Pacific, the captain of the ship had insisted that he be rowed up to the city at once. William Canfield was one of the men chosen to man the oars. In the bitter cold one of his feet was badly frozen. Crippled, he had to fight for the share of the cargo that was lawfully his. As for his injury, that was just his hard luck—and nobody helped him.

But if the exposure and resulting injury to his leg kept him from following the sea, it could not make him a human derelict dependent on the community. Living in his early years in Boston, in one of whose suburbs he was born in 1809, he had gravitated to Nantucket to follow the whaling industry, and from there had gone to New Bedford. Less than thirty when the crippling injury afflicted him, he learned printing and in 1836

was employed in the composing room of the New Bedford *Gazette*. Evidently he made rapid progress in his new calling, for in March of that year he was able to marry. That December his wife, born Isabel Luce and coming from the near-by Woods Hole, bore him a son, William, Jr. Five months later she was dead. The boy lived four years.

The year of 1837 found William Canfield in Fall River establishing the Fall River *Patriot* and Tiverton *Advertiser*. Andrew Jackson had just left the White House after eight years' war with the United States Bank and his successor, Martin Van Buren, had hardly started his administration when a devastating commercial panic swept over the land. In these circumstances the founding of a newspaper became a feat of legerdemain. Banks everywhere in the country had stopped payment of specie, and manufacturing and mercantile establishments were closing their doors. At this time the laws passed by Congress were printed as advertisements in three papers of each state. The *Patriot and Advertiser* qualified as one of the Rhode Island papers. The victory of the Whigs in 1840 killed the paper.

One of the paper's employees was a boy named John C. Milne, who became half owner of the Fall River *News* and lived to be ninety-four years of age. Canfield paid him four dollars a week, and when the paper suspended, he recalled fifty years later, it owed him seven dollars.

Before the Fall River experiment had definitely

ended in failure, however, William Canfield embarked on the sea of journalism in his home town of New Bedford. In February of 1839 William B. Marsh and Alexander Craw founded the *Register*, a daily and weekly Democratic newspaper which proposed "to sustain the primitive principles of democracy promulgated by the illustrious Jefferson and sustained by later and the present administrations." Three months later the front page of the paper carried the announcement, "Published by William Canfield." In a statement addressed "To the Public" the new publisher said the paper had passed into his hands "for the present year" and "longer if possible; it depends upon the public." He said Marsh and Craw had expected their ownership "to be permanent and lucrative" but "they were disappointed in both." He announced there would be no change in the plans of the paper and that it would "continue to sustain the principles and measures of Democracy."

Evidently the Jeffersonian Democrats in New Bedford failed to appreciate the advantages of a newspaper devoted to their cause, for less than nine months after this announcement, on February 8, 1840, Publisher Canfield inserted in his paper a notice that because of his connection with the Fall River *Patriot*, together with his ill health, he had been compelled to withdraw from the *Register*, and that Richard S. S. Andros was to be the publisher. A year later Andros took Canfield back as associate publisher when the *Patriot* gave up the

ghost. They were both out of the paper in 1842 and the *Register* soon became only a memory. Probably the election of the Whig ticket in the campaign for the Presidency in 1840 had as much to do with the death of the two Democratic newspapers as anything else. The Democrats had always been in the minority in Massachusetts and now with its leading men drawn largely from the South the party made little headway.

The *Register* was a four-page sheet, with more advertisements than news. It was of about the size of the present-day tabloid newspaper. The chief interest of the paper centered in the state elections, Marcus Morton being strongly supported for governor year after year. It is pleasant to be able to record that these efforts were not always in vain, for Mr. Morton was Governor of Massachusetts in 1840–1841 and again in 1843–1844.

The paper carried very little local news. Although it was too early for slavery to be a burning issue with anyone but the out-and-out abolitionists like William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, New Bedford had its Anti-Slavery Society, and its meetings were advertised in the *Register*. When Canfield and Andros united as publishers in 1841 there was an announcement that while the paper's principles would remain unchanged it would give less attention to politics in future.

In 1843 William Canfield, who by this time had

turned from newspaper publishing to running the Sheridan House, a small hotel, was married to Julia Ann Aiken, daughter of Joseph and Hannah Howland Aiken of the neighboring town of South Dartmouth. Julia's father was a farmer of no great family, but her mother was of the Howland family, a prolific race which has helped make history in southeastern Massachusetts. Hannah Aiken traced her descent from Henry Howland, a brother of that John Howland who on the *Mayflower's* best-known voyage was rescued from drowning in mid-ocean. Henry and a third brother named Arthur were in Plymouth with John before 1625. By 1885, when an industrious member of the clan brought out a volume dealing with the offspring of the three brothers, it was found that Arthur's descendants numbered two hundred, John's one thousand, and Henry's thirty-two hundred.

Hetty Green, the eccentric whose financial genius overtopped that of solid men who tried to match wits with her, became one of the most prominent of the descendants of Henry. Another was Henry H. Crapo, in 1843 town clerk and justice of the peace of New Bedford, who married his first cousin, Julia Aiken, to William Canfield. Henry Crapo a few years later went to Flint, Michigan, to become a successful manufacturer and owner of valuable timber lands and gain a measure of fame as the Civil War Governor of Michigan. His son, William W., a second cousin of Richard Canfield, became New Bedford's most famous resident.

The descendants of Henry Howland were for the most part Quakers. William Canfield had been brought up in Boston as a Congregationalist. William and Julia compromised by affiliating with neither denomination, though with their children they occasionally attended Quaker meetings. Concerning William Canfield's ancestors, beyond the fact that his father, John Canfield, and his mother, born Sally Childs, filed intentions of marriage on October 17, 1807, in Boston, nothing is known. Richard Canfield, after he became prosperous, used to boast that he was eligible for membership in the Order of the Cincinnati, which is an absurdity, since membership in this order of officers who served in the Revolution devolved upon the first-born son of a family who bore the same given name as his father. None of the Canfields who served in the Revolutionary War were of Boston, apparently, and if John Canfield was a descendant of a soldier in that war neither the pension rolls nor other data in the War Department archives disclose it.

New Bedford and the adjoining town of Dartmouth were for the most part inhabited by Quakers, peace-loving folk whose only hatred was toward the institution of human slavery. Frederick Douglass, who was to become the most noted member of the Negro race in America during the Nineteenth Century, in his autobiography paid tribute to the high moral caliber of the Friends, who assisted him to obtain work in New Bedford after he had escaped from his master

in Maryland. Of the whaling city as he first knew it in 1838 he wrote:

> New Bedford, which at that time was in proportion to its population really the richest city in the Union, took me greatly by surprise in the evidence it gave of its solid wealth and grandeur. I found that even the laboring classes lived in better houses, that their houses were more elegantly furnished and were more abundantly supplied with conveniences and comfort than the houses of many who owned slaves on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.
>
> This was true not only of the white people of that city, but it was so of my friend Mr. Johnson. He lived in a nicer house, dined at a more ample board, was the owner of more books, the reader of more newspapers, was more conversant with the moral, social, and political condition of the country and the world than were nine-tenths of all the slaveholders in Talbot County.

Douglass remained as a laborer in New Bedford until 1841, when he went to Boston to become an agent of the Anti-Slavery Society. His statement as to the prosperity of New Bedford is in part borne out by the fact that in 1845 the registered tonnage of the port was twice that of Philadelphia, and was exceeded only by New York, Boston, and New Orleans.

On February 16, 1845, almost two years after their marriage, a daughter, Isabel Luce, named for her father's first wife, was born to William and Julia Canfield. When Isabel died in October, 1849, the second child, Charles W., was a year and a half old. The next two

children, girls to whom the names of Sarah Isabel and Ella were given, died in infancy. Then came Richard, and two years later, in 1857, the last of the children, William. Richard outlived his parents and his brothers, dying twenty-five years to the day after his brother William, next to him the longest lived. William Canfield, the father, died of dropsy in April, 1865, and Charles was lost at sea soon after. Mrs. Canfield in 1866 took Richard and William with her to Providence, Rhode Island. She died there in 1884, just a few months before the arrest of Richard on the charge of being a common gambler. Five years later William Canfield also died, of tuberculosis. All of them except Charles lie in Oak Grove Cemetery in New Bedford.

II

Richard Canfield's birth year was a comparatively calm and uneventful period in the northeastern portion of the United States. Out in Kansas there had been clashes between the Free Soilers and slave sympathizers, and John Brown was beginning to make his explosive presence felt in the territory. Two more years were to pass, however, before Chief Justice Taney would write the Dred Scott Decision and make war between North and South inevitable. Meantime local officials in Northern states flouted the Fugitive Slave Law, and Negroes who escaped into free territory had little difficulty in their progress toward Canada and unquestioned freedom.

General Franklin Pierce, Democrat of New Hampshire, was in mid-term of his administration as President, and his Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, had little to trouble him except the matter of adding a camel corps to the army. Colonel Robert E. Lee was retiring from the superintendency of the military academy at West Point, Ulysses Grant was carrying on what looked like a hopeless fight to keep his head above water in St. Louis, and Abraham Lincoln was emerging from quasi-retirement in Springfield, Illinois. Another future President, Chester A. Arthur, as a young lawyer was helping demolish in the courts a Jim Crow law of New York City which forbade Negroes to ride in street cars. James Abbott McNeill Whistler, a draftsman attached to the Coast and Geodetic Survey, relieved the monotony of his job by making pencil sketches that were later to be eagerly sought after by collectors when fame marked him for her own.

On Cranberry Street, Brooklyn, an earnest near-printer named Walt Whitman was helping set up his book of poems, *Leaves of Grass*, which was to emerge in a few months to the jeers of the greater part of the critics and the extravagant praise of Ralph Waldo Emerson. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, book and play, had been agitating North and South for three years, and Mrs. Stowe was engaged in writing a companion novel, *Dred*, which subsequently was to be regarded as greater than *Uncle Tom* by no less a book reviewer than Queen Victoria.

The great triumvirate of American statesmen who had held the Union together by compromise for thirty years—Webster, Clay, and Calhoun—were dead. The feverish rush for California continued overland and by ship via the Isthmus.

Having been born on the eightieth anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, the fifth Canfield child might have been expected to bear some name honored in the Revolution. But apparently his parents were lacking in the sort of imagination (if it be that) which decorates our city directories with given names such as Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Winfield Scott, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland, and Wilson. Although the elder Canfield had shown a definite preference for the Democratic party, none of his children was named for one of its statesmen, possibly because such action might have been bad business for a man who was selling ships' stores. It is probable the boy was named for his father's former business associate, Richard Andros. The restaurant and saloon business had evidently not proved profitable, and the store was a failure also, for in 1857 the directory listed William Canfield as a printer. In 1859 he was again a restaurant keeper.

From that year until his death in 1865 the New Bedford directory carried his name, but gave no occupation. The more than sixty years that have elapsed are too much for the older New Bedford residents of to-day to bridge with recollections of these last years of the

elder Canfield. They remember him simply as a familiar figure in the streets, always using crutches. Probably he felt his bodily ills were too great for him, and left the support of the household to his wife. Mrs. Canfield took in boarders in Providence after her husband's death, and it is probable that this also was her course in these final New Bedford years.

III

François Blanc, the Parisian waiter who was later to found the famous gaming establishment at Monte Carlo, was in this year of 1855 firmly established in his gaming concessions at Homburg and Baden Baden, but despite the fortune rolling up for him was furtively looking about for some place where he would not be confronted by the men and women ruined at his tables, a problem finally to be solved for him by the Franco-Prussian War's sending him out of Germany to the Rock of Monaco. In the eastern United States the most noted gaming places were in New York City and Washington. At Pendleton's, which divided the Congressional and Southern planter trade with Joe Hall's place, about this time two faro players won close to fifty thousand dollars each at a sitting.

But New York, Washington, and the other cities east of the Rockies were in the piker class compared with San Francisco, of whose traps for the young and gilded halls catering to the miner laden with gold dust a report

to the New York Society for the Suppression of Gambling spoke with an eloquence that quite puts to shame Bunyan's description of Vanity Fair:

The gambling saloons of San Francisco are the most splendid in the world. The saloons of London, Paris, Havana, New York or New Orleans are far beneath them in splendor of decoration and magnitude of dealings. The Bella Union, El Dorado and the Verandah are conspicuous for their interior arrangements, and the number of persons which nightly can be seen in them. . . .

The hells are fitted up with superb furniture and appointments. On the gilded walls, often painted in fresco, are grouped copies of the most beautiful gems of modern and ancient art. . . . The couches, lounges, divans, etc. scattered along the sides of these temples of chance, heaped with cushions of crimson, green and gold, purple and azure, are of every graceful and lovely shape. Now a carved sea shell, an antique chariot, a Gothic nondescript, carved with all the exquisite minuteness of the Elizabethan Age. Upon the marble tables are scattered flower-shaped vases of alabaster or Bohemian glass of every hue, and quaint jars of costly porcelain. The lamps are veiled, until their light softly floats in the air, and mysteriously reveals the surrounding objects.

Dealing the treacherous cards from an ornamented silver box sits at the table the keeper of the faro-bank. The game requires all of his attention and that of an associate, who generally sits by his side to aid in paying and taking. The crowd press eagerly to make their several bets, the cards glide out of their confinement for either loss or gain. Perhaps a series of winnings draws attention to a particular card and

hundreds of thousands are immediately staked upon it. As it wins or loses, rejoices or cursings fill the air; but heedless of both the game goes on till sheer exhaustion, or the bank's ill luck, closes it.

In one of these, the El Dorado gaming house, we saw a young man, certainly not more than nineteen, walk boldly to the table and deposit a large sum upon the ace; he won, and letting the increased amount remain, he won again. Seizing the whole he walked coolly away, the winner of $22,000 in cash.

He was followed by a miner—a rough, reckless, hardy yet honest-looking fellow, who placed his bag of dust, recently acquired, upon the card which had thus proved so lucky for the youth. He won also, and doubling the bet he won again. Elated by his success, he placed the whole on the same card and was followed by at least a dozen others. All around and on the card were heaps of gold, money, dust, ore and counters. The ace had proved so remarkably lucky all were induced to risk a large sum. Instantly all was hushed and still as death. The faces of all were blanched with suspense, both the dealers and the bettors. Slowly the cards went forth—not a sound was heard until the ace was revealed, favorable to the bank. Curses and imprecations, shouts of "foul, foul" resounded, with hoarse threats and expressions—until the two dealers coolly produced their revolvers, declaring everything fair, and announced the bank a winner of $95,000!

It was in this gaming house, nearly a score of years later, that Lucky Baldwin won more than $200,000 on the turn of a card.

In New Orleans and Cincinnati, the same report had

it, there was a multiplicity of gambling houses, the 558 Cincinnati houses being divided by the society's observer as follows:

Faro, 9; bagatelle, 72; billiards, 30; cards, 420; rondo and keno, 27.

As one of the horrible examples of gaming in New York City, the report cited the case of a young Bavarian who on his arrival in that city made the rounds of the gambling houses and was soon penniless. Somehow he managed to return to his native land and about two years later came back to New York with $3,000 and a quantity of champagne.

The report continues: "He refused to go to a low, public gaming-house and visited Moore's at 256 Broadway." There he lost all his money, and found himself unwelcome. Becoming sick, he went to a hospital and "endeavored to procure a small loan from the man who had ruined him, not merely by the fair percentage of his game, but by *absolute and downright cheatery!* which if Mr. Moore denies we stand ready to prove." The young man, it appeared, wrote the period to his career in suicide.

Orlando Moore's gambling house was doubtless a resort for wealthy gamblers, but it was not as well known as that of Joe Hall at 537 Broadway near Prince Street. In addition to this and his Washington place, Hall maintained in the Fifties a noted gaming house in Philadelphia. His chief claim to fame is that he opened, in 1859, the gambling house at 818 Broad-

way, which was to endure for thirty years as New York's best-known temple of chance. Next to Hall's in prestige was the ornate house conducted by Pat Herne or Hearne at 587 Broadway.

IV

If William Canfield had been a faithful Democrat in his newspaper career it was as a Northern Democrat and not a believer in Negro slavery, for he supported Rodney French, a wealthy whaleship owner who had befriended Douglass and other Negroes and whose reputation as a supporter of the Underground Railroad was so lasting that seventy years later the Negro population of New Bedford were the most active of the petitioners who persuaded the city to name one of its important streets the Rodney French Boulevard. French served as mayor in 1853. The following year he was a candidate to succeed himself. On the night of his reelection a group of about a dozen men who had bitterly opposed him went on a rampage, assaulting a number of persons and doing damage to several houses and places of business, among them the saloon of William Canfield.

The New Bedford *Standard* of the following day, March 7, 1854, describing the scenes of election night under the headline "Ruffianism Rampant. Bullies Assault Our Citizens," told the story of the mob's actions:

> A gang of ruffians at 9 P. M. last night visited the Crapo House with threats of personal violence against all who voted

for French. Mr. Crapo was grabbed by the throat but was released without being injured. The mob next went to the Parker House on Purchase Street, at Elm, and offered to whip any man who voted for French. Next they went to the restorator of William Canfield on Middle Street, where they demolished the front windows and entered the house, swearing in a loud tone and shouting they would "whip the whole French party." A colored woman there, a cook, was assaulted. Isaac Brooks was struck over the head with a pepper sauce bottle and a billet of wood, suffering several severe wounds. Then they went to the residence of Mayor French, where they broke two windows and got into the house, frightening the inmates. A large crowd had gathered there, supporters of the Mayor, and they attacked the ruffians, several of whom were arrested. The establishment of Dr. P. S. Leaming on Purchase Street also was visited, front windows being broken.

The ruffians, it should be recorded, eventually paid fines of ten dollars each and were placed under bonds to keep the peace.

But in 1856, when little Dick Canfield was a year old, the solid men in the city took the law into their own hands as had their fathers a quarter century before under similar provocation. The action of this mob, which has gone down in local history as the Howland Street Riot, came on the night of April 19, 1856, anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. Howland Street at this time was a resort for drunken sailors and evil-disposed persons. It abounded in "dance halls, saloons, gambling dens, and brothels. When the ships came in

these abodes of iniquity were in high carnival. Fights and brawls were of common occurrence and it was dangerous to be there after dark." When the high carnival left two murders in its wake the local vigilantes painted their faces, pulled down the offending brothels, and set them afire.

V

Dick Canfield was not quite six when the New Bedford City Guards marched away to the war four days after the firing on Fort Sumter in 1861. He had become enrolled in the public-school system and attended the Middle Street Grammar School, not far from his home on the same street. Besides his parents, there were two brothers: Charles, seven years his senior, and William, Jr., the baby, in 1861 four years of age.

One of the prominent citizens of New Bedford at this time was Andrew J. Dam, who had succeeded William Canfield as proprietor of the Sheridan House, and who was now owner of the Mansion House, the principal hotel of the city. He and Mrs. Canfield were cousins, and as the two families lived near each other, Andrew J. Dam, Jr., and Charles Canfield, who were of the same age and attended the same grade in the Middle Street School, were playmates. Dam remembered many years later that he and Charles had several times to give young Richard a trouncing before that determined youngster would concede that he was not to go with them in their rambles on the wharves.

There was plenty of adventure afoot for a small boy in New Bedford in those stirring days. On the grounds of the city hall a small tent had been set up, and into it a line of men streamed to enlist for service against the South. Companies drilled in the streets, women met to sew and prepare bandages, boys forgot one-old-cat and rounders and watched admiringly while the commands of the drillmaster were executed. Down at the wharves the whaling schooners lay inactive. Vessels returning from long cruises reported that the Confederates were having privateers fitted out in England to prey upon Northern shipping. So no new cruises were started. Many of the idle whalemen enlisted in the army, others drifted to Boston and Providence to see if they couldn't get work there. But in November of 1861 the schooners tied up at the docks suddenly came to life. The government, it appeared, wanted ships with which it might bottle up the harbors of the Southern ports and turn the paper blockade of the vast coastline from Chesapeake Bay to Mexico into a real closure. If the Rebels couldn't send out their cotton they would soon have to surrender.

And so twenty-four whaling vessels set out from New Bedford to join the Great Stone Fleet, named because of the cargoes that weighted them down. Most of the New Bedford ships were sunk in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina. The waterlogged derelicts were a blessing in disguise to Charleston, as they forced ship-

ping into a channel that proved better than the old one they obstructed.

After the departure of the great fleet from New Bedford it must have occurred to the shipowners whose vessels remained at the wharves that prices for oil and bone would now be higher than ever. So the remaining whaling schooners were dispatched to the Pacific. The *Alabama* was in the midst of its attacks on Northern shipping, and it accounted for most of the twenty-five New Bedford whaleships that were destroyed by the Southerners during the war.

New Bedford, seeing in Lincoln the champion of the Negro emancipation for which even the Quaker element in the city was ready to fight the South, needed no prodding by Massachusetts' war governor John A. Andrew, to contribute men, money, and equipment to the Union cause. It was represented by 3,200 men in the army and navy, 1,100 more than the government demanded. And suddenly the war was over. The surrender of Lee and the collapse of the Confederacy was announced to the citizens at five o'clock on the morning of April 10, 1865, by clanging bells and the roar of artillery. Business was suspended, schools closed, and the New Bedford Band played for hours on City Hall Square.

The Canfield boys took no part in the celebration. Their father was grievously ill of dropsy and died on April 24th, the day after New Bedford pastors had

preached long memorial services on the life and services of the martyred Lincoln.

VI

The Dams had moved to New York in 1864, where the elder Andrew had bought the new Union Square Hotel, an ambitious hostelry that in the uptown march of business bade fair to become a second Astor House. Although she had relatives in Dartmouth and New Bedford, Mrs. Canfield, now a widow with three children, decided that she would have a better opportunity to bring them up in Providence, Rhode Island, the second city of New England. Her oldest son, Charles, now eighteen, feeling that he was old enough to make his own way in the world, stayed behind to follow the sea as a whaler as his father had before him. He was lost at sea a few years later.

Richard was now a boy of eleven, well set up and with a pride in his supple body that made him suspect that some day he might become a famous runner. He was fond of racing in impromptu fashion with his schoolmates, and could outrun any of them. Someone had told him that to be a good runner he should rub his legs with whale oil, and he followed the instructions carefully each day. The story got around and one day on the wharf his companions ducked him in one of the whale-oil barrels. . . . Richard gave up the idea of becoming a runner.

When the family went to Providence in the fall of

1866 Mrs. Canfield got a house on the west side of the city, where rents were cheap. They lived first on Walker Street, which several years ago was widened and renamed Empire Street. Richard and William attended the old Fountain Street School, and William after 1869 went to its successor, the Federal Street Grammar School. Mrs. Canfield took several boarders, workers in the near-by shops where cheap jewelry was manufactured, but when Richard was thirteen it was decided that the time had come for him to help support the family. An attempt to get work in Providence failing, Richard paid a visit to his grandmother at her farm in South Dartmouth and with that as a base set out for New Bedford each day to make the round of the stores to see if they could use a boy. Returning each night to the old farmhouse with the story that he couldn't get work, he was gently upbraided by Grandmother Aiken. Why didn't he just settle down and help her on the farm? Or ship on a whaling cruise? Young Dick laughed at the idea of farm work. It was too hard. As for whaling, his father's injuries and the loss of his brother Charles at sea proved that there was nothing in that for a young fellow. Now if he could get a job in some nice store or office, go to work at around seven or eight o'clock in the morning and get out at six, dress nicely and have some fun . . .

He borrowed money from his grandmother, who predicted that he would never amount to anything, and went to Boston, where his efforts to get a job were

useless. Mrs. Canfield, in Providence, deciding about this time that keeping a boarding house in Boston would offer as large opportunities for making money as did the Providence venture, moved to the Hub in the summer of 1868 and rented a house at 196 Harrison Avenue, in the old South Cove section. The house was still standing last year, but the neighborhood is now very much run down, with Greek peddlers the principal inhabitants.

Since Richard's forays for a job had proved fruitless, he must needs go to school, and it was the near-by Brimmer Grammar School that received him as a pupil. Several members of the graduating class of 1869 at Brimmer are still alive. They remember Canfield the schoolboy as a strong, well-set-up lad who was an excellent scholar and a fine penman. One of his fellow pupils, Charles H. Ramsay of the Merchants National Bank in Boston, treasures a program of the graduating exercises at the Brimmer School on July 19, 1869, which reveals that one of the five declamations was by Master Richard A. Canfield. Young Canfield recited Josiah Quincy's "Our Obligations to the Fathers of New England," an oration he was to repeat more than forty years later when, having imbibed freely, he was the guest of a group of convivial young bloods who persuaded him into their party in an upstairs room at Delmonico's.

As a grammar-school graduate young Canfield had better luck landing a job, for in August of 1869 he

was an assistant in the shipping department of the famous Jordan, Marsh & Co. store on Washington Street. His salary was two dollars a week.

At this time James Fisk, Jr., the notorious Erie looter whose disregard of the *mores* of his day kept his name on the tip of folks' tongues, was operating in New York, but paying visits periodically to Boston, where his wife made her home. A former partner of Jordan & Marsh, it is certain that his name and fame were known to every employee of that concern, for on his visits to the Hub "Prince Jimmy" made sure that he would be noticed. It has been suggested that the full-blown success of the current playboy of Wall Street had a profound effect upon the impressionable youngster employed in Jordan & Marsh's shipping department and that the idea of big money, easily made, came to him as he daydreamed amid the unloading of goods and the directing of materials destined for the Back Bay. A disagreement with his immediate superior led to his giving up his job after he had held it little more than a year.

So we find him back in Providence at the age of fifteen, out of a job, and not particularly caring whether he got one. For the next seven years he was to be without a regular position, but that did not keep him from having money. By 1873 he had progressed as far as the position of joint proprietor of a ten-cent poker game on the second floor of a building at Westminster Street and Westminster Place, the site of the present

Boston Store. It ran but a short time, for Policeman John A. Murray soon heard of it and warned Canfield and his partner, a youth named Buckley, that they would have to stop their gambling. They had a room about twelve feet square with a table and several chairs and two or three packs of cards. Canfield was eighteen years old.

In the meantime he had become acquainted in Providence with a Pawtucket young man named Elisha Bucklin, and Elisha had taken his new-found friend to Pawtucket, where his father, David Bucklin, Sr., ran the Pawtucket House. Elisha's brother David, whom Canfield met on one of these trips, was to become one of his best friends and to run his place in New York until Jerome put them out of business.

Richard Canfield got into the Providence directory in 1875, when he was but twenty, as an accountant, a euphemism for gambler. His younger brother, now eighteen, was learning to be a burnisher in a jewelry shop, and they were living with their mother at 424 High Street, on the unpretentious west side. Richard seemed to have money all the time, and when he returned to town from visits to Boston or stays with the Bucklins at the hotel in Pawtucket, he supplied his mother with cash. He was still on the wrong side of the gaming table, but was building up his knowledge of faro and roulette. The first step, he thought, was to get a job in one of the finer houses in Boston or New York and ingratiate himself into the favors of the wealthy

patrons, who would help him when the time should be ripe for starting a place of his own.

But in 1876 he won a good deal of money, just how much nobody has ever definitely known. The following year when he went to New York to become night clerk for his kinsman, Andrew J. Dam, at the Union Square Hotel, he said that his winnings had been $20,000 and that he had spent the summer and his money in Europe, coming back almost penniless. Mr. Dam told me last year he doubted that Canfield had won that much, and Elisha Bucklin also scouted the idea that his winnings at this time were even as much as $10,000. But he went to Europe in style, and spent what he had in prodigal fashion.

In 1876 the family had moved to 85 Summer Street, also on the west side in Providence and not far from the two places in which they had already lived. William had given up his jewelry work because of bad health, and was now a clerk in a small store on Westminster Street. The directory for that year is the last to carry the name of Julia Canfield, widow, though she continued to live in Providence until her death in 1884. William developed tuberculosis and died in the winter of 1889.

By that year Richard Canfield had married, served a prison term as a common gambler, and was embarked on the New York career that was to make his name more famous in the annals of gambling than that of any other American. To give him his due, he provided in his own home for his mother and ailing brother in their last years.

CHAPTER III

THE HOTEL CLERK

I

The period from the close of the Civil War to the panic of 1873 has been called the Flash Age of America. The rapid expansion of the country through the building of the transcontinental railway and the opening up of the West with its great mineral wealth made fortunes over night for thousands who had before been pinched for money, and the vulgar display that followed the acquiring of these fortunes fixed the name of the period. A diamond shirt stud, the bigger the better, stamped the possessor as a solid citizen, elegant and toney, until by the grace of Nast and *Harper's Weekly* caricaturing William M. Tweed's immense stone the practice fell somewhat into disfavor.

Commodore Vanderbilt, Daniel Drew, Jim Fisk, and Jay Gould set the pace in business in New York with their piratical practices and the smaller fry followed suit. Business men as a whole were untrustworthy, the public treasury was being looted by rascals who abused the friendship of President Grant while waving the bloody shirt of sectionalism, and though the activities of the Tweed Ring in the Sixties and early Seventies are even to-day regarded by many people as a flagrant

breach with the spirit of the times, the fact is that all over the land unscrupulous men in offices of public trust were making themselves rich at the expense of the people they pretended to serve. Cashiers fleeing to Canada with all the bank's cash they could carry were as common a phenomenon as automobile bandits and hijackers to-day.

The severe panic of 1873 curbed the flamboyant excesses of the new rich, and in the slow upward climb that followed the country gave evidence of amazing soil potentialities and mineral deposits that advertised it throughout the world as the land of opportunities and sent immigrants to its doors by the hundred thousands.

In the Seventies gambling was the avocation of men of substance throughout the nation. United States Senators and Congressmen, judges, bankers, stock-market operators, doctors, lawyers, and high officers of the army and navy were to be seen unabashed in the gambling establishments of New York, Washington, and Philadelphia, some playing the roulette wheel, but most of them crowded about the faro box to watch the cards flash out their happy or doleful message. Faro was to retain its place as the principal American gambling game until the Nineties. In the first decade of this century, because of the prevalence of crooked boxes, it passed out almost completely.

New York of the post-Civil War period had hundreds of gambling places, from the dives in which low characters played policy or ran up against three-card monte

sharps on through the small poker clubs and dicing establishments to the most elaborate salons like 818 Broadway, the Chamberlin and Ransom places on Twenty-fifth Street, and John Morrissey's establishment at 5 West Twenty-fourth Street.

In 1867, an Anti-Gambling Society having succeeded in raiding several of the Broadway gambling houses, an indignation meeting of the gamblers sought to devise ways and means of defeating this menace to their prosperity. The *Herald's* account of the meeting reveals that the gamblers were ready then as in later years to pay well for protection:

A large number of the leading gamblers of this city met in private council yesterday at one of the principal "establishments" in Broadway near Prince Street, for the purpose of giving vent to their feelings against, and devising the best means of vanquishing, the Anti-Gambling Society in their present crusade against the "faro institution." In the absence of a prominent member, an ex-blood of the ring, who was previously nominated, another individual of the fraternity was called to the Chair and a "skillful dealer" was appointed secretary. The proceedings commenced by the technical speech of one man who was in favor of employing counsel and meeting with the lawyers before taking any further steps in the matter. He was afraid of "suckers" who knew the ropes as it was not likely they would resist the temptation of selling to the Anti-Gambling Society.

Another individual announced the fact that their opponents had already collected $20,000 and he dreaded their special detectives but did not care a straw for the ward

police. After further discussion in which "double banking," "checking" and "putting up" the society was suggested, a motion to tax each establishment $100 as a beginning was carried with the proviso that the total taxation for each establishment should not exceed $500. The secretary then announced that the $100 tax would realize $5,100 and the $500 tax $25,500. More "square dealing" and "playing" having been exhibited by all "hands" this concentration of "banks" dissolved business for the present.

Evidently the money was judiciously spent, for in the next several years the Broadway houses seldom ran afoul of the police or the agents of the reform organizations.

A newspaper of the early Seventies, seeking to tabulate the town's gambling places, declared that they fell into ten classes, as follows:

Class	*Frequented by*
1. Policy or exchange offices	Negroes, foreigners, and Americans
2. Sailors' gaming houses	Mixed, with Americans prevailing
3. Houses of ill fame	$\frac{3}{8}$ American, $\frac{5}{8}$ foreign
4. Lager-beer gardens	Mostly Germans
5. Low eating houses and saloons	Mostly Irish
6. Day gaming hells downtown	Mostly Americans
7. Broadway houses	Mixed
8. Ransom's and Morrissey's	Chiefly Americans
9. Clubs	Americans
10. Chamberlin's	Americans

On Broadway below Fulton Street a shoe store did such a flourishing business and patrons stayed in the back room of the store so long that reporters found out it was a faro and poker joint, the 1930 variant of which is the radio store-speakeasy. On West Thirtieth Street, not far from Broadway, was "a brownstone house where ladies of the highest respectability played faro, keno, and poker."

Chamberlin's, rated the most exclusive of the palaces of chance, was a brownstone stoop establishment at 8 West Twenty-fifth Street. It was, according to all records extant, the very embodiment of Victorian sumptuousness. Fine paintings looked down on mantels crowded with gewgaws, massive furniture sank into thick carpets, marble-topped tables and horsehair furniture gave an air of elegance, and under the gaslights a crowd of men drifting from play room to supper room to library and back to play room, men whose social and professional and business standing was of the highest. Chamberlin served the finest of foods and liquors free. Many who came to eat failed to play, but the courteous host said nothing to these dead beats until they abused his hospitality by crowding the regular players away from the food, when they were quietly told to get out.

John F. Chamberlin was a native of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who made enough money on the saloon privileges of a boat plying between St. Louis and New Orleans in the Fifties to open an exclusive gam-

bling club in St. Louis. He prospered there and with a partner named Price McGrath came on to conquer New York. He built the Monmouth race track and Long Branch, New Jersey, clubhouse in the late Seventies and won the undying enmity of John Morrissey and other Saratoga gamblers when society people, who had been patronizing the Spa, flocked to Long Branch instead. Losses on the track caused Chamberlin to close out his New York house in the late Seventies, and he moved to Washington, where he established a restaurant that became probably the most famous in the capital's history. So popular was he with Senators and Congressmen that Congress voted him land on the government reservation at Fort Monroe, Virginia, on which to erect a hotel, and Washington society people subscribed heavily to the $1,500,000 fund which he raised to build a great, rambling, comfortable structure called The Chamberlin, which was the solitary glory of Old Point Comfort. The hotel was destroyed by fire shortly after the close of the World War.

Tweed and his friends were prominent patrons of Chamberlin's and left thousands of dollars of the city's money there. And as Jim Fisk lay dying one of those gathered about his bed was his very good friend John Chamberlin.

No. 818 Broadway, take it all in all, was probably the most famous gambling house in New York's history until Canfield's East Forty-fourth Street establishment began making history itself with its phenomenally

high play. Founded by Joe Hall, the "King gambler of New York," in 1859, when Union Square was far uptown, its patrons drove in carriages from downtown to the brownstone palace near Twelfth Street. Other gambling-house keepers, lured to the vicinity by its success, were raided by the police and ousted. Morrissey, who owned the place for eight years, is said to have cleared $700,000 in it. After his death the quaint, old-fashioned building was run by various people, and as late as 1886, when Richard Canfield came to New York for the second time, it was the best-known gaming place in town. A light occasionally peeping through the heavy blinds told the initiate the story of high play each night, but to the casual passer-by it was just a dwelling place surrounded, in its final phase, by business buildings. It went out of existence as a gambling place in 1890, but the old, tumble-down, weather-beaten building still stands, a sorry memento of the lush days of the Flash Age.

Ransom's, run by Charles B. Ransom at 11 West Twenty-fifth Street, almost directly across the street from Chamberlin's, remained a high-class gambling place until the proprietor's death, caused by tuberculosis, in 1885. After Chamberlin left New York, Ransom's and 818 shared the high-class trade, Ransom's at one time having the reputation of being "the biggest and squarest game east of San Francisco."

Charles Ransom was a native of New Haven who arrived in New York in the early Fifties with a few

pennies in his pocket and a boastful confidence in his ability at tenpins. He won bets on himself so frequently when he matched his skill with the experts that he made enough to open a saloon at Port Jervis. This he sold out for $8,000 in 1856 and returned to New York, to meet with Tom Hyer the boxer, fresh from his defeat of Yankee Sullivan.

A three-day set-to they had at poker seems to have made them fast friends, for soon afterward they joined forces in a gambling house at 5 Park Place. The partnership did not last long. Ransom tried his luck in solo with a place at 8 Barclay Street, a house whose more than fifty years as a gambling establishment, ending in 1902, constitutes a record for New York City. This place prospering, he added a house at Prince and Mercer streets and a third on West Fifteenth Street, finally giving all of them up in 1865 to take over the Twenty-fifth Street house that was to serve him until his death. He was known as the squarest, quietest, most cool-headed gambler in New York, and except for a short time in 1884, when all of the houses shut down while the Roosevelt Legislative Committee investigated conditions in various municipal departments, his house was able to operate continuously.

With the end of Ransom's, John Daly's establishment in the big double house at 39 West Twenty-ninth Street took the lead as the resort for the plungers, to yield in the middle Nineties to the place run by Richard A. Canfield at 22 West Twenty-sixth Street.

II

Andrew J. Dam, Jr., stood behind the desk of the Union Square Hotel one afternoon in the early fall of 1877. Business was pretty brisk, what with drummers streaming in and out of New York as heralds of the expansive prosperity that had followed upon the Centennial Exposition, theaters were running full tilt near by, and the dancing halls and gambling houses were crowded nightly. New York, with a population of a little more than a million, was on the move uptown, and venturesome prophets were predicting that the sporting portion of the town would shortly be beyond Madison Square, which now marked its northern boundary.

Hayes had been President of the United States for seven months now and the resentment of the Democrats over the contested election was beginning to die down, partly because Hayes had quickly taken the last of the Carpetbag governments out of the South. Tweed languished in Ludlow Street Jail, fretting and fuming over broken promises that he would be free if he testified against other members of the now-shattered Ring. Uncle Daniel Drew, the pious fraud whom Bouck White has embalmed in a book for the ages, still hung on, though shattered in fortune and in health. His old partner Jay Gould, who had reversed the fabled Emerson-Elbert Hubbard hero by carrying his mouse trap to the city, was still active in Western Union and

trying to ruin his friends with bad tips on the market.

The trustees of the Brooklyn Bridge, which was in the process of slow growth, had just forbidden the issuance of passes to the public to cross over the narrow foot bridge held up by the cables that depended from the towers. Edison was working to perfect his new electric light. Four hundred adventurous business houses in New York had telephones, but there were none in private residences.

Moody and Sankey had converted thousands to orthodox hell-fire-and-damnation Protestantism in Gilmore's Garden the year before, but the gaming places of New York had not been disturbed, and prostitution, lotteries, and pool rooms for race-horse betting were in full cry. The town was wide open, though Anthony Comstock carried on a battle with the lotteries and the purveyors of filthy pictures. When anyone had the temerity to suggest that Captain Williams had the power to close up the gambling dens and houses of prostitution in his district, the captain or his friends pointed out that he was not afraid of any man and had cracked more heads than anybody else in the police department. Of the drinking and dancing halls, Harry Hill's on Houston Street was the most conspicuous, but a place called the Haymarket, which had been established only five years before, away uptown at Sixth Avenue near Thirtieth Street, was putting up a valiant fight for recognition as a rendezvous for men on a tear and women of easy virtue.

Dam looked up from the register over which he was poring to see a most agreeable-looking young fellow with smooth-shaven ruddy face, a twinkle in his dark gray eyes, and a shock of brown hair. He didn't at first recognize his kinsman Richard Canfield, which is natural enough considering the fact that in the thirteen years that had elapsed since his residence in New Bedford he had seen hundreds of new faces every day in his duties about the hotel. The boy who at nine was merely a pest who insisted on playing with older boys had now at twenty-two become a handsome young man with a trim, well-knit figure.

They had supper together, and Dam gave Canfield a room on the top floor of the hotel. Later they talked over the reason for the younger man's visit to New York, and Canfield declared that he thought it was about time he got into some sort of regular work. Dam at once told him that there was an opening as night clerk in the hotel, and asked if he would like that.

Canfield jumped at the chance.

He at once made good. He had a perfect memory for faces and the names that went with them, a suave manner, and a smile that disarmed influential patrons complaining about the service. But he could be stern and forbidding if the occasion required, as it not infrequently did. Further, he was even then well read and had a presence that inspired respect. The night clerk of a commercial hotel, then as now, must be all things to all men, and Canfield set about learning all he could about

the city: where the best gambling houses and churches and banks were located, what time the trains and boats arrived and left, what was playing at the theaters—hundreds of facts that he stored away in his mind, simple little facts that somebody sometime might want.

Business boomed, and Canfield got a raise in pay. He had little leisure to indulge in his favorite game of faro, but he borrowed and bought books which he read during the tiresome hours of the night trick. Prose and poetry of America and England, histories, novels, essays—he read them all, and his retentive mind stored up long passages that he was wont to recite upon occasion. His formal education had carried him only to the threshold of high school, but that marvellously retentive memory and a will to better himself had brought him to the point where he was able to discuss literature with anyone who had any pretension to knowledge in that field. Years later his ability to recite Horace and other Latin poets and to hold up his end in cultured circles in New York and London led to statements that he was a Harvard graduate out of the famous Boston Latin School.

III

Alexander S. Williams was finishing his first year as captain of the precinct to which he had given the succulent name of Tenderloin and which he and his successors in the job were to mulct of hundreds of thousands of dollars while the district remained the center

of night life in New York for something like thirty years. That precinct, managed from the station house on Thirtieth Street between Sixth and Seventh avenues, comprised the territory between Fourteenth and Forty-second streets, with Park and Fourth avenues down to Union Square as the eastern boundary and Seventh Avenue the western. Delmonico's restaurant, bellwether of the town's high life, had moved up from downtown the year before to the strategic location facing the junction of Fifth Avenue and Broadway at Twenty-Sixth Street that placed it within a short distance of some of the most famous hotels of the day, the Fifth Avenue, gathering place of politicians and to become famous for its Amen Corner, the Hoffman House and the Albemarle, the St. James and the Brunswick.

The trend was very definitely uptown, but Union Square still retained a share of the sporting life of the community.

John Morrissey, the prize fighter, politician, and gambler with whose name Canfield's is linked unforgettably in Saratoga, was fighting Tammany tooth and nail in this fall of 1877 in an attempt to win reëlection as a state senator. His frame weakened by excesses, he nevertheless was able to give his Tammany opponent a beating, but he didn't occupy his seat, dying the following spring.

Morrissey's career is one of the most picturesque of all the American gamblers. Into his forty-seven years he crowded more action than most active men get in

seventy. Born in Ireland and brought up in Troy, New York, he was sent to work at an early age and knocked around from one rough job to another. Of massive frame, he early attracted the attention of pugilistic managers looking for a meal ticket, and soon he was launched as a fighter. He whipped Yankee Sullivan and in 1858 had the satisfaction of defeating John C. Heenan, an old boyhood enemy in Troy, for the championship of America, at Long Island Point, Canada, not far from Buffalo. The fathers of the two fighters had carried on a more or less sanguinary battle over rival fighting cocks that was not settled in either cocking main or law court, and they died hating each other and passing on to their sons the sort of feud usually associated with the mountaineers of Kentucky. Morrissey was not as scientific a fighter as Heenan, but although his nose was broken in the first round, he beat Heenan into insensibility in the seventh.

He had announced before the battle that it was to be his last prize fight. He kept his resolution. With the thousand dollars he had won on the fight he started a faro-bank establishment on Broadway between Great Jones and Bond streets with Matt Danser, a gambler whose reputation for square dealing was so well established that patrons frequently gave him large sums of money to wager against his own game. The Morrissey-Danser combination proving successful, a second place was established at 12 Ann Street. During the Civil War Morrissey branched out for himself in the

gambling house at 8 Barclay Street, where he is said to have made a million dollars. In 1846, in association with eight other men, he established a gambling place at 5 West Twenty-fourth Street, just around the corner from the Hoffman House and near the Fifth Avenue Hotel, each of the partners putting up $10,000. Morrissey himself took over the famous 818 Broadway and ran it for several years.

When Morrissey died in 1878 the *Herald* eulogized him to the tune of seven columns and made him out a rather better citizen than old Commodore Vanderbilt, who had died the year before. Thus:

> . . . He became acquainted with Commodore Vanderbilt and his best friends to-day state that from that time Morrissey went on the downward road. He had accumulated a fortune by his gambling houses and the visions of Wall Street dazzled his eyes. Black Friday in 1869 found him possessed of a large amount of New York Central and on that eventful day he was cleaned out of $500,000. Again on another day his relations with the commodore being exceedingly friendly he held a long line of Harlem stock. The commodore, as runs the report, went for his friends and cleaned them all out. He, however, sent for Mr. Morrissey, explaining to him the circumstances under which he was compelled to operate, but giving him points which might enable him to recover from his recent losses. It was said by those who best knew Mr. Morrissey's affairs that if he had never known the commodore or never taken his advice he would have fared better and died a rich man. As it was, while the excitement in Wall Street

Judge Newburger
"Rabbits can never best the hounds" - James W. Osborne
"I'm not here to boast" - Osborne
"I never swap horses crossing a stream" - Richard A Canfield.

James W. Osborne telling the court Delahunty's services to Canfield were worthless. The jury found for Delahunty.

ran at fever heat during the Black Friday period Mr. Morrissey quietly purchased the Saratoga Club-House and established the race track there.

The only protest against the *Herald's* seven columns of laudation and the *Times's* three and one-half columns of only slightly more tempered commendation came from Editor Godkin of the New York *Nation* who failed to see in the career of the bruiser, gambler, and politician anything to be proud about. To be sure, Morrissey was no saint, but possibly the offending editors felt that he was at least on a par with such doughty figures as A. Oakey Hall, William M. Tweed, Jay Gould, Peter B. Sweeny, Daniel Drew, the original Honest John Kelly of Tammany Hall, and that razzle-dazzle playboy of the Western world, Jim Fisk, of whom they sang after a rival for the affections of a gold-digging actress had pumped him full of lead:

> He may have done wrong but he thought he done right,
> And he always was good to the poor.

When he got into politics Morrissey gave up active connection with the gambling houses, though he continued to exact tribute from some of them. He was twice elected to Congress as a Tammany man, but broke with the organization in 1870, going back to it at the request of Samuel J. Tilden and Honest John Kelly, who as the new leader of Tammany Hall was trying to win for the faithful another chance at the fleshpots. Later he once more broke with Tammany, this time for good.

Morrissey was himself a great card player, being particularly adept at poker, which for more than fifty years fought a successful battle with faro for the distinction of being considered the great American gambling game, to yield a few years ago to bridge whist. At various downtown places and at the Bull's Head Tavern he frequently sat in on games that lasted around the clock. It is said that in one game he took $120,000 from Ben Wood, editor of the old *Daily News* and brother of that Fernando Wood who as Mayor of New York at the beginning of the Civil War wanted the city to secede from the Union on its own account and set itself up as a free city on the model of certain German municipalities. There is a tradition that after the war Ben Wood, in one of his numerous visits to Morrissey's Saratoga Club-House, won $124,000 at faro. But more than likely he gave it all back in time, for then, as now and always, the percentage was with the house.

Two of the men associated with Morrissey in his gambling enterprises in New York were Albert Spencer and Charles Reed, who were later to carry on the gambling business of the Saratoga Club-House, Spencer eventually buying out Reed and himself disposing of the property in the Nineties to Canfield. In the Seventies, however, besides their affiliation with Morrissey, Reed & Spencer ran a gambling house at 21 West Fifteenth Street just west of Broadway which was known as "The Cottage." Its gable roof, Gothic windows, and curiously ornamented chimneys set it off

from the buildings in the vicinity, and the beautiful interior, the high play, and the costly suppers dispensed with a lavish hand gave it a reputation hardly inferior to that of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Street houses and 818 Broadway. Spencer in his leisure hours collected fine paintings and sold them at auction, while Reed's hobbies were the breeding of horses and the scientific development of casino.

By 1877 they were both out of the Fifteenth Street place and living in their establishment at 5 West Twenty-fourth Street. The little ivory ball spinning nightly as the roulette wheel turned to the droning of the croupier's

> Round and round the little ball goes
> Where it will stop nobody knows

must have been the inspiration for the Yankee trick they played on the solicitor for Trow's New York directory of 1877. This is the way their names appeared:

> Reed, Charles, ivory, 150 Fulton, h. 5 W. 24
> Spencer, Albert, ivory, 5 W. 24

Having sport with the compilers of the directory was a rather common practice with the New York gamblers of the second half of the last century. Many times they were able to keep their names out entirely. Other times they took refuge in "broker" as an occupation. On occasion John Daly and Charlie Reed became dealers in horses for directory purposes, which was not far

wrong as both had racing stables. Morrissey was a "broker." On at least one occasion the directory recorded him as refusing to give his home address. Still others were "merchants" and "agents." In the end they all came back to the simple way blazed by Joe Hall and Pat Hearne in the Fifties. Thus:

Daly, John, h. 39 W. 29
Reed, Charles, h. 5 W. 24
Canfield, Richard A., h. 5 E. 44

After he gave up his connection with Spencer at Saratoga in the late Eighties Reed continued to run the house on Twenty-fourth Street until Jerome closed down all the gambling establishments in 1904. From that time until 1906 he gave his attention to the breeding of horses at Fairview, his stud farm in Tennessee, but though he had paid $100,000 for the famous racer St. Blaise and had sought to perpetuate the strain in a succession of fast-stepping horses he had had little luck. Spencer had quit the country for France after selling the Saratoga place to Canfield, and lived there up to his death in 1907, so confirmed an expatriate that his will, directing cremation of his body, stipulated in most positive terms that the ashes should never be taken to America.

IV

One day in the spring of 1878 young Dam—he was now twenty-nine—attended drill of the Seventh Regi-

ment, of which he was a member, in Tompkins Market at the Bowery and Seventh Street. With several other militiamen he later went to a gambling place on Broadway between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets. The militiamen played faro and there was nothing about his particular luck either good or bad to make the night memorable for Dam until several years later Richard Canfield, no longer in his employ, told him that when the militiamen entered he had seen Dam and had left by the back door without taking the trouble to pick up from the table the money he had just won.

From this distance his action in fleeing the gambling house seems to have been panicky. Dam was himself a gambler in a mild way, and certainly he was not strait-laced about his young night clerk who in the very first hour of their renewed acquaintance had boasted of winning $20,000 at faro the year before. But the newspapers were forever telling about how men entrusted with funds by banks and mercantile houses had lost those funds in gambling rooms and skipped to Canada or blown their brains out. Gamblers themselves came to no good end,* and like their patrons eventually lost all their money. As night clerk, young Canfield had no great funds in his possession, but if the two Dams knew about his passion for faro they might conceivably decide that he was not the proper sort of person to bed down the drummers getting into town

*For an interesting account of the ruinous end of noted New York gamblers see story from New York *Tribune*, August 13, 1877, in appendix.

on a late train. The chances were at least even that he would be spoken to sharply if he didn't lose his job. He wasn't ready for anything like that.

If he was gambling frequently, Canfield in this year was also showing ability of a high order in running his job at the hotel. The Dams, father and son, were so well pleased that they sought for him the more lucrative position of day clerk at the Astor House. But Flavius J. Allen, who was the elder Dam's partner in the hotel, would not hear of it.

The situation at the Astor was one of open hostility between the two partners, each of whom felt that the other was trying to maneuver him out of his share of the property, which was making money. In 1875 the two had taken over the famous old hotel which had been closed for a number of years. Its days of glory had been from its opening in the Thirties to the beginning of the Civil War, when the northward march of the city left it stranded. In its early days Webster, Clay, and other national figures had stayed there, and Abraham Lincoln had been a guest on his first visit to New York after becoming President. The rooms now in 1878 had no more of comfort to them than when the early statesmen occupied them.

Allen and Dam started in the rotunda on the ground floor back of the stores a restaurant that proved to be a gold mine. For years it made money for them and their successors, and finally outlived the hotel itself, yielding to the march of progress only when the build-

ing, made over a number of times, was finally torn down. But if the restaurant was a great success, the other parts of the business were only slightly less so. Business men were content to put up with the primitive pitcher and basin in the room in place of running water, for one thing because even on the new elevated road and the Broadway stage it took an unconscionably long time to get down from the railroad terminus near Madison Square Garden to the business section, which as now was near the tip end of Manhattan. If a salesman had three or four days to spend in New York he could stay at the Astor House and be at his customers' places bright and early in the morning. Then if he wanted to go uptown at night there was plenty of time for that. So the rooms of the Astor were in demand.

The two partners had a seven-year lease of the property and in 1882, when it expired, they renewed it for seven years more. In 1885 the elder Dam died, and in the winding up of the partnership Allen offered young Dam $30,000 for his share of the lease. Dam laughed at him and suggested that $100,000 would be more appropriate. When he got a lawyer and threatened to sue for an accounting Allen yielded and paid him $80,000.

But in 1878, after Allen had refused to let Canfield come down to the Astor, Canfield decided that perhaps New York wasn't the one place in the world he had thought it was. He was rather weary of the long hours of the night shift, and there was no doubt that if he wanted to he could land right-side-up in some other

hotel. The elder Dam, when he heard of Canfield's decision, placed the opportunity in his path.

It was a job as clerk in a summer resort hotel—the Monmouth House, at Spring Lake, New Jersey.

Spring Lake, like many another Jersey shore resort, had experienced a boom in the summer trade through President Grant's habit of spending his summers at Long Branch. In 1876, the last full year of Grant's second term, Colonel L. U. Maltby, a Confederate veteran, had built the Monmouth House at Spring Lake. It was a wooden structure of ample lines that finally fulfilled, around 1900, a promise of some day making a fine bonfire, but in 1878, when it began its third season, it was one of the finest places on the shore, and attracted an exclusive clientele. Colonel Maltby was in the last quarter of the century one of the best-known hotel owners in Philadelphia, where he ran the Lafayette on Broad Street near the Union League and later the Continental at Chestnut and Ninth.

The new clerk was soon popular with both men and women guests. They called him Dick, invited him to their parties at the race track, and made a lion of him. His unfailing courtesy and his remarkable memory impressed Colonel Maltby so favorably that the following year he made Canfield manager of the Monmouth House and of the Beach House at near-by Sea Girt, which the colonel now leased. Occasionally Canfield played draw and stud poker with the male guests in

the tower of the Monmouth House, but the play was never heavy, and he did no other gambling during the season except to take an occasional flier at the Saturday afternoon horse races. A horse-drawn stage took him back and forth between Sea Girt and Spring Lake.

During the four seasons that he remained at Spring Lake Canfield joined the Masons, becoming a member of Wall Lodge of Manasquan and reaching the dignity of a Knight Templar.

One who knew him at this period tells me that the Canfield of these days, quiet, sedate, commanding when necessary, had many offers of jobs from the patrons of the hotel. One of Colonel Maltby's friends, a Philadelphia banker, urged him to take a job as teller in his bank, assuring him that promotion would be rapid and substantial, but Canfield could not see bank life. In his later years he used to wonder what would have been his lot had he taken the Philadelphia offer. Doubtless he would have made a fortune as a banker. Mr. Dam maintained that had Canfield continued in the hotel business he would have won a conspicuous success, and piled up a large fortune. And one of the many lawyers who were thrown with him in close relations told me that had Canfield taken to the law, with business consolidation as his special field, he would have become a great business leader of the type of Judge Gary or Samuel P. Colt, whose path crossed Canfield's

decisively before he became the head of the United States Rubber Company.

V

During the winters of 1879–1881 Canfield had been living in Pawtucket, Rhode Island. With his summer money he was able to tide himself over the winter neatly, especially as he had become associated with another young man named Robert Kendall in the running of a small poker room in Pawtucket that paid good dividends to the house. There were only a few tables in the place, and the refreshments consisted mostly of sandwiches, but now Canfield had arrived at the point where he realized that there was money in gambling if you happened to be the banker. He had gambled in Europe at Monte Carlo and at other places on the Riviera, in Paris and in London, and knew the ropes in Boston, Providence, and New York.

At this time David Bucklin, Sr., was running the old Pawtucket House, the best-known hotel in the town. With him were associated his sons, Elisha and David, Jr. Elisha had known Canfield in the early Seventies in Providence after Canfield returned from his work for Jordan & Marsh in Boston, and now the young gambler made his home in the Bucklins' hotel. David W. Bucklin was later to manage Canfield's clubs in New York City and be a joint purchaser of his Newport property. It was at this time also that Canfield met Jimmy Levens, an expert bookkeeper whom he

employed as Bucklin's assistant when the Twenty-sixth Street house was opened in 1888. Ten years later, when Canfield bought the house on East Forty-fourth Street in New York and began fitting it up as a successor to the old place, Levens remonstrated with him for quitting such a desirable place in the Tenderloin for an unknown quantity uptown. Canfield sent him on a trip to Europe when a doctor assured him that Levens, who was brooding over the move uptown, was a menace to his associates while in that state. For a time on his return the assistant manager seemed more cheerful, but one day they found him with a bullet in his brain, a revolver clutched in his hand.

Though he was not always in funds, owing to the precariousness of the gambling profession for the house operating with limited funds, Canfield, according to people who knew him in these Pawtucket days, was in some degree the Beau Brummel of the town. His clothes were of a dignified pattern, well cut, and he knew how to wear them. The nearest approach to jewelry he affected was an old Waterbury watch which he kept with his change in a pocket of his trousers. On Sundays he occasionally wore a silk hat. Always he smoked the best cigars he could get in Pawtucket.

Occasionally the expanding body of facts, quotations, and literary odds and ends which he had picked up and continued to store away in his retentive mind were displayed before his associates. Once when a fellow gambler garbled Hamlet's soliloquy Canfield quietly

corrected him and was forced into a bet which he won as soon as the eager seekers after knowledge could get hold of a copy of the play.

Pawtucket, a city of about twenty thousand at this time, was a rather lively place. Hardly a half-dozen miles from Providence, it was then as now a shopping center for the Blackstone Valley and was a sort of gamblers' paradise. Any number of small poker establishments vied with each other for the custom of bartenders, saloon keepers, race-track habitués, and mechanics on the loose with their weekly pay. The best known of the faro banks in the town was that run by a man known as Farmer George. Thither flocked the sports of the Blackstone Valley to play draw and stud poker, faro and roulette. One of his dealers was a picturesque old sea captain by the name of Bennett who occasionally dealt without a lookout, to the financial discomfiture of the house, whose patrons were not above pushing chips from a losing to a winning card while the near-sighted captain was trying to do double duty.

Another picturesque member of the group with which Canfield consorted was an old and prosperous citizen named Henry C. L. Dorsey, known throughout the valley as "the prisoners' friend." Dorsey had served time in the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield for perjury, his friends said to save another man from prison, and prospering after coming out, decided that he would do something to bring a little cheer to the poor devils in Wethersfield. So he established a fund to pro-

vide for every prisoner at Thanksgiving and Christmas some little extra, like a couple of expensive cigars, a basket of fruit, or other dainties not on the prison menu.

Dorsey looked upon six as his lucky number, and used the number singly or in series in any enterprise which he undertook. As some people seek a certain automobile number plate, Dorsey sought and obtained 666 for his post-office box, invested in faro and other gambling enterprises 6 or 66 or 666 dollars, and counted enterprises lucky if begun on the sixth day of the week. He thought at first of making the Wethersfield fund $666, but the income on that would be too small, so he made it $1,666. A few years after Canfield left Pawtucket he died, leaving his wife almost destitute. Meantime, the fund he had established at Wethersfield was proving a white elephant. The State of Connecticut was providing Thanksgiving and Christmas fare of a high order for the convicts in its halls, and the officials were glad to help Dorsey's widow secure through the courts the fund which was proving so troublesome to them. Mrs. Dorsey eked out her existence in her final years by careful use of the money.

Canfield was a favorite with young women in Pawtucket. He cut a dashing figure, and there was just enough of mystery about him to intrigue the girls. He had lived in New York, wore good clothes, went about with a sporty crowd of men, and it was whispered about that he was a rather successful gambler. One of the Pawtucket girls whom he met in the spring of 1882 was

Genevieve Wren Martin. She was one of the most attractive-looking young women in the city, and Canfield wooed her so persistently that when he went to the New Jersey resort that summer they were betrothed.

Genevieve and Richard were married on the last day of August that year by the Rev. Edmond H. Fuller, an Episcopal minister of Pawtucket. Canfield gave his age as twenty-seven, his occupation hotel clerk. Miss Martin said that she was nineteen, born in Lynn, Massachusetts, and the daughter of Edwin L. P. and Maria Martin. Her father was dead. Canfield had just completed his fourth and last season at the New Jersey resort. Henceforth he was to follow that work no more, but in later years the knowledge he had picked up at the Union Square and in Spring Lake was to be of service to him in supervising the work of his chef at Saratoga and his cooks in the Newport and New York houses.

For a time the Canfields lived in Pawtucket, but by the next year they were in Providence. The 1883 directory of the larger city recorded Richard A. Canfield as a clerk who boarded at 20 Sutton Street.

CHAPTER IV

SIX MONTHS IN JAIL

I

In Canfield's salad days as a gambler in Providence he had become acquainted with one Thomas Sprague, proprietor of a faro establishment on the top floor of a building at Eddy and Union streets, not far from the center of the city. It was in a house run by Sprague that Canfield had won part of the money that took him to Europe in 1876 before he became night clerk at the Union Square Hotel.

A month or so after his marriage, paying a visit to his mother in Providence, Canfield stopped in to see Sprague and talk over a proposition Sprague had broached the preceding spring—that Canfield come in with him in the management of the house. The poker club in Pawtucket was all right as a stop-gap, an expedient to insure him and his wife enough to support them, but it held no promise of large returns. Now Providence, with its population of 125,000, was more than six times as big as Pawtucket, and though there was danger of running afoul of the police, the takings of a good faro house made the risk of arrest worth while—and Sprague had never been troubled in the ten years or more he had run a house, though not always at this location.

Providence was sure to grow. Why, it was the big jewelry center of the country. And probably as many people as lived in all Pawtucket were dependent on that big machine-tool plant of Brown & Sharpe's. And the shipping in the harbor: that would be a factor for growth of the city. Of course an up-and-coming fellow wouldn't want to stay there for good if he got a chance to open a house in New York, but you'd have to get quite a bit of capital together before you could do that. In the meantime the second city of New England, with its Brown University up there on the hill to give it tone, the Butler Exchange that wouldn't have to play second fiddle to many New York buildings, and narrow little Westminster Street with its stores and its crowds that reminded you of Washington Street in Boston, would do very well.

Sprague had always admired Canfield. He liked the assurance of the younger man, his poise, his ability to attract men to himself. And since Canfield had $5,000 that he had saved from his Spring Lake and Pawtucket poker-club ventures, and was acquainted with sports from all over southern New England as well as New York and Boston drummers, he was an excellent asset. They shook hands in informal agreement that was more binding than any papers could be. And the Canfields a couple of weeks later were residents of Providence.

The decision to go into the gambling business in a more ambitious way than the Pawtucket poker club offered had not been taken hastily. Richard Canfield

was certain now that he could make a good living in the hotel business and probably eventually own a hotel. But it would be an uphill fight and the money would probably not come until he had lost all the zest of life. Now gambling was a different proposition. The house always won—and handsomely if there was steady play. Faro bank was better than poker—more action to it. How prosperous those New York gamblers had been—Morrissey, who had cashed in his checks a year after Canfield arrived in New York; Ransom, Chamberlin, Reed, and Spencer. They had money to spend on their hobbies—beautiful works of art, travel, fast horses—they lived well, they were at no one's beck and call. If you were an honest gambler you were respected, after a fashion, and the men who were doing things—statesmen and big business men—didn't hesitate to be seen in your house, drinking your wines and putting their arms around your shoulders, giving the place a nobby, toney atmosphere and you the reputation of being a prince of good fellows.

How was running a faro or roulette game any worse than selling stocks on margin? In fact, wasn't it better? The player at least knew what he was up against, and didn't have to pay, win or lose, the way he did if he bought stocks. Men would gamble, one way or another. The person who made it possible for them to play under pleasant surroundings and with honest implements was really a benefactor. Why, some of those rich fellows were misers except when they were gambling. Didn't

the gambling-house keeper take the money he won from these men and put it in circulation, buying fine wines and cigars and food, costly pictures, beautiful rugs and tapestries, thus giving employment to artists and skilled mechanics who otherwise might not be able to get work?

Everybody's trying to do you in this world. You've got to look out for number one. How can you tell there is any life after death, or that we'll be punished there? Of course the preachers talk that way, but people that are out making money aren't bothering with any of that sell-all-your-goods-and-give-to-the-poor stuff. Omar Khayyám had it right:

> I must abjure the balm of life, I must,
> Scared by some after reckoning ta'en on trust,
> Or lured with hope of some diviner drink
> To fill the cup, when crumbled into dust.

Well, that's *life*. Here to-day and gone to-morrow. What difference does it all make?

The new partner was a philosopher in a superficial way. After he was out of the gambling business he was to continue to criticize those who closed gambling houses and drove unfortunate women out of their segregated districts. Now he put the hotel business behind him. Gambling was definitely his profession. What he needed now was cash, plenty of it. There was no better advertisement for a gambling house than the prompt payment of a big sum to a winner.

There was no such thing as buying absolute protec-

tion in Providence as Canfield was to buy it in New York years later, but the patrolmen who served in the vicinity of Eddy and Union streets were given money every so often to forget about the Canfield and Sprague place. They were unable to guarantee anything except that they themselves would not raid it without giving the partners a chance to get their patrons and paraphernalia out of it.

The police force in Providence numbered nearly two hundred at this time, and though the night patrolmen lost valuable time turning on and off the gas lights in the streets, a circumstance which aroused a protest annually from the chief of the department, the crime situation was not alarming. There was an average of one murder a year between 1880 and 1886, and burglaries and robberies were far less than an average American city of 125,000 to-day has. The arrests for gambling over a ten-year period that included Canfield's operations were:

1878	4
1879	9
1880	4
1881	2
1882	22
1883	20
1884	5*
1885	0
1886	8
1887	0

*Canfield, Sprague, and an employee named Clark accounted for three of these.

II

In the fall of 1883 the Canfields moved to a two-family house on Asia Street, also on the west side of the city, and took Richard's mother and brother in to board. The elder Mrs. Canfield died in March, 1884. After her death William Canfield left the home of his brother.

There now began a period over which friends of Canfield would like to draw the veil of obscurity. Rightly or wrongly, the youthful gambler was charged with having become unduly intimate with the wife of a prominent business man in Providence. Two or three years had elapsed, however, and nothing had happened to Canfield. The wife and husband had become reconciled, and Canfield had married and forgotten. And then suddenly on Saturday night, April 26, 1884, a special detail of police came down on the Sprague and Canfield place, arrested the two partners and Clark, an employee, and hauled them off to the station house. Sprague had been dealing, with Canfield his lookout. Sprague put up the money needed for bail, and on Monday the three pleaded not guilty to the general charge of gambling. They were held for action by the grand jury, which indicted all of them that September. The Canfield indictment charged that "Richard Canfield of Providence, yeoman . . . with force and arms at Providence did act as lookout for a certain game of faro, a banking game wherein money and other property,

to wit twelve chips, each of the value of twenty-five cents, were dependent on the result of said game."

To defend the three gamblers Sprague engaged Charles A. Wilson, then a promising young lawyer and to-day one of the distinguished veterans of the Rhode Island bar. I talked with Mr. Wilson some months ago about the various aspects of the Canfield case. He refused to go into the matter of prejudice against Canfield arising from his conduct outside the gaming rooms, but talked freely of the efforts friends of Canfield made to keep him out of prison.

Canfield had in the meantime become a marked man. Instead of a single woman in the case, there was talk that the handsome young gambler had been having affairs with any number of Providence girls. It was largely propaganda, no doubt, but it was believed. In the words of a man who knew Canfield in those days and who is still living, "They thought he could have any girl in Providence that he wanted!" Long before he was brought to trial he told Sprague, "They don't want you or Clark, Tom. They just want to put me away."

Thomas A. Doyle, who served altogether eighteen terms as mayor of Providence, was again mayor, and Canfield's friends appealed to him on the grounds that as a fellow Mason he ought to do something to prevent Canfield's being railroaded to jail on the gambling pretext when it was really a case of personal spite on the part of one man. They represented that Canfield was really a man of excellent character, recently married,

not financially interested in the Sprague gambling house, and ready to give up gambling and go back to his real job, that of hotel clerk.

Nobody knows just what Doyle replied to this deputation. Mr. Wilson remembers that the effort was made, but if there was any sort of promise that steps would be taken to work upon the prosecutor, he does not recall them. At any rate, when the case was heard in the Court of Common Pleas before Judge George A. Wilbur, the prosecutor was the attorney general of the state, Samuel P. Colt, just then rising to political power but hardly embarked on the industrial career that was to carry him to the presidency of the United States Rubber Company.

There is a tradition in Providence that the courtroom was crowded when the judge pronounced sentence on the three gamblers on July 17, 1885, and that the decision to send the men to jail produced a sensation. As Mr. Wilson remembers it, there was no great crowd, and the matter-of-fact way in which the Providence *Evening Bulletin* recorded the court's action under a small headline would indicate that, aside from the prisoners and a few of their friends and enemies, nobody took much interest in the affair. The *Evening Bulletin* account ran:

> The three men Canfield, Sprague, and Clark, charged with gambling, pleaded guilty in the Common Pleas Court this morning and were sentenced to six months in jail and to pay the costs. There was a strong effort made to have the sentence

of costs only passed, but Attorney General Colt vigorously demanded a severer sentence.

The Providence *Journal* the next morning had nothing about the case in its columns.

From a purely legalistic standpoint, Canfield's punishment was too severe. When other factors are considered one may come to the conclusion that he was lucky to have faced a court of law rather than a shotgun. At any rate, the real scapegoats of the proceeding were Sprague and Clark.

Canfield was thirty years old when he went to jail. Though he once told an interviewer that those months in jail were the happiest period of his life, because he there acquired a taste through his reading that opened up to him an understanding and appreciation of all art, he was bitter about the circumstances that caused him to be sent there. He believed that he was railroaded to jail. Twenty years after he had quit Cranston he testified on this point in a New York Court:

Q. The Attorney General of Rhode Island didn't keep his agreement, but put you in jail, didn't he?

A. Well, as I understood it the attorney general agreed that if I would plead guilty my case would later be dismissed. . . . The man who told me—the Mayor of Providence who has since had a statue erected in his honor—was a man on whose word I relied implicitly. So I went to court and did as I had been advised. I never got out of court except to go to jail.

Q. Well, that was about the saddest experience in your life?

A. Not necessarily. A gambler in jail is not much different from a gambler out of jail.

Q. Well, it was a very unhappy experience?

A. Yes, very unhappy and very unpleasant.

Q. You have prospered exceedingly since then?

A. I have, but not to the extent that has been testified here [that he was worth $5,000,000].

Q. And since then you have been trying to hold your head up, haven't you?

A. I think not. I don't think I was ever in doubt as to my position in society. I have never tried to live down that Rhode Island episode. In fact, I have raised my family there.

Q. Well, you have been trying to get the respect of the community?

A. Not necessarily. I have always tried to comport myself in a way that would best befit a man of my social standing.

III

For six months, ending January 16, 1886, Canfield and his fellow gamblers were inmates of the Providence County Jail in Cranston, a town adjacent to Providence. The old jail and state prison have long since been torn down and to-day jail and prison inmates are confined in another town. Nobody who was attached to the old institution is alive to-day, I am assured by Warden Charles E. Linscott of the Providence County jail and state prison in Howard, Rhode Island.

The old prison had few comforts. But Canfield and his companions didn't have time to worry. Since they were to be in for only six months it was not worth

while to teach them the trades of shoemaker and hatmaker. Instead they were engaged in the easy and not altogether uninteresting job of making cane baskets and caning chairs.

In his leisure hours Canfield read books from the prison library, fiction, history, poetry. He became especially interested in a history of religions and an old art book someone had given to the prison. These books he read several times.

When they got out in January, Sprague and Canfield decided that they had better not set up another gambling house in Providence. Sprague had enough to keep him comfortably for a time without work, but most of Canfield's reserve had melted away through the expenses of the trial. Clark drifted away and the two partners did not hear from him again. When in June, 1886, Canfield set out for New York a second time it was with a promise from Sprague of assistance in setting up a house in New York once things were favorable. Two years later Sprague came on to New York and became a dealer in Canfield's house, to be pensioned when his friend and employer quit the gambling business. Sprague died a year before Canfield, who had provided in his will that if Sprague should survive him he would get $30,000 from his estate.

IV

Mrs. Canfield did not go with her husband to New York. She was to make her home in Providence all

through his New York adventures and for four years after his death. There, mainly on the unfashionable west side of the city, she maintained their modest home, bringing up their daughter and son in middle-class respectability while her husband made and spent thousands upon thousands of dollars every year. Canfield from the early Nineties went to Europe nearly every year, sometimes twice a year. His wife never accompanied him, though he many times urged her to go—probably she remembered that good times for gamblers don't always last. Mrs. Canfield's mother came from Pawtucket to live with her in the early Nineties and stayed until her death some sixteen years later.

Canfield visited his family in Providence on an average of once a month throughout the years, and Mrs. Canfield and the children went less frequently to New York, and never to Saratoga or Newport. Their daughter married a man named Hannon in 1910 when she was seventeen, and went to New York City to live, but when the marriage proved a failure she returned to Providence with her young son to live in an apartment near her mother on Benefit Street, a genteel, decaying thoroughfare on the hill near Brown University. Howland D. Canfield hoped to go to Dartmouth, but though he attended several preparatory schools he never was able to get enough credits to allow him to enter college.

He received $5,000 a year until his twenty-first birthday in 1920, when a third of the yearly income

of the estate having been furnished him, he began an orgy of spending that more than used up this money in the next two years. In July, 1922, he was arrested after a drunken disturbance at Los Angeles, sentenced to thirty days in jail and to pay a fine of $200, but on appeal was released on $500 bail. Within a few days he took ship for Hawaii. When the ship reached Honolulu on July 31st he was taken to Queen's Hospital, where twelve days later he died of a malignant brain condition brought on by alcoholism, at the age of twenty-three. The body was brought home and buried in the plot of his mother's family in Swan Point Cemetery, Providence. His will directed that his share of his father's estate go to his mother.

After Richard Canfield's death in 1914 his widow and daughter moved farther out on the fashionable east side of Providence and maintained homes within a few blocks of each other. When Mrs. Hannon was married again in 1923 her son went to live with his grandmother near Boston. In 1927, having divorced her second husband, Richard Canfield's daughter was married to a Brooklyn restaurateur.

CHAPTER V

THE HOUSE ON TWENTY-SIXTH STREET

I

The New York to which Richard Canfield returned in the early summer of 1886, five months after his release from the Providence County Jail, was considerably changed physically from that which he had left in 1878. The Brooklyn Bridge was a commonplace now, as were the elevated roads which in the earlier day had been a cause for wonder. Jake Sharp's horse cars drawn on rails, made possible by the Boodle Aldermen of 1884, had replaced the picturesque Broadway stages. The choicest bit of the Tenderloin was now definitely above Madison Square, with hotels strung along Broadway right up to Forty-second Street. Theaters and restaurants and oyster bars, gambling houses, and dancing and drinking halls that were in effect assignation houses combined to make the night life of the district a by-word to the entire country.

As Canfield came past the Battery on a Fall River Line boat he caught a glimpse of Bedloe's Island with its pedestal erected for the Statue of Liberty and the boxes containing the parts of the statue strewn around

it ready to be assembled. Liberty! He must have smiled ironically at the thought that a few months before he had been railroaded to jail because of what he considered a trifling misdemeanor.

It was good to be back in a place where little things of that sort didn't matter. Henceforth he was to look upon New York as his home, the center of his every interest outside of his family, which he repeatedly wished to come on and stay with him.

Honest John Kelly of Tammany had just died, and the selection of Croker as his successor was still in the future. The mayoralty campaign that fall was to see all factions of the Democratic party united in support of Abram S. Hewitt, son-in-law of Peter Cooper, against Henry George, the noted Single Tax exponent, and Theodore Roosevelt, just beginning to make his influence felt in Republican politics. Hewitt won easily, but two years later, after he had repeatedly refused to take orders from Croker, Tammany turned against him and put up Sheriff Hugh J. Grant, whose sole merit as a candidate appeared to be that as an alderman in 1884 he had said No when his colleagues were saying Yes to Jake Sharp and collecting $22,000 apiece. Grant defeated Hewitt and proved in his single term to be the most docile office holder Croker managed in the more than sixteen years he steered things for Tammany.

Canfield took a horse car up Broadway to Union Square and his cousin's hotel. He confided to Andrew Dam that he was through with hotel work, and wanted

to get into 818 Broadway as a dealer. The old brownstone house near Twelfth Street had slipped from the high estate of the Morrissey days, but it was still one of the important gambling houses. Ferdinand (Gus) Abell and Lucien O. Appleby were controlling its destinies. They took Canfield's name and told him they would get in touch with him if anything turned up.

II

In 1877 a number of prominent men, vexed that the laws regulating the sale of liquor were openly flouted, had organized the Society for the Prevention of Crime. It was this organization that under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst was in later years to prove such a thorn in the flesh to the police and Tammany Hall. By 1879 it was trying a new idea in fighting gambling houses. Its detectives visited the houses, learned names and addresses of the players, and reported their information to D. J. Whitney, secretary of the society's law-enforcement committee, who then made up a list which was available to employers in need of clerks. When the newspapers pointed out that the cure with its invitation to blackmail might well be worse than the disease, Mr. Whitney protested that he alone had access to complete information about the erring players. The society's detectives, he explained, worked separately and did not even know each other, and no person's name went on the list on the uncorroborated statement of one man.

"It may be found useful hereafter to consult this record as to an employee's character as a merchant refers to his Bradstreet for the ratings of his patrons," he smilingly told reporters.

The list was never used extensively, because it was feared the gamblers would bribe the society's detectives to pack it with the names of respectable youths and thus bring upon the society a flood of lawsuits.

Whitney on a Saturday night in January, 1880, led forty policemen in a raid on 818 Broadway. The tip had gone ahead of the raiders, and when neither paraphernalia nor players could be found in the place, Whitney put the warrants in his pocket, saying that he would use them another time. The lawyer for the gamblers appeared on the following Monday before Justice Kilbreth and protested that the warrants should be returned to the court and not held over the heads of his clients as a threat. On his agreeing to bring the clients to court the warrants were surrendered.

What happened subsequently was described in the *Times:*

At three-thirty o'clock yesterday afternoon the door of Justice Kilbreth's private office in the rear of the Tombs police court opened, and Mr. D. J. Whitney entered. He was followed by Private Detective and ex-Policeman, ex-Fireman and ex-Park Watchman Sidney H. Conkling, who is employed by the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Ten minutes later the door creaked again and a delegation of beefy, rosy-cheeked, cleanly groomed sporting men entered, headed by

Counselor Peter Mitchell. All of them wore gold studs, faultless linen and glossy beaver hats, and most of them twirled ivory or gold-headed canes. They smiled away at each other like clockwork and exchanged nods and congratulations, upon which Mr. Whitney looked out from his bundled-up overcoat with well-nigh speechless indignation.

"They say, Whitney, that you're the best-looking man in New York," said Mr. Mitchell, laughing heartily amid the chuckles of the gamblers. Here Justice Kilbreth checked the growing mirth by calling the assembly to order. The complaint against the party at "818" was based on five separate affidavits and warrants, all alike in form, and charged "that the defendants kept and maintained a gambling house and a place of resort for idle and disorderly persons to gamble and play at cards and games of chance, in violation of the law, and to the common nuisance of the people!"

"Can you point out the persons mentioned in the warrants?" asked the justice of Private Detective Conkling. The detective nodded and pointed to a well-dressed, urbane man, with black moustache and side whiskers, who from his look might have been a church-going broker or commission merchant.

"That's Morrison, the backer of the game," said Conkling. "That's Ike Allen, one of his dealers," pointing to an unmistakable but good-natured-looking "sport" with clean-shaven face, thin lips, and black jagged eyebrows who reclined on a back seat. "That's Jim Kerby, another dealer," he added, indicating a benevolent-looking old party of fifty, with long, silver-gray beard and puffy countenance indicative of good feeding who sat smiling and tapping his gold-headed cane against his teeth in a corner of the room, "and that's

Wash, the doorkeeper," he said in conclusion, pointing to a stalwart, regular-featured darky who sat bolt upright, his overcoat buttoned up to his chin, in the center of the group. Over the fifth man named in the complaint the detective was puzzled. In the warrant he was down as one Marks, but it turned out after much wrangling that his real name was John Mott, and that he was one of the alleged gamekeepers.

The witness swore he had visited 818 Broadway on the night in question, saw Allen, Kerby, Mott, and others engaged in shuffling the cards, dealing faro, and playing roulette; saw Morrison the proprietor receiving checks from the Negro "Wash" and putting them in his safe; he (Morrison) exercised the rights of proprietor or backer, and passed as such among the players; witness played in seven dollars that had been given him and then quit; there was no one else that he knew personally in the room except his brother, Samuel C., who was a detective employed by the same society; didn't know of anyone else besides himself who lost money; the doors were not open to the public; there was a blind and iron grating, through which the Negro looked out; they were closed when he rang the bell; the Negro let him in without inquiring who he was or what was his purpose; was sure the gathering place was not a private club.

"Witness, how did you come to leave the Park Department?" asked Counselor Mitchell.

"I was discharged."

"For assaulting a lady?"

"No!" thundered the society's detective. "If you want to know so badly, I'll tell you. I was broken because I was twenty minutes late on a post four miles long."

"Have you ever been arrested?"

"Yes, twice."

"What for?"

"The *Sun* said that I discharged a revolver one night, killing one man, wounding another, and wounding a horse, all at one shot. That's what the *Sun* said I did. I was arrested, but they didn't prove it and I was discharged."

"What else were you arrested for?"

"For an alleged attempt to blackmail. The suit is now on trial before the Supreme Court and I have brought a countersuit against Captain Williams for damages for false imprisonment."

"You are not in the habit of appearing as a professional witness?"

Mr. Conkling indignantly denied the impeachment. Here another squabble arose over the identity of Mr. Morrison, Mr. Mitchell declaring that that gentleman's real name was Ferdinand Abell, and that he had been summoned to give bail for the other prisoners. The witness persisted in identifying Morrison, or Abell, as the proprietor of the game, and the judge said it made little difference what his name was provided he was the individual who took the checks. Abell was asked whether he had ever backed the game, dealt the cards, or had any other connection with "818" and he declined to answer on the ground that the answer would tend to criminate himself. He said that he had had nothing to do with the place during the past five years. Justice Kilbreth decided to adjourn his case to Monday next, meanwhile permitting Morrison, or Abell, to go on his own recognizance. The other prisoners pleaded not guilty and were held in $2,000 bail each. "Wash" Jourdan, the colored waiter, was held in $500 bail as a witness.

The sequel to all this appears in the next annual report of the society:

> . . . Four of the principal parties [were] held to bail in $6,600. All were indicted by the Grand Jury, but up to the present time the committee has been unable to have them tried. The building is quite near one of our fashionable churches and owned by a wealthy widow lady who receives $5,000 per annum rent for the same; has been occupied as a gambling house for years; is undoubtedly well known to the police, yet is allowed to exist, to the disgust of respectable citizens.

Money judiciously placed caused the pigeonholing of the indictments, and Abell pursued the even tenor of his way, keeping the house open as before. He had successively as partners Dave Johnson, who was later to operate houses of his own in New York and Saratoga, and Lucien O. Appleby, who kept his interest in 818 right up to the time of its closing as a gambling establishment in 1890. The house was known as the Central Club. A dozen years after gambling ended, workmen making the interior over came across a large brick vault in the cellar in which obviously the gambling paraphernalia was hidden during the raids that the house occasionally suffered during the thirty-one years it remained open.

When in 1881 the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, president of the society, led policemen in fruitless raids on gambling houses in Nassau and Fulton streets he in-

formed the reporters that the police captains were entirely responsible for the prevalence of gambling.

The captains who want to get an income from gambling places [he said] do not go themselves. If they do it is to bluster and be very brave and to order the houses to be closed. But a woman goes into a place and says to the proprietor, "I am a poor woman; won't you help me a little?" The proprietor says, "Yes, take this," and gives her what those present suppose to be a dollar bill. Instead of its being one dollar it is fifty. Now, can you make anything out of this? Certainly not, because he would say, "I have done nothing except to assist a poor woman a little!" That woman meets a friend at a groggery and this friend says, "Have you sold those goods?" The woman replies, "Yes, and here is the money," handing the proprietor forty dollars. The man goes to some official, maybe a sergeant, and says, "By the way, here's that thirty dollars you loaned me." The next day the captain finds twenty dollars in his drawer. He does not "know" how it got there. But he puts it into his pocket. Then he is asked, "Did you ever take a bribe?" Now what can you do? We have traced cases where we were morally sure that the man was guilty. We have three, five, or eight affidavits to that effect; but they have been made by women of bad reputation. This evidence we cannot go into court with, and the man gets off. A high official told me that one captain made $70,000 a year by blackmailing and he cautioned me not to mention the fact.

When Captain Williams was in charge of the 29th Precinct we planned a raid without his knowledge. We were not successful and he laughed at us for our failure. Of course we can draw our own inferences. Since he has been removed things have been only a little better.

In other words, the system was greater than any individual. Captains and inspectors and commissioners might come and go, reform administrations would have their day and cease to be, but graft rode on triumphantly. The crude system described by Dr. Crosby soon passed out. The patrolman on the beat or a plainclothes man detailed by the captain collected from gambling places, houses of prostitution, saloons, even legitimate business concerns, which found themselves continually in hot water so long as they failed to contribute and magically free to obstruct the sidewalk for hours so long as they paid. The graft was estimated in the early Nineties at seven million dollars a year.

III

For a whole year Canfield waited about New York, living at the Union Square and hoping, hoping for the chance to get into Abell's that never came. He never forgot his disappointment, and ten years later, when he bought out the Nautilus Club at Newport from Abell, he spoke bitterly to the older gambler about it. Abell laughed reminiscently. Never a day had passed while the house was open, he said, without somebody's wanting to get on the staff, some of them actually offering to pay for the privilege.

Making the rounds of the gambling houses, getting acquainted with the staffs of the best known of them, playing occasionally, Canfield widened his circle of acquaintances. He watched the plungers at Daly's, led

by Senator E. O. Wolcott of Colorado, who had made some phenomenal winnings at Daly's Long Branch club a couple of years before, and became acquainted with other well-known figures among the proprietors of houses, William (Dink) Davis, Tom (Shang) Draper, who had given up the precarious job of absentee partner in bank robberies for that of running a saloon and gambling place, and the second Honest John Kelly, like Draper combining a saloon with a faro room. And he also met Charlie Reed and Albert Spencer, who were partners in Saratoga as they had been earlier in New York.

Daly, a native of Troy, had arrived in New York during the Civil War prepared to cash in on the prestige of Morrissey and Heenan and other Troy men who were making names for themselves in the gambling world. At first he had a house on the east side of Broadway between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, then he acquired an interest in 8 Barclay Street. In 1878 he gave up the Broadway place and acquired the house at 39 West Twenty-ninth Street, at the same time buying the house next door and combining the two into a spacious gambling place. He had established his Long Branch gambling house during the heyday of that resort while President Grant summered there, and the sports who played there gave their patronage to his new house in New York during the winter. He was well protected, although he paid nothing like the $100,000 a year that the popular imagination pictured. The game

was comparatively small, and if a faro player played fifty to the cases and $100 to the doubles he was considered a plunger. The expenses of running his establishment, outside of the protection money, were about sixty thousand dollars a year. Daly continued in business down to the time all the houses were closed by Jerome in 1904. Two years later he died.

Dink Davis, who was running a house at 57 West Twenty-eighth Street, was pointed out as one of the marvels of gambling to the young men coming up in the profession. They heard of how Davis, coming down from Syracuse half-a-dozen years before, had stopped in at 8 Barclay Street, run a bank roll of $1,900 to $85,000 in two days, bought a fourth interest in the place, and continued to play against the house until one of his partners closed the box against him when he had won an additional $18,000. Davis was a successful gambler in Chicago and Philadelphia prior to his successful New York coup. When Canfield in 1899 moved his gambling establishment to East Forty-fourth Street it was Davis who took over the old place, to run it on a diminished scale for three years.

Oh, well, the youngsters said when they heard the story of Davis's luck, faro boxes in those days were all on the square. Now you never could tell when you were going to run up against a brace device. The newspapers were carrying stories of crooked work on the part of proprietors of gambling houses who were so greedy, the accounts said, that one and all doctored their boxes,

so that the player was a sucker who simply had no chance at all. In the lower-class sporting papers manufacturers of shady devices advertised their wares. One of these, telling of his "latest improved vest hold-out" for poker players anxious to fill out a four flush or garner a fourth ace, finished his sales message thus:

> It is a fine invention and anyone that plays cards for a living needs it more than they do snide jewelry or flashy clothes, with holes in their pockets instead of dollars. There is but one way to gamble successfully, and that is to get tools to work with, and have the best of every game you get into.

There were crooked faro boxes, doubtless, in some of the big gambling houses, and it was this fear on the part of players that they might be running up against a brace device which would make success certain for the bank whenever the stakes were high that caused the game finally to die out. George W. Walling, who was retired as Police Superintendent of New York in 1885, after trying vainly for years to administer the department honestly in the face of settled opposition by the commissioners above him and inspectors and captains below, gave it as his considered opinion that all of the gambling houses in New York were crooked.

IV

In the spring of 1887, reluctantly concluding that there would be no chance for him in 818, Canfield began to consider starting a gambling house of his

own. He himself had hardly a thousand dollars, but Sprague had promised to lend him some, and Andrew Dam, who had come into something like two hundred thousand dollars on the death of his father in 1885, would certainly advance something. Canfield had already spoken to Dam tentatively about a loan when a man named William Glover, owner of a pawn-shop business, suggested that they two start a poker house. The thing didn't appeal to Canfield. He had come to New York in search of bigger game. But a year had slipped by without anything developing. . . . He scraped up the necessary money and they opened a place on the east side of Broadway between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets. There were half-a-dozen tables in a small room. Canfield felt he was back in the old Pawtucket place. The limit was twenty-five and fifty cents, and the play was pretty brisk from noon until midnight.

The inability of the police to stop the big gambling places was as marked in this spring of 1887 as it had been when Dr. Crosby vainly campaigned against them seven years before. William Murray, who had succeeded Police Superintendent Walling in June, 1885, was up against the same sort of game as Walling had complained of, and not quite so disposed to fight as Walling had been. If he entrusted raids to his subordinates something usually happened to allow the gamblers to escape with their implements. When complaints were made in the newspapers that nothing was being done to stop gambling the superintendent could only point

to the fact that he himself had led raids on twenty-five houses in twenty-two months.

It was in this year that Tenderloin Williams was kicked upstairs into an inspectorship and sent to the East Side. Since returning to the captaincy in the Police Department in 1881 after two years in the Street Cleaning Department, the captain had been levying handsomely upon every form of vice as well as on legitimate business places in the precinct. Residents of Twenty-seventh Street between Sixth and Seventh avenues, protesting through Attorney Frank Moss at the prevalence of houses of prostitution in their midst, drew only a laugh from the captain. Moss, who was later to assist in the Lexow investigation and serve brilliantly as counsel to the Mazet investigating committee in 1899, organized raids on the disorderly houses and made things so hot that the police commissioners were forced to transfer Williams. To save his face and their own they promoted him.

The new poker house of Canfield and Glover made money, slowly at first, but by spring of 1888 each of the partners was pocketing $150 a week. Still Canfield was not satisfied. This was picayune stuff. He might just as well be back in Pawtucket.

It was a cousin of Glover's, a man named David Duff, who was serving as a dealer for Charlie Reed in the house at 5 West Twenty-fourth Street, who gave him his opportunity. Duff had won favor with several of the wealthy patrons of the Reed house, and a few of

them offered to lend him money to start a place of his own. He told Canfield of the offers and Canfield suggested that they go in together. Glover readily agreed to buy out his partner's interest in the poker club.

So in May, 1888, Duff and Canfield opened the Madison Square Club at 22 West Twenty-sixth Street, a few steps from the St. James Hotel at the corner of Broadway. Dam and Sprague lent Canfield money, Sprague mortgaging his house in Providence.

It was the conventional type of brownstone house of four stories with a high stoop. Their rent was $600 a month. The protection money, paid in cash, was at first a flat $200 a month, but as the house prospered and the number of high players increased it doubled and then a percentage of the earnings was taken. Back of the reception room on the first floor were two rooms in which were respectively a roulette wheel and the faro box. On the second floor were tables for poker. Canfield had his rooms on the third floor, and Mr. and Mrs. Duff theirs on the fourth floor. Within a year of the time the house was opened the poker tables disappeared and the gambling layouts were moved up to the second floor.

The location of the house was ideal. Delmonico's was hardly a hundred yards away with the type of patron Duff and Canfield wanted to attract. A block down Broadway was the Hoffman House, then the Albemarle and the Fifth Avenue Hotel at Twenty-third Street. At Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street was the

Brunswick, a favorite with society. The Gilsey House was only three blocks up Broadway. Theaters and restaurants in quantity were not far away.

Dam, Sprague, and Duff had furnished plenty of money, and Canfield had spent it judiciously if in quantity. The furnishings of the new place showed a dignified restraint that seemed at first to make it a poor imitation of the sumptuous palaces that Broadway had come to know. The furniture was for the most part of the early American type rather than the combination monstrosities of Victorian art tortured out of late Empire.

The sports came, tried their luck, ate the excellent fare—and came back. Canfield had more than matched Duff's contribution to the establishing of the place, and was able to make his old Rhode Island friends Bucklin, Sprague, and Levens members of the staff. In addition there were a cook, a manservant, and two maids, all Negroes. The house at first carried $25,000 in its safe as insurance against possible bad fortune, this anchor to windward being doubled two years later, when the faro limit also doubled, to become $50 and $100.

It wasn't always clear sailing. Once in a while the wardman who transacted the police captain's business would come around and order the place shut up. The reformers, it would turn out, had had detectives in various gambling places and the police had heard through grapevine intelligence that some newspaper was going to come out with a story naming names and

giving the numbers of the offending houses. Or an election would be in the offing and the opposition would make very effective use of information about gambling houses. Sometimes the shutdown would be for two or three nights or a week, but in the summer of 1889 the prohibition lasted for two months and affected every gambling house in the Tenderloin.

Prosperity almost beyond their dreams in the very first year had no effect on Canfield, but it changed Duff completely. He began to gamble in other establishments. When he lost he settled the account with drafts on Duff & Canfield. When he drank too heavily, which was frequent, he was boisterous and disturbed the patrons at No. 22. By the end of 1888, when the gaming rooms were moved to the second floor, the first floor was given over to a reception parlor and a supper room. Duff would enter the place, talk loudly and profanely, and frighten the Negro servants with his threats of what he was going to do if they didn't immediately get food and liquor for him. Bucklin would come downstairs and in his low, gentle voice would plead with Duff to calm down. To no avail. And then Canfield would appear on the scene, to talk louder than he was ever to speak again while attending to gambling in his house. And Duff would go upstairs, temporarily chastened.

But not for long. The roistering continued. The checks for one or two thousand dollars, even five thousand, would be gathered up by Bucklin at the bank

when he went for the monthly statement. Duff never trenched on Canfield's profits with these checks made out to other gamblers, but to Canfield they were a fly in the ointment of higher and yet higher profits the house was piling up. Duff's conduct advertised the place in an undesirable way, a circumstance that would in time make it necessary for the police to close it. Having tasted the fruits of uninterrupted play, Canfield was in no mood to close the house. So he tried to remonstrate with Duff, telling him how much there was at stake, and reminding him that not only was he bringing their establishment into disrepute, but he was also throwing away his own profits.

In July, 1890, the newspapers chronicled the passing of 818 Broadway as a gambling house. Just a year before it had come into a deal of notoriety through publication of a story that Denman Thompson, star of *The Old Homestead*, the *Abie's Irish Rose* of its day, had dropped $150,000 there in a few weeks' play. The story was vigorously denied, of course, although the actor's associates could not deny that he occasionally visited gambling houses. Thompson was one of a group of actors and sporting characters that made the Union Square Hotel their headquarters, and it is easy to imagine Canfield chaffing Thompson for not losing the money in his place.

In early September of 1890, after a particularly hard spree, Duff presented himself at the front door of No. 22. Bucklin placed his stocky frame in the way and

quietly informed him that Canfield had left orders that he was not to be admitted. For several minutes Duff was unable to get the drift of what Bucklin was saying. When an attempt to brush past the manager into the house failed completely it dawned upon him that he was being barred from his own house. He staggered down the stairs, picked up a brick lying conveniently in the street, and sent it through the window of the first floor.

The crash of the brick on the glass smashed Duff's connection with 22 West Twenty-sixth Street and with Canfield. The house closed up abruptly and Canfield brought pressure to bear upon Duff, and bought him out. Nobody knows what he paid Duff, but it is probable that it was less than $50,000. Canfield could drive a hard bargain, and he knew that he had Duff in a hole. Duff's old-time friends among the patrons, disgusted at his actions and finding that Canfield was far and away more responsible and capable, were all for casting Duff overboard.

While the negotiations for buying out Duff were in progress the newspapers learned of the fight between the two partners. A reporter who called at the house was taken over it by Bucklin. He saw a number of men sitting in easy chairs in the front parlor and smoking, but neither there nor in any other part of the house was there any evidence of gambling.

Bucklin was quoted as saying, "This is merely a gentlemen's club. Mr. Duff was a member, but had

no other rights. I belong to it myself and so does Mr. Sprague. Mr. Canfield is the treasurer. We didn't like the way Mr. Duff was acting so we asked him to resign and that's all there is to it."

Duff told newspapermen Canfield was trying to do him out of profits justly due him. Sergeant Lane of the Tenderloin Precinct told them the house had been closed for months and wouldn't open again.

But inside of a week it was running wide open with Duff an outsider. Henceforth there were to be no brawls. In fact, so circumspect were Canfield and his staff that when he quit Twenty-sixth Street in 1899 Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, whose home on Twenty-fifth Street was directly in back of Canfield's, told him that he wished all his neighbors were as quiet.

With the ousting of Duff, Richard Canfield was definitely on his own in New York, and on his way to his first million. He was thirty-five years old.

CHAPTER VI

A RIVAL TO DALY'S

I

It was 1892 and the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus in the Western world. New York had hoped to win the honor of celebrating the anniversary but had lost out to Chicago, which was to hold the big show under the name of the World's Columbian Exposition a year late. It was a presidential year. Benjamin Harrison had been President for three years, and the Republican party willing and the American people ready to swallow the high duties of the McKinley tariff, he would go back again. Grover Cleveland's friends were beginning to boom him for a third try at the office, and though Tammany was none too friendly and the failure of 1888 did not augur well for Democratic success, there was nobody else on the horizon that gave promise of making even as good a showing. Agricultural discontent was rife, and the third party of that day, the Populists, were to make Cleveland's election possible by capturing electoral votes in Western states that were normally Republican.

Lucky Baldwin, on from California to risk some of his thirty millions in the New York stock market,

talked climate and opportunity like a Native Son of 1930.

In the fall of 1891 New York had had a sensation of its own to focus the attention of the public upon gambling as had the Tranby Croft baccarat case in England a few months before. To be sure there was no heir to the throne paraded as a witness in a trial court where a knight accused of cheating at cards sued for defamation of character. But there was the picture of a prince of gamblers, none other than John Daly himself, peering into the safe from which his manager had filched something between sixty and a hundred thousand dollars, the while asking coolly in approved Tweed style, "What are you going to do about it?" For two or three days sporting circles were convulsed with the story before the *Herald* printed it. The more delicious was this tidbit because the manager, one William Samuel Hollingsworth, was active in Harlem church circles and believed by his neighbors to be a manufacturer of brushes. There were denials all around at first, then statements that Hollingsworth had taken only money that was coming to him as a partner of Daly, and the thing was finally slurred over, with Daly losing the money and the manager losing his job.

But there was one newspaper in New York that saw in the scandal a manifestation of what Tammany control of the city meant. Colonel Elliott Shepard's *Mail and Express*, most vigorous anti-Tammany organ in the city, began pounding away at the Police Depart-

ment for protecting gambling dens, houses of prostitution, and illegal liquor saloons, and soon the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church took up the cudgels and launched the attack which led directly to the famous Lexow investigation of 1894.

In the sermon which opened the fight, in February of 1892, the clergyman, after dealing with prostitution and violations of the excise law, went on:

> Gambling houses flourish in New York almost as thick as roses in Sharon. They are open to the initiated at any hour of day or night. They are eating into the character of some of what we are accustomed to think of as our best and most promising young men. They are a sly and constant menace to all that is choicest and more vigorous in a moral way in the generation that is now moving onto the field of action. If we try to close up a gambling house, we in the guilelessness of our imagination might have supposed that the arm of the city government that takes cognizance of such matters would find no service so congenial as that of combining with well-intentioned citizens in turning up the light on these nefarious dens and giving to the public certified lists of the names of their frequenters. But if you convict a man for keeping a gambling hell in this town you have to do it in spite of the authorities and not by their aid.

Hardly ten days before, the *Mail and Express* had for the sixth time in three weeks published a list of the most important faro banks, policy and lottery houses, and law-breaking liquor saloons in Manhattan and had

called upon Superintendent Murray of the Police Department to raid these places and put them out of business. The *Mail and Express* declared that on Manhattan Island there were 250 faro banks, 720 policy shops, and 6,000 saloons which were violating the excise law. The newspaper directed its fire particularly at Albert J. Adams, the policy king, who in later years was to do time at Sing Sing. The *Mail and Express* stated that Adams, who twenty years before had been a railroad brakeman, was now worth $7,000,000 and maintained "a gambling house for every church spire in Manhattan." The paper enumerated 33 of the 150 places, nearly all devoted to policy, controlled by Adams and told the Police Department head, "You dare not touch him."

Unfortunately for Dr. Parkhurst's immediate peace of mind, publication by the newspaper of this list did not constitute evidence nor did the hearsay on which he had preached the sermon help him when he was summoned before the grand jury which was in session at the moment. The jury handled the clergyman without gloves, declaring that his statements could "only serve to create a feeling of unwarranted distrust in the minds of the community with regard to the integrity of public officials, and tends only to hinder the prompt administration of justice."

But though the current grand jury flouted his statements and the leaders of the city government declared them wild exaggerations, the newspapers of Tuesday

morning carried the story that "every faro bank in Manhattan was closed last night." They did not reopen for several weeks, although the houses of prostitution and the policy dens kept doing business as openly as ever. By that time a new grand jury had found the Parkhurst statements fully warranted, and its foreman set at $7,000,000 the amount vice turned over to the police yearly for the privilege of doing business.

Holding the police commissioners, John R. Voorhis, James J. Martin, John McClave, and Charles F. MacLean, strictly to blame for the terrible vice conditions in the city, the *Mail and Express* had declared that thieves paid over to the police as protection money 80 per cent. of whatever loot they obtained, houses of prostitution $100 a month, and large gambling houses 50 per cent. of their profits, while the less pretentious houses paid from $50 to $200 a month. Of the 750 policy shops some few were raided occasionally, the account said, but never any controlled by Al Adams, or sixteen other persons whose names were printed.

When on February 11th, three days before Dr. Parkhurst's sermon, the police board took cognizance of the charges of the *Mail and Express* to the extent of asking that newspaper to present to Superintendent Murray all the evidence against these places that its detectives had ferreted out, the *Mail and Express* scornfully refused to make what it believed to be a futile gesture, but addressed itself to poor old Superintendent Murray, broken with illness and soon to be supplanted by In-

spector Byrnes, charging Murray with desiring to protect the gamblers, with whom it declared he was more intimate than he properly should be. After taking up his relations with Adams and John Daly, which it declared to be close, the communication ran:

You know Joe Doyle, the partner of "the genial" Gus Abell who has been a gambler in this city for twenty years, was part owner in the historic 818 Broadway, and shares in the profits of the palatial establishment at 141 West Forty-second Street. You can find him there every day. "Honest" John Kelly, the indicted dive keeper, proprietor of the faro bank in the same building where his dive is located and which in spite of the rigorous activity of the police in and about his dive was never "discovered" and raided; William Bennett, a prominent Tammany heeler, backer of John L. Sullivan and at one time the incumbent of a certain public office; Dave Gideon, the well-known horseman and partner of John Daly; Dave Johnson, "the man who hates to give up" and the owner of several pool rooms; John Clark, a third-class gambler and fighter; Fred Bellenger, alias French Fred, the pet of Tammany's magnate; Ed Stokes and the former proprietor of the Hoffman House annex, Lon Maynard, a protégé of the Police Department for ten years; Dink Davis, Colonel Crawford, Chinn and Morgan, known as "the Chicago lovers," Charlie Reed, former owner of the Saratoga race track and that Monte Carlo of America, "The Club" at Saratoga; Peter Downey, partner of Mike Murray, once a king of gamblers; George Costigan, who in spite of all Anthony Comstock's raids has run a faro bank on the corner of Ann Street and Park Row under the shadow of the post

office for twenty years; French Louis, Pat Gallagher, the meanest and closest gambler in New York, who has lived and run a faro bank at No. 3 Barclay Street for twenty years; Bobby Hughes, John Traphagen, Morey Isaacs, Duff & Co. [Canfield's], known as the police pets—all these men, Superintendent Murray, you know.

You associate with most of them in compliance with your instructions to call upon any and all persons in reference to the allegation made by the *Mail and Express* that your department furnishes protection to criminals for money consideration. You would do well to call upon them. Do so, but remember, every one of these men may raise his finger to you and with Adams's warning compel you to halt.

The *Mail and Express* has directly charged that these men and their places receive protection. You have been directed to investigate our charges and report to your superiors. As to the exact amount of money they pay—don't get sidetracked on that issue. You will learn all that at the proper time. When you have been forced to admit, as you will be, that all these gambling houses exist, exactly as we say, that they could not exist without your knowledge and the aid of the police, the public will want no further evidence that your police officials get pay for their blindness, which allows these criminals to operate.

You speak about proof of a money consideration for protection. Does that mean that unless the police receive money for protection that no offense has been committed by them? Is there any other commodity for which protection is exchanged? Is it patriotic to protect criminals? Is it in accordance with the oath of office which every member of the Police Department is compelled to take? These places exist, and the

consideration of their protection is money. Does anyone doubt that? Now, Superintendent Murray, call upon these men as you are requested to do, investigate honestly and thoroughly and your report will support the charges we have made.

But, Superintendent Murray, dare you report that gambling is not carried on in these places?

The first list of faro banks published by the *Mail and Express* had appeared in the issue of January 20th. The list was repeated on January 22d and two additional times in the next two weeks, with only slight changes, one of these being in the name of the company operating 22 West Twenty-sixth Street. In the January 20th edition the owner was declared to be Duff & Co. Seven days later the proprietors were listed as Canfield & Co. This is surprising in view of the fact that the ousting of Duff in the early fall of 1890 had been chronicled in the newspapers at some length.

One of the places which the *Mail and Express* had missed in its exposé of gambling in 1892 was that of Darden & Fitzgerald at 6 West Twenty-eighth Street, which was in later years to be run by Shang Draper. Although it ran for less than five years, it was conducted along the lines of Canfield's and John Daly's, and served as the medium through which Billy Coe, who later was manager of Canfield's place at Newport and eventually with Bucklin bought out the Newport place, entered upon his gambling career in New York. Colonel Thomas Darden was a Washington banker who, having inherited

the gambling place when his brother died, gave up banking and went into the gambling game with one Willard Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald died at about the time the Lexow committee's investigation of the New York Police Department got under way in 1894, and the following year Darden sold out and retired. Coe in time came to acquire a New York house of his own and besides ran Canfield's Newport house during the summer. He and Bucklin bought out the Newport place in 1905.

Dr. Parkhurst's attack on the police had followed an investigation which he undertook upon being elected president of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. He had had no legal proof that the charges he made were true. Now he proceeded to collect some. With volunteer aids and detectives in the employ of the society he made several tours of the Tenderloin and other precincts, and in March in a second sermon he declared that he now had plenty of evidence on which saloons, gambling houses, and brothels all over Manhattan might be closed.

> We have interested ourselves also [he said] in gambling houses of which I mention two because of the youthful character of their patrons; one near Fortieth Street in which were counted forty young men, and another three blocks above this church where were forty-eight. More young men in either of these places than are ever seen in our church.

Canfield's, less than a hundred yards from the northwestern boundary of Madison Square and certainly not

more than five minutes' walk from the pulpit in which the sermon was preached, was not mentioned by the clergyman. Canfield had closed down temporarily, but even had the house been in operation private detectives would have had trouble gaining admittance to the house.

The gaming room, which in the early days of Duff & Canfield was on the street floor, had now been moved up one flight and the lower floor was one great reception room in which the art-loving, growing-more-prosperous Canfield was even now showing the restrained taste in decoration that was to win for him the admiration of those of his wealthy patrons who knew something themselves of how things ought to be.

II

In the summer of 1892 Canfield made his second trip to England, leaving Bucklin, Sprague, and Levens to run the Twenty-sixth Street house. He was abroad for about six weeks, and when he returned went to Saratoga to view the races and talk with Albert Spencer about taking an interest in the old Morrissey establishment which Spencer was running.

From the time of William Canfield's death in 1889 Richard Canfield's wife had occupied the house on Moore Street in Providence alone, her husband making frequent trips from New York by rail. In 1893 her mother came to live with her. Mrs. Maria Martin liked her son-in-law and had no compunctions about the kind

of business he was engaged in. For his part, Canfield admired his mother-in-law. When he bought the house at 5 West Forty-fourth Street in the fall of 1898, to fit it up as the most elaborate gaming place the Western world has known, the property was held in the name of Maria Martin, a circumstance that was to puzzle Jerome and the rest of the town after the raid of December, 1902, and lead to their wild guess that it was "owned by a woman who is said to be traveling in the Orient. One of the Negro servants at 5 East Forty-fourth Street is named Maria Martin."

Mrs. Martin soon found work on her hands in the Canfield home, in the person of a granddaughter who arrived on September 7th and was called Grace Martin Canfield. Canfield was radiant, although he had hoped for a son, and for a long time he made trips to Providence once a week to be with his family.

III

The Lexow senatorial committee's investigation of the Police Department of the City of New York ran through several months of 1894. From the first it was evident that corruption in the department was widespread, but it was not until the cumulative effect of the pounding of the committee's counsel, John W. Goff, frightened sergeants and captains into making damaging personal admissions of irregularities that the rich vein of gold the committee was after was finally discovered. In the 5,766 octavo pages of testimony pre-

served for posterity is an amazing story of corruption and degradation which involved every rank from commissioner down to patrolman.

Commissioners protected and patronized disorderly houses and settled quarrels between the different madames who fought over their custom. Captains of precincts, collecting substantial amounts from saloons which wished to keep open on Sundays, from bawdy houses, policy shops, and gambling places, turned over a percentage of the takings to the inspectors who had the power to bring up men from headquarters and raid places the captain was protecting. Peddlers and street walkers gave up money daily or weekly to the patrolman on the beat, who had to take care of the higher officers. Big Bill Devery, captain in 1893 of the Eldridge Street Station, put the "initiation fee" for disorderly houses at $500, with one to two hundred dollars a month tribute and a Christmas present of from twenty-five to one hundred dollars. If the money was not paid promptly the rate jumped one hundred per cent. If there was resistance, a raid in which police clubs were used freely was engineered. In the end the dives gave up what was demanded, or, like Harry Hill, who had run a dance hall and drinking place on Houston Street for more than a generation, went out of business.

Police Superintendent Byrnes, of "dead line" fame, admitted that his fortune amounted to $230,000, but explained that Jay Gould, dead now two years, had given him valuable tips on the stock market over a

period of years. Inspector Williams of Tenderloin memory, who had been one of the chief beneficiaries of graft in the department, insisted that his personal fortune did not exceed $60,000, although his real estate holdings in Manhattan and in Cos Cob, Connecticut, and a yacht he owned were altogether worth five times that. The inspector solemnly protested that he had made his money out of house lots in Japan. No better picture of the police force of New York in these pre-Lexow days has been given than that of Judge Goff in a foreword to Dr. Parkhurst's book, *My Forty Years in New York*. Looking back twenty-nine years, he said:

Appointment on the force as patrolman could only be obtained by purchase, and thereafter every step of preferment had to be paid for. Efficiency in the performance of duty was of but slight consideration. The rank of captain was highly prized, eagerly sought for, and commanded a purchase price in proportion to the illicit revenue to be derived. A police captain was a veritable czar in his precinct. He exercised arbitrary power over every person and business that could be brought within police regulation or interference. Nor was this surveillance confined to those occupations that existed by infringement of municipal ordinance or violation of law. It extended to the trader and merchant in legitimate trade and commerce. Police protection of premises or property that should have been given as matter of right and duty was obtained only by purchase. All occupations or lines of conduct that were followed in defiance of law and morals were subjected to tribute. From the liquor saloon to the gambling house, from the policy shop to the pool room, from the fashion-

able house of ill fame that had to pay monthly according to the neighborhood and number of its inmates, to the unfortunate street walker that had to pay nightly for the privilege of walking the patrolman's beat—every source of blackmail and extortion was utilized and formulated into a system so that the trail of graft was traceable through nearly every channel of municipal life and activity.

It was brought out that to become a roundsman in the department a man usually had to pay $300. A sergeancy cost $1,600 and a captaincy sometimes as much as $14,000.

On June 22, 1894, John Delahunty, lawyer for Richard A. Canfield, explained to the committee why his client had ignored two subpœnas which it had had served on him. Canfield, the lawyer said, was engaged in prosecution of a court case, and Delahunty admitted having told him not to answer the committee's summons while this case was before the court. The lawyer refused to be trapped into an admission that his client was a gambler; it was a clubhouse that he ran, and so far as Delahunty knew no gambling was done on the premises. The committee instructed its counsel to issue another subpœna for Canfield, and when the gambler again failed to appear had him arrested. He was indicted by the grand jury, held in $1,000 bail—and never brought to trial.

It was in this year that Canfield bought out Albert Spencer at Saratoga. He paid Spencer in all $250,000 for the property, and though business throughout the

country was still poor following the panic of 1893, he got back most of the money he had invested in that first season at the resort. But in the following year he began to despair of making anything further, for a reform administration in the village of Saratoga Springs closed up the gambling houses.

New York City itself did something of the sort in the fall of 1894. William L. Strong, Republican, was elected mayor over his Tammany opponent, ex-Mayor Hugh J. Grant, and when he took office in January, 1895, the president of his police board was Theodore Roosevelt. The city charter provided that the board consist of two Republicans and two Democrats, appointed by the mayor. One of the Democrats who served with Roosevelt was Frederick Dent Grant, son of Ulysses S. Grant. In the closing days of 1894, while he was testifying before the Lexow committee about the wealth he had amassed during his years in the department, Superintendent Byrnes had presented his resignation to the mayor-elect. Byrnes stayed on until late in May, 1895, when Peter Conlin succeeded him under the title of chief of police. Conlin had the confidence of Roosevelt and other members of the board, but after the future President had resigned the force was dominated by a single commissioner, and though administration of the department was not a shrieking scandal as it had been before 1895, the battle against vice was not carried on as efficiently as it might have been.

Roosevelt characteristically made strenuous efforts

to restore the efficiency and morale of the subordinate officers of the force. He had Inspector Williams retired on a pension, the only course that prevented a fight in the courts, and by transfers within the department broke up much of the grafting.

But not wholly. The Republican politicians proved to be as anxious to batten on corruption as had their Tammany predecessors, and as fast as the gambling houses and houses of ill fame were closed up they opened at new addresses. It was a well-nigh hopeless task but gave Roosevelt the most valuable service of his pre-Presidential years. In his two years as police commissioner he learned so much about the rapacity and double dealing of professional politicians that when he became governor and later President he was able to circumvent their schemes. He resigned his New York job in the spring of 1897 to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and his place was taken by Frank Moss, who had been with Jerome an assistant to John W. Goff in the Lexow investigation.

By this time Canfield had acquired the Nautilus Club in Newport, the gambling house conducted by Gus Abell for the society folk. Canfield's experience with the reform administration in Saratoga in 1895 and the precariousness of the New York situation under Roosevelt made him anxious to get a place where he would be welcome as the proprietor of a gambling place. He found this ideal condition at Newport, the city police making

Canfield listening to his former lawyer's testimony.

no attempts to close his place because of its exclusive clientele.

The municipal election of 1897 in New York was one of the most important and dramatic in the entire history of the city. The reform administration was finishing its three-year term and the winner in the election would be the first mayor of what was to be Greater New York, the legislature having provided for the incorporation as a municipal unit of Manhattan Island, Brooklyn, the annexed district now known as Bronx County, that portion of Long Island adjoining Brooklyn that became the borough of Queens, and Staten Island.

The reform Republicans and the Democrats opposed to Tammany united under the standard of the Citizens' Union and picked as their mayoral candidate Seth Low, the president of Columbia College, who had years before been Republican Mayor of Brooklyn. Croker chose as Tammany's nominee Robert A. van Wyck, an obscure judge who had kept aloof from the storms of party strife, a stratagem that Croker's successor, Charles F. Murphy, was to remember and fall back upon twenty years later, when he brought Tammany back into power with John F. Hylan at the head of the city government.

The Labor party, largely recruited from the ranks of the Single Taxers, nominated the brilliant Henry George, whose *Progress and Poverty* had made his name and Single Tax theory known throughout the civilized world. The regular Republican organization, dominated

by Thomas C. Platt, the "easy boss" of the G. O. P. in the state, confirmed the cynical in their opinion that the Republican machine would rather see Tammany in control of the city than an independent administration by putting a straight Republican ticket in the field. For his mayoral nominee Platt chose General Benjamin F. Tracy, who had been chief counsel for Henry Ward Beecher in the Tilton trial and Secretary of the Navy in the Harrison administration. He hadn't the slightest chance of winning, but could be counted on to take from Low probably as many votes as George would take from the Tammany nominee, and thus make the regular Democratic organization a victor.

The ruse was seen through. The disclaimers of the Tracy campaigners were too thin. One of those who couldn't be fooled was Canfield, who saw no reason why he shouldn't make some money betting on the result. He couldn't get anything on Van Wyck without offering tremendous odds, but as between the chances of Low and Tracy there was a decided difference of opinion.

So one day in late October he called out to Henry Stedeker, president of the Jockey Club, and told Mr. Stedeker he'd like to put up $10,000 at even money that Low would beat Tracy. When Mr. Stedeker found a taker Canfield said, "A thousand of that is yours, Henry, win or lose."

Of course Van Wyck was elected. Low beat Tracy by nearly fifty thousand votes, but because Henry George

had died almost on the eve of the election, the Jockey Club was called upon by the losers to decide whether bets should be paid. The directors of the Jockey Club decided all bets were off, whereupon Canfield, in high dudgeon, wrote resigning from the club. When the directors wanted to know if they should send him the $500 membership fee he had paid he told them to throw it away if they wanted to—he didn't want it.

IV

Less than five months after Van Wyck took office he had Chief of Police John McCullagh removed. McCullagh had been vigorously fighting graft in the department and making the city unsafe for gamblers and keepers of disorderly houses and crooks generally in his nine months at the head of the force. The Republican police commissioners had refused to vote for McCullagh's removal. On May 21, 1898, the mayor removed them and appointed a cigar manufacturer named Jacob Hess, who called himself a Republican, to one of the commissionerships. Hess within an hour of his appointment voted with President York and Commissioner Sexton, Democrats, to retire McCullagh on a pension of $3,000 a year. York had been praising McCullagh's administration of the department up to within a few days of the demotion, and his about-face stamped him as a tool for Van Wyck.

In McCullagh's place the commissioners placed William S. Devery, who had become notorious because

of his connection with protected vice, and who had several times been formally accused of accepting bribes. The reformers saw in Devery's promotion the first step in making the town wide-open to vice of all kinds. Dr. Parkhurst put the case directly and bluntly:

> I know him [Devery] as a man knows a serpent by studying the trail where a serpent has crawled past. Devery's precinct was a moral cesspool. Under the name of captain he was sneakingly disporting himself as the guardian angel of vice and depravity. . . . The Lexow investigation had its direct origin in the damnably vicious condition of the precinct that was captained by the man who has just been made the responsible head of the biggest police force in America.

The Republican organization in the city promptly read Hess out of the party for his action in voting to retire McCullagh, but its rage made the reformers laugh ironically, for they remembered that Platt had sanctioned the candidacy of Tracy a few months before and had thus made Tammany a present of the mayoralty.

When the Mazet investigating committee of the New York Assembly had Hess before it a year later that commissioner admitted that Van Wyck, in making him a member of the board, had wrung a promise from him to vote as he was told. Hess excused his taking the job on those terms on the grounds that his cigar business was in a precarious state and he needed the $5,000-a-year salary to tide him over.

"What was there," asked Attorney Moss, "to com-

pel you as an American citizen to put a collar around your neck when you went into that office?"

Hess's lawyer interposed an objection, but before Chairman Mazet could make a ruling Hess cried out: "I wear no man's collar!"

Devery, a mammoth, pot-bellied figure whose language as faithfully reported in the newspapers while he was in the Police Department and later when he unsuccessfully sought to become a satrap of Tammany Hall was more entertaining than any comic strip, at once brought back the graft of pre-Lexow days, only more so. The town was wide open. Asa Bird Gardiner, the Tammany district attorney who had been elected in 1897 on the strength of his slogan, "To hell with reform," gave short shrift to Parkhurst and Comstock complaints and grand juries refused to indict anyone whom Devery coddled.

The closest associate of the police chief was Frank Farrell, a former Sixth Avenue saloon keeper who with the help of the chief established a string of pool rooms for horse-race betting and took leadership in this type of sure-thing gambling away from James A. Mahoney, owner of a hundred and thirty-odd pool rooms which were directed from headquarters on Forty-second Street between Lexington and Third avenues.

Another of Devery's darlings was Al Adams, the policy king of New York. Policy, an adaptation of lottery that allowed poor people, housewives, and even children to hazard as little as a penny, was the invention

of a New Englander, Zachariah Simmons. From the time it came into being in the Seventies until the early Nineties the game is said to have been straight. After that the bets were recorded, the information taken to policy headquarters, and when examination had proved which combination would be least damaging to the bank, that combination was announced as the winner. People pawned jewelry and clothes to bet on their favorite gig or saddle. Adams in a few years rolled up a fortune of several millions of dollars before the law broke up his game and put him in prison. Baseball pools of to-day in some instances are modeled on policy, and the bank-clearing figures in New York are used as the basis for determining the winner in one modern adaptation of policy.

In a year and a half from the time of his being made chief Devery made 6,700 transfers in the Police Department, approximately a transfer for each member. By that time everybody in the force who could interfere with the graft in Manhattan was on duty in the farthest reaches of the Bronx or amid the rustic beauty of Staten Island.

In 1898, though, much more important things were happening to Canfield than the appointment of Devery as chief. The Spanish-American War was still front-page stuff when he bought the house at 5 East Forty-fourth Street and turned it into the *ne plus ultra* of gambling establishments in America. Delmonico's, backed by Havemeyer, had moved up to the corner of Forty-fourth

Street and Fifth Avenue in 1897, and the Twenty-sixth Street place which it had occupied for more than a score of years was now closing, to be reopened as the Café Martin and make a name for itself in the dozen years that would elapse before its surrender to the uptown march of commercial houses.

Shanley's had been established at Longacre Square at Broadway above Forty-second Street for three years now, and Rector's and other lobster palaces had gone north of Forty-second Street to establish what became Times Square as the authentic center of the night life of the town. It was apparent that Madison Square would soon be out of the swirl. So Canfield bought the house at 5 East Forty-fourth Street—in the name of his mother-in-law, Maria Martin. He paid $75,000 for it, he told friends in later years.

Everybody connected with the Twenty-sixth Street place hailed with enthusiasm the idea of moving uptown except Jimmy Levens. "Canfield's got the lobster bug," Levens told Bucklin, certain that the boss was making a costly mistake. He tried to make Canfield see the error of moving north, and talked in such a queer way that Canfield had a physician examine him. The doctor told Canfield that the idea of staying at Twenty-sixth Street was an obsession with Levens.

"Send him away from here for a time, and give him a chance to rest up, away from everything around New York," the doctor advised Canfield. "The way he is now, he's dangerous, and might kill someone."

Canfield sent Levens to Europe for several weeks. The work of transforming the interior of the Forty-fourth Street place from an ordinary brownstone-front house to a magnificent gambling establishment was well under way when Levens returned. Outwardly he was the old Levens, cheerful and happy. But the infinite capacity for taking other people's affairs more seriously than his own remained. And one day they found him with a bullet in his head and a revolver in his hand.

The work of transforming 5 East Forty-fourth Street into a beautiful art gallery-gambling house was in charge of Clarence Luce, the Canfield architect who a few years later was to supervise the work of beautifying the Saratoga Club-House. He called in interior decorators and after a year's work and at a cost of nearly four hundred thousand dollars the four-story-and-basement place, only twenty-seven feet wide, became a palace in magnificence. From the street none of this magnificence was apparent, except that the massive outer door itself must have cost hundreds of dollars.

He had only a lease on the Twenty-sixth Street house, but the good will of the establishment was such that it seemed to offer an opportunity to some gambler whose ambition was less vaulting than that of Canfield. Parker Robinson, a college man who had drifted into gambling, considered taking it over, but when he learned that Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity, occupied the house directly in the rear, he refused to have anything to do with the proposition, much to Canfield's

amusement, for Dr. Dix had assured him that he was from the standpoint of decorum his most desirable neighbor.

Canfield had offered to leave Bucklin, the housemen, and the servants in the Twenty-sixth Street house for a time so that the change of management would not be apparent. After considerable negotiation the place was taken over in the fall of 1899 by Dink Davis and run by him for three years. The clientele rapidly deteriorated, and when it closed in 1902 it was a resort for clerks and laborers.

V

Canfield spent the summer of 1899 in Europe, buying curios in England and on the continent, meeting James A. McNeill Whistler, and even trying his luck at roulette at Monte Carlo. His wife had given birth to a son on January 4th of that year, and the boy had been named Howland Dartmouth, for the family of his paternal grandmother and the town adjoining New Bedford which was settled by her family.

This was the year of the investigation of New York City departments by the Mazet committee of the Assembly. With Frank Moss, now an ex-commissioner of police, as its counsel, the committee established the fact that gambling places flourished as openly as they had in 1894, that police protection to houses of prostitution was as flagrant as five years earlier—in short, that the business of commercialized vice was as profitable as ever. Richard Croker, summoned to give evidence,

answered or refused to answer the questions put to him as the spirit moved, and Devery, with bland indifference to the facts the committee's inquiry had elicited, disregarded the mote in his own eye and professed to see no beam in the department's.

The disclosures were sensational, but the city election was two years away, and had there been no further revelations of police rottenness in 1900 and 1901 Low would probably not have been elected mayor and Jerome would have remained a judge of special sessions instead of the flaming prosecutor that protected vice found him in his work as district attorney.

One concrete result of the committee's sessions was the retirement to private life of its chairman, Robert Mazet. Frank Farrell, king of the poolroom syndicate, stung by the committee disclosures, hired a large number of men from Mazet's district in Manhattan and paid them wages for several weeks while they held sinecures in his pool rooms. The day after election, with Mazet removed from the political arena, they were dropped.

Returning to America early in the fall, Canfield saw the finishing touches put on the Forty-fourth Street house, and moved in. The new place was quickly popular with the members of society who gambled and with those outside society capable of losing a lot of money. Within a month of its opening Canfield made the mistake of allowing credit to a St. Louis tobacco man who refused to pay when he sobered off, and who succeeded

in winning the suit which Canfield brought against him in 1900.

The Saratoga Club, as it was called, "next to Del's" never had a large clientele, but its profits in the little more than two years it was in operation laid a firm foundation for the fortune Canfield was to win and almost lose in the stock market.

CHAPTER VII

PLUNGERS

I

John W. (Bet-a-Million) Gates was the most colorful gambler America produced. He was the very embodiment of Western push and saucy disregard of the other fellow's opinion. Whether he dealt with financiers organizing a steel company or with bookmakers at the race track, with croupiers in gambling houses or with sportsmen who thought they could shoot better than he, he literally wanted his money to do his talking for him. A hundred stories have sprung up around his name in the past thirty years, but the most amazing is the true story of what he once told a group of Texas ministers:

"Don't gamble, don't play cards, don't bet on horse races, don't speculate in wheat, don't speculate on the stock exchange, don't throw dice, don't shirk honest labor. Don't be a gambler. Once a gambler, always a gambler."

That was in 1909, when Gates was pretty nearly through. His experience qualified him to talk as he did, but of course he was talking to the wrong crowd, which after all is what happens more frequently than not in this world.

Gates enjoyed gambling of all sorts. He would back his luck to the limit in a poker game and would have a special limit in faro at Canfield's and other gambling houses. He enjoyed having a crowd with him, and usually John A. Drake, another Chicago plunger, and Colonel Isaac Ellwood, one of his early backers, accompanied him. Drake and Gates, "the two Johns from Chicago," were known on every race track in this country and abroad and their winnings and losses made the otherwise spectacular play of Mike Dwyer, Pittsburgh Phil, and Riley Grannan pale into insignificance. Gates in 1900 won $375,000 in England in a single race, and in 1903 he made the bookmakers at Brighton Beach, one and all feel that perhaps here was a man they simply could not beat. In the long run, though, the bookies more than broke even with the two Chicago playboys.

Eloquent of the fact that Gates was not always right is the single entry under his name in the card catalogue of the New York Public Library, that amazing compendium of information. It reads:

> Commercial Club of Birmingham, Ala. "Why Birmingham will have 1,000,000 population in 1920" Interview with John W. Gates (Birmingham, Ala., 1907?).

The Federal census of 1920 gave Birmingham a population of 178,000, and the entire county of Jefferson 310,000.

When Gates entered the Cercle des Capucines, one of the most famous of the Parisian gaming clubs, word

would be telephoned around the city and men who wanted to hazard money at baccarat against the American millionaire would arrive by the dozen. Gates gave an open bank to these players—that is, there was no fixed sum in the bank and any stake they wished to fix was satisfactory to Gates.

The proprietor of a country store in his youth, Gates had been sent out on the road by Ellwood as a drummer for barbed wire on which his company held a patent. When the pushing and forceful Gates had demonstrated to Texas ranchers that the wire would hold boisterous shorthorns, orders came in in such quantity that Gates threw up his job and started a mill of his own, taking in a partner whose name is lost in obscurity now. The little matter of the patent meant nothing to Gates, as his factory was in St. Louis while his former employer's was in Illinois. When Ellwood tried to have the law on him Gates bundled his machines on trucks in the night and moved them across the river to Illinois, and when Ellwood caught up with him the machines went back to Missouri the same way. It was a game of hide-and-seek. Because of this he was known for years as "Moonshine Gates."

He patched up a peace with Ellwood, who became a close friend, and they set about the task of organizing steel companies. By 1897 he had amalgamated a large number of properties into the American Steel & Wire Co., a $24,000,000 corporation. He was an important factor in the organization of the United States Steel

Corporation, and was active in the stock market almost continuously up to the time of his death in 1911, displaying the same push and energy in his operations as had characterized his early salesman days in Texas.

At Canfield's Forty-fourth Street and Saratoga houses Gates would sometimes play faro for two or three days without sleep and with only short pauses for refreshment. In these long-drawn-out contests with the house Gates was almost always a winner, and though Canfield always greeted him like a long-lost brother when he entered the house, he confessed that Gates was morally certain to go out of the house a winner.

One day in March, 1900, the New York *Herald* told an interesting story of how Joseph Leiter, the Chicago wheat manipulator, had bluffed Gates out of $80,000 with a pair of sevens in a hand of draw poker. The game was played at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. Besides Gates and Leiter there were four other players, one of them Drake.

The newspaper story set forth that Gates had some time before prevented Leiter from cornering the wheat market, and said that Leiter had since that time been trying to gain revenge on the plunger. The $80,000 hand was the high point of a series of games played in Chicago, on trains, and in various places in New York, in the course of which Leiter was said to have taken nearly a million dollars from his fellow Chicagoan.

The story must have struck home, for early in April the *Herald* printed this letter:

The Financial Editor *The Herald*
New York City

Dear Sir:

Some time ago your paper gave considerable space to a poker story, wherein it was set forth that J. W. Gates had lost something like a million dollars at poker at the Waldorf (an absolute fabrication by the way). Since you chronicle the losings of gentlemen like Mr. Gates, perhaps you are equally as anxious to distribute knowledge of their winnings. If so let it appear on your financial page that during the late rise in railroad stocks J. W. Gates has made between three and four million dollars (which is true), principally in B. & O. and Union Pacific stocks, both great favorites of his.

By doing this you will greatly please

Very sincerely yours,
W. A. Holland,
Secretary to Mr. J. W. Gates.

Mr. Holland's pontifical request for appearance of the story on the financial page had to be denied. Having an exclusive yarn of that type about the greatest plunger Wall Street and the Western world have ever known, the responsible editor of the *Herald* played it on the first news page of his paper. He couldn't quite put it on the first page, as the advertisements reigned supreme there, undisturbed even by the assassination of McKinley and the San Francisco earthquake.

Usually Gates quit the games in Paris clubs and at Canfield's a winner. It was in horse racing that he and Drake came a cropper. The money Gates made from

his steel holdings and in railroad and industrial shares on the stock market often found its way into the pockets of the bookmakers at the various race tracks around the United States.

When the story of gambling throughout the ages comes to be written Gates will loom rather large in it, as will Canfield. There will be room in the chronicle, too, for that erratic English clergyman, Charles Caleb Colton, who somehow never could practise as he preached, and who, before he put a bullet through his brain in Paris in the Thirties of the Nineteenth Century, boasted that he had run 100 pounds he got by blackmail into 500,000 francs. Room will be found, of course, for those famous old English whist players at White's, Crockford's, Brooks's, Graham's, and other London clubs who played around the clock and finished their sessions knee deep in discards. The story will tell of the amazing Major General John Scott of Balcomie, who after his wife ran away with another man took up whist in a serious way and won a million dollars at it, being at his death in 1775 the wealthiest commoner in Scotland. There, too, will be met with the fifth Lord Chesterfield, adopted son of the famous letter writer and patron of Samuel Johnson, who dropped more than half a million dollars at a sitting at Crockford's and whose total losses there were double that. There will be mention of the first Earl Granville, called by Parisian gamblers the Wellington of players, and that Lord Rivers who, after a long streak of adverse luck, sat down at a

table with £100,000 in notes before him and on losing it in a night drowned himself.

Room, too, will be found for John Morrissey and Joe Hall of Broadway, for Lucky Baldwin of California and points east, for Pat Sheedy of Cairo, Chicago, and New York.

But this is not a history of gambling, and this chapter is merely an attempt to notice a few games for high stakes played in this country in the past seventy-five years. Richard Canfield used to say in his post-gambling days that never in his travels in Europe and the United States had he seen such high play as was displayed in his Forty-fourth Street and Saratoga houses. Canfield's limit for ordinary purposes was a bit higher than Monte Carlo's, but nothing can stretch the Monte Carlo limit, whereas for a player like Gates the Canfield limit was a flexible amount that might just as well have been a million dollars, though it never was.

Gates's biggest game under Canfield's roof was played in 1902 in the Saratoga house, in one of the upstairs rooms. Gates had made an unsuccessful sortie on the bookmakers that afternoon and had seen his system of pyramiding shot full of holes as he lost race after race until he found he could no longer place big enough bets to get back even. To one bookmaker alone, the late "Billy" Cowen, Gates dropped $300,000 that afternoon.

Gates took dinner with a party at Canfield's that evening, and then led the way into the main gaming

room downstairs. He at once made for a faro table and was soon the center of the group that had accompanied him. Only Gates played. He at once took the ordinary limit for faro in the Canfield houses, $500 to the cases and $1,000 to the doubles.

He lost steadily, and to change his luck suggested that he be allowed to have a private room upstairs, and that the limit be increased. "Billy" Coe, Canfield's manager, went with a dealer and the party to one of the private rooms, and the game was resumed, with the limit $2,500 to the cases and $5,000 to the doubles. For perhaps an hour Gates matched his luck against the cards, with little but pain and discomfiture.

Something like a hundred and fifty thousand dollars out, he suggested around ten o'clock that he would like to push up the limit once more. The manager told him that only Canfield could give him a higher limit than he now had.

"I'll see Canfield," said Gates, and strode downstairs. He found Canfield in his office, smoking a cigar and talking with a casual visitor.

Gates explained what he wanted, and Canfield excused himself to his visitor and with Gates went to the second-floor room. Whereupon, before the party this colloquy ensued, Canfield questioning and Gates answering:

"What limit have you now?"

"Twenty-five hundred and five thousand."

"What do you want?"

"Five thousand and ten thousand."

"You may have it."

Gates turned back to the table, and Canfield started to go. But the temptation to have a parting shot at this king of plungers was not to be thrown away. So he called out to Gates:

"Are you sure that's enough?"

Gates made no answer. The edge in this bet-a-million battle of gamblers was for once with his opponent.

The Chicago plunger had turned back to the table, where the biggest regular deal of faro in the history of that game now began to be played. He was at this time something around half a million dollars out on the day, with Billy Cowen the bookmaker accounting for $300,000 of it, Canfield $150,000, and other bookmakers having between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars. But the break in the game seemed to swing the luck away from the house, and soon Gates was more than holding his own.

When the game broke up at dawn Gates had won back the $150,000 he had lost to Canfield and had taken from the proprietor of the Club-House another $150,000.

On the day he was still out something like $175,000, which was a staggering amount to lose, but nothing like what he had been faced with when he went downstairs to see Canfield. As on most of the occasions when he bucked Canfield, he had quit a winner.

Inquiry among sporting men fails to elicit information

about a game of faro played anywhere that can match the performance of this night in Saratoga. Of course there are tales of swollen stakes in the Western country during the gold and silver rushes of the last century, and at Monte Carlo tradition has it that François Blanc allowed a Spaniard a special limit of $12,000 at roulette, the casino in the end giving the plunger his train fare to Paris. It is said that in Virginia City, Nevada, that wonder town of Comstock history, Hamilton Baker, who worked for Morrissey at Saratoga for four summers, dealt some high faro. Baker was the most famous faro dealer of his day. In the Seventies, when the Comstock was in its heyday, bets of $5,000 on the ace were common in the Gentry & Crittenden place which Baker adorned, and on two occasions $18,000 and $30,000 respectively were risked by a single player on the turn of a card. Men would come down from the mines with fifty or a hundred thousand dollars in dust and a determination to break the bank, and Ham Baker would always be on hand to give them a run for their money.

But Baker never dealt consecutively high faro of the sort that the Club-House at Saratoga saw that night in August, 1902.

For nine months in the year Baker would hold forth in Virginia City. If he was crooked nobody ever found him out or caught him with a brace device on his box. According to the Western custom, suspicious players were allowed to ruffle the deck and cut before the cards were placed in the box, and if the history of the Western

country teaches anything, it is that the crooked gambler, once discovered, had the traditional Chinaman's chance of getting off with a whole skin. But Baker stayed on at Virginia City for years. His salary there is said to have been $150 a night, with 15 per cent. of the profits of the house to boot, so that his takings aggregated $70,000 a year. At one time he had seven of the greatest gambling houses in America bidding for his services. Morrissey's bid of $4,500 a month drew him to Saratoga, where for six nights a week he dealt from nine o'clock until one in the morning. Despite his enormous income, he died poor, a railroad accident crippling his right side and bringing on creeping paralysis so that he was unable to deal.

II

Next to Gates, the most colorful figure in American gambling was Lucky (Elias Jackson) Baldwin, whose sobriquet was earned in the first fifty years of his life when everything he touched turned to gold. Baldwin never played at Canfield's houses, though he won and lost on the race track at Saratoga, and on his trips to New York occasionally played at John Daly's. It is a tradition in San Francisco that Lucky won $200,000 from Tom VanBrugh, proprietor of the El Dorado Club on Kearney Street, in 1871, but since they did not deal a second hand, the Gates record at Saratoga stands supreme. There are reputable men now living who saw it done.

III

There were other plungers at Canfield's houses besides Gates, and probably the most noted after him was United States Senator Edward O. Wolcott of Colorado, a politician whose chief claim to fame is that he was the temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia in 1900 and over-matched Henry Cabot Lodge, the permanent chairman, in a brilliant speech that held the convention for a solid hour. The moustache drooping at the ends which he affected made him look like Gates, though the similarity between their appearance ended there, for Gates was a heavy-set man, while Wolcott was of slight build.

Wolcott had gambled all over the East and West. He was supposed to be a marvelous poker player, but his favorite game was faro. The game all but wrecked his political career when it was hardly begun. When in 1888 he was first a candidate for the United States Senate his opponent made the claim that Wolcott was not fit to represent the State of Colorado because of his gambling habits, and mentioned a loss of $22,000 he had sustained at faro. When his friends in a panic asked him to deny the story Wolcott refused, saying, "Whose business is it but mine? While it is true that I lost a large sum of money at faro, I had won the money the previous afternoon at the races." His refreshing candor won him the election, and he remained a Senator for twelve years.

Like Gates, Wolcott would sometimes get so wrapped

up in faro at Canfield's that he would play for more than two days. Most of the time he had a special limit of $2,000 and $4,000. When John Delahunty, Canfield's lawyer, sued Canfield in 1906 it was brought out that one of the things Delahunty had collected was an I. O. U. of Wolcott's for $60,000. True to his tradition, the senator settled for 100 cents on the dollar. He died appropriately enough at Monte Carlo in 1905.

Another man who played high was State Senator Patrick H. McCarren of Brooklyn, round-shouldered and smiling, whose advent at the Club-House stirred the attendants into activity, as he rarely visited the place without showering five- and ten-dollar bills on them. The senator was a faro addict, and in one day in the summer of 1902 dropped $100,000 to Canfield. William Thompson, owner of a race track in New Jersey near Camden, and Joseph Segram, a Toronto whiskey distiller, rivaled Gates and McCarren in their devotion to faro, often starting play in the early evening, to go all night and the next day and night without leaving the play room. On the second morning they would get up from the table to take a ride out to the lake or enter a Turkish bath, returning in a couple of hours for an all-day-and-night session. All of these men had the special limit of $1,000 to the cases and $2,000 to the doubles, as had the elder Pierre Lorillard, and occasionally they doubled that in the last few plays of a game.

The rest of the plungers played the roulette wheel. There was Phil Dwyer, owner of race tracks, who had an

extraordinary run of luck one summer at the Saratoga Club-House, periodically winning $500 or $1,000 on a single play of the black or red and joshing Canfield and his race-track friends about his easy money. Toward the end of the season his luck turned, and in a single night he dropped $90,000. Like the veriest sucker, as soon as he started losing he increased the stakes, and as he plunged went in deeper. There was Reginald Vanderbilt, whose $300,000 in I. O. U.'s Delahunty and Bucklin setted for $130,000 while Canfield was away from New York, to the master gambler's great disgust, as he had confidently expected to get the entire amount.

There were John Staley, the wholesale-drug man, and George Bennett, the distiller, both of Pittsburgh, whose high play at Saratoga was the talk of the resort. There was the younger James Gordon Bennett, who played only in the Newport house, there was Theodore R. Hostetter of the Pittsburgh family that made the Bitters of happy memory, who in the last few months before his death in 1902 squandered $1,000,000, of which Canfield and Daly got only a small part because the Pittsburgh playboy preferred to match pennies at $1,000 a turn with Dave Johnson rather than wait for a roulette wheel to slow down. There were Percival S. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, Julius Fleischmann, the yeast manufacturer, Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Payne Whitney, and the irrepressible Jesse Lewisohn, companion of Lillian Russell at race-track meetings for several seasons and the man whose fight to

keep from telling a grand jury what he knew about Canfield's forced Jerome to go to the Legislature for aid. There were the three Wormser brothers, like Lewisohn stockbrokers, and Francis Kinney, the Sweet Caporals manufacturer.

Finally there was the millionaire, still alive, who played the wheel exclusively in as exclusive a setting in the Forty-fourth Street clubhouse as it was possible to have. He would write his I. O. U. for chips running into the thousands, repair with a croupier to the upstairs room where the single-end roulette table awaited action, and there the two would conduct a battle that lasted many times well into the next day, in the meantime only one other person entering the chamber and that the Negro servant who brought food and drink. Almost invariably the house won, but it never received cash or a check, always stocks or bonds or the deed to a piece of property somewhere in New York. This player never appeared in the open gaming rooms, and in the publicity that swirled about Canfield in the two years after Jerome raided the Forty-fourth Street place his name never got into the newspapers.

CHAPTER VIII

INSIDE THE GAMBLING PALACE

I

The faro boxes and roulette wheels he operated in New York City, Saratoga, and Newport rolled up Canfield's first million dollars, but the fortune of $12,000,000 he possessed when the Roosevelt panic caught him in 1907 had been garnered chiefly in the stocks whose fall in the panic of that year all but swept it away. His operations in a single stock, that of the Reading Railroad, which he bought at 40 in 1903 and sold when it touched 150 three years later, netted him a profit of more than two millions. In the early Nineties, when he was gathering his first hundred thousand dollars, he bought in hundred-share lots or less, but a decade later he dealt in from twenty to forty thousand shares at a time, usually on a margin of from thirty to forty points. His experiences in 1907 confirmed him in the opinion he had often expressed when he was running gambling houses, that the man playing against the faro box or the wheel had a much better chance than the outsider in Wall Street.

When he died in 1914 his estate was worth above a million dollars, due to his selling his valuable Whistler collection for $300,000, and other art objects. To-day,

with the income on the investments turned over to his widow and daughter in the ratio of two to one, the estate is probably valued at twice that. The son, Howland D. Canfield, on his death in 1922, bequeathed his one-third share in the income of the estate to his mother. When Mrs. Canfield and her daughter die they have the right to bequeath the principal to their heirs in the two-to-one ratio. It is probable that Martin E. Hannon, Jr., the daughter's son by her first husband and thus far the only grandchild of Canfield, will never have to worry about making a living.

This is how the Canfield fortune was accumulated:

Twenty-Sixth Street house, New York (1888–1899	$ 400,000
Newport house (1897–1905)	500,000
Forty-fourth Street house, New York (1899–1901)	1,500,000
Saratoga, N. Y., house (1894–1907)	2,500,000
Total from gambling houses	4,900,000
Wall Street operations	7,500,000
Total	$12,400,000

In a single day during the 1907 panic he lost $1,800,000, and there were several other bad days for him. He was heavily involved in the slump of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Reading, Pennsylvania, and Delaware & Hudson.

Though his Saratoga house over the years paid the largest dividends, despite the terrific expense of main-

taining the restaurant, the Forty-fourth Street establishment would probably have been a greater revenue producer had not Jerome become district attorney in 1902 just when it was becoming most profitable. Play ended there on December 31, 1901, and was never resumed under Canfield. It was the most expensive house to run, for not only did Manager Bucklin get 10 per cent. of the profits, but an additional 15 to 25 per cent. was taken for protection, in addition to a monthly retainer of $1,000. This money was always paid in cash, by Canfield himself, the transfer many times being made in Delmonico's.

At Saratoga and Newport it was not necessary to pay for protection in any formal and forthright manner.

Canfield was the first American gambler to allow credit on a large scale, though in England for a century and a half the practice has been common. Canfield expected his patrons to wear evening clothes and it was his theory that a man clad in a dress suit or tuxedo did not care to carry a large amount of currency with him. John Morrissey is said to have extended credit to Cornelius Vanderbilt, son of the old commodore, and occasionally other proprietors allowed men to write out an I. O. U. before starting play. But Canfield was the first to do the thing in a big way. He had learned a lesson that retail stores, automobile manufacturers, and realty companies were to learn years afterward—that the man who anticipates income in his purchases will spend much more than if he spends out of current

income. Though Canfield in his houses in New York City accumulated about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bad checks and counters, he swelled his income twenty times over by his credit system. The two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was written off with a smile. The largest bad I. O. U. was for $137,000. The man who gave it in the early 1900's is still alive.

Bucklin would magically turn up at the side of a player who on his last previous play in the house had lost a great deal of money and would ask in his soft, velvety voice, "How far do you want to go to-night?" When the player dropped the amount he had mentioned before starting play Bucklin would remind him of that statement. If the player had any money left the words went unheeded. If he had no money and wished credit Bucklin would decide his fate. No bank tellers or cashiers were allowed to play at all. There were no flare-ups, no harsh words. *That* wasn't cricket. When they were losing the players almost invariably pushed their luck; when winning they were conservative. So few won big sums, and many lost thousands of dollars in a few hours' play.

Patrons who won from the house were ordinarily paid in checks on one of a half-dozen New York banks, but occasionally a player would ask for cash, and would get it. Like all other gaming-house keepers of his day, Canfield realized that a call for cash must be met if the house was to maintain its reputation as a rendezvous for the swells. So he kept half a million dollars in large bills in the safe of the Forty-fourth Street house. And he had a

million in the safe at Saratoga, which in its five to six weeks of play drew more players than the house in Manhattan in the course of a year.

True to tradition, he served a magnificent supper in the Forty-fourth Street house at eleven o'clock. There were tables for those who cared to sit down—for the rest the servants brought the food to the gaming tables. Delicious cold cuts, salads, and desserts were prepared on the premises, and if a patron wanted something special it was brought from Delmonico's with no charge to the player except the tip of a white or a red chip for the servant. Costly cigars were dispensed free. Nobody ever gave less than a dollar tip, and rarely did even an extravagant winner dispense more than fifty dollars to the staff. The wine cellar at Forty-fourth Street contained the finest of vintage wines, as well as the more plebeian drinks. It represented an outlay of $75,000.

Canfield seldom entered the gaming rooms, but if he happened to be in the house the old-timers among the patrons usually visited him in Bucklin's office at some time during the evening. They would come in before starting play and say banteringly, "Dick, I'm going to take your shirt to-night." And Canfield would answer readily, "That's what it's there for. If some of you fellows don't take it once in a while you'll think I'm robbing you." When they came into the office after dropping a great deal of money and cursed their luck he would remind them that the percentage of the game was all in his favor.

He found the house at 5 East Forty-fourth Street a conventional four-story brownstone-front residence. For a full year interior decorators worked miracles upon the interior. The small room at the back of the street floor which was used as an office was a marvel with matched panels of white mahogany inlaid with mother-of-pearl. An adjoining room decorated in Spanish leather, hand-tooled in gold, as a striking and beautiful contrast to the teakwood floor, itself represented an outlay of $50,000. The big play room embracing the entire second floor, the smaller play rooms, the bedrooms on the fourth floor, all were resplendent in their magnificence. Whistler oils and etchings, Chinese Chippendale furniture, rare Barye bronze groups, peach-blow vases, and Chinese porcelains of the Yung Ching period were used with a restraint that reflected the unerring taste of the master in arts who directed the destinies of the gambling palace. It was in very fact a million-dollar house so long as Canfield lived there.

Because the place was popularly supposed to be "next to Del's," persons who had been in the house infrequently sometimes rang the bell at No. 3 between Canfield's and Delmonico's, the habit causing a great deal of annoyance to Mrs. Charles Robinson, the widow who occupied the house, and her servants. Complaints to the police availed Mrs. Robinson not at all.

Canfield's friends deny a story current some years ago that the gambler offered the Delmonico family $1,000 a month for a small room in their building in which he

might set up a roulette wheel. So many complications would have arisen from this, complications that would have involved the Delmonico family, the Havemeyers, owners of the property, and Canfield himself, that the venture could not have succeeded. That the offer was made in any but a jesting mood is doubtful.

There were never more than two roulette wheels and one faro box in the Forty-fourth Street house. One of the roulette wheels was a double-ender. This and the faro box were used in the large public gaming room on the second floor of the house. The single-end wheel was used in a private room on the third floor.

Confiscated by Jerome when Canfield finally pleaded guilty to being a common gambler, these wheels made mock of the axes of the district attorney and had to be burned. They were made in Providence by an old friend of Canfield's who also supplied wheels to many other gambling casinos, including that of Monte Carlo. The wheels were absolutely straight.

The great bronze door which formed the outer portal of the house and the inner door were electrically operated. A person ringing the bell of the house had no difficulty winning admission to the vestibule between the two doors. A peep-hole in the inner door allowed the Negro doorman to determine whether the applicant should be admitted to the house. If he was in doubt as to a man's eligibility he called one of the five housemen, and if the candidate for admission passed his scrutiny he was admitted. While the outer door remained open the

inner door could not be opened, and when the inner door was opened by a person leaving the house he must close it before the outer door could be swung open.

Once in the house, the visitor's wraps were taken by one of the servants and he usually made his way to the second floor, or if he wished to play in one of the private rooms on the third floor he saw Manager Bucklin in the office at the rear of the street floor. If he went to the second floor he would probably see from one to five people hazarding their money on the wheel or at faro. It was only when Reggie Vanderbilt brought a group of his friends from Yale to the house that as many as ten were to be seen in this room.

The player was never called by name unless another player thus addressed him. The servants and housemen had strict orders to address a player by the first initial of his surname. Thus John W. Gates was Mr. G., Senator Wolcott, Mr. W., either of the Vanderbilts Mr.V. The houseman in charge of the game at each table was bank for that game. The player usually bought at least five hundred dollars' worth of chips to begin with. Nothing was said if he took only fifty dollars' worth, but the next time he came to the house he noticed a coldness in the demeanor of the manager and the housemen, and if this practice was repeated a second time he was told by Bucklin that the house would rather he did not come again. Canfield wanted nobody playing who could not afford to lose comfortably.

White chips were ordinarily worth $1, red chips $5,

blues $10, yellows $100, and a special large-size brown chip $1,000. When the private roulette wheel was in operation the chips were worth whatever might be agreed upon, occasionally each white chip representing $100, the ratio to the other chips being as above.

Canfield's places at Forty-fourth Street in New York, at Saratoga Springs and Newport have often been compared with the casino at Monte Carlo because of the high play that obtained in them. As a matter of fact, play at Canfield's roulette tables was higher than that at Monte Carlo, as will be seen from the following table of limits, as of 1906:

	Monte Carlo	Paid	Canfield's
Single number (*en plein*)	180 francs ($36)	35 times	$ 50
Two numbers (*à cheval*)	360 " ($72)	17 "	$ 100
Three numbers (*transversale pleine*)	600 " ($120)	11 "	$ 200
Four numbers (*en carré*)	760 " ($152)	8 "	$ 300
Six numbers (*transversale simple*)	1,200 " ($240)	5 "	$ 600
Twelve numbers (*dozen* or column)	3,000 " ($600)	2 "	$1,250
Even chances (black or red, odd or even, 1–18 or 19–36)	6,000 " ($1,200)	1 "	$5,000

Monte Carlo's limit was as fixed as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, whereas a man known to be capable of sustaining a heavy loss was allowed at Canfield's to double and even quadruple the ordinary limit. As has been shown in a preceding chapter, a number of players got a limit of $100 or better a number.

His hickory roulette wheels inlaid with ivory, his ivory chips, the beautiful paintings, ceramics, and furniture with which he surrounded the players in his gambling houses were not alone satisfying to his æsthetic sense and that of the men who, while playing, were furnishing the money for new art requisitions—they were an advertisement. Their fame spread over two continents. The Forty-fourth Street house was as noted for these furnishings as for its high play, and possibly both of these things were factors in causing European salons to offer Canfield a profitable refuge when Jerome spiked his guns.

He never went to church. He was a Republican in national politics, swinging over to the Progressive party in 1912 to support Roosevelt. He frequently bet on the results of national and New York State governorship elections, and many times backed the wrong horse.

II

In the late Eighties, when he was living at the Union Square Hotel with his cousin, Andrew J. Dam, he was one of a group of Bohemians who either lived there or made it their headquarters. Most of them were actors,

among them Maurice Barrymore and his wife, Georgie Drew Barrymore, William H. Crane, Steele MacKaye, Stuart Robson, and Denman Thompson. Loren N. Downs, active in the development of the New England Telephone Company, and Albert J. Simmons, a Boston railroad man who was later to come to New York, were non-resident members of this group, to which a few years later was added Billy Coe, associated with Canfield in his gambling houses. Most of this crowd were dead when Canfield gave up the gambling business and formed new friendships among the group of art connoisseurs known as the Walpole Society, of which he was a charter member, but to the end of his life he retained in full measure his friendship with both Simmons and Coe.

Among the members of the Walpole Society his greatest friends were probably Luke Vincent Lockwood of New York, an authority on early American furniture, Marsden J. Perry of Providence, noted for his magnificent collection of Shakespeare, and Harry W. Kent of New York. Mr. Lockwood he made executor of his estate.

Charles L. Pendleton of Providence, whose collection of English and American furniture went on his death to the Rhode Island School of Design, probably had more to do with directing and possibly refining Mr. Canfield's art tastes than any other man. He was in the Nineties the outstanding collector of Early American furniture, and since his day only his fellow townsmen, Canfield and Perry, have challenged his position. In the Nineties

he and Canfield frequently discussed the relative merits of the Philadelphia and English cabinet makers. The catalogues of the English craftsmen showed furniture which surpassed that turned out by their Yankee cousins, Canfield maintained. Pendleton agreed that if the furniture had been produced, Canfield was right. But he was sure that the best pieces shown in the prospectuses of these master craftsmen had never been translated into actual furniture.

It was the implied challenge in Pendleton's position that sent Canfield to England and led to his acquiring his famous dozen Chippendale chairs. Pendleton was convinced, and added several of the finest Chippendale pieces to his own collection.

Canfield's acquisition of the twelve Chippendale chairs is one of the romantic stories of collecting. The first six he bought around 1892 with the understanding that they formed a complete set. A few years later, at Christie's in London, he acquired two chairs that beyond any question of doubt belonged with his six. It transpired that there had been twelve in the original set, that they had been in the first instance owned by a Yorkshire family named Shaw, and that they had been divided into two sets of six each. When Canfield secured two of the missing six chairs he hired detectives to find the other four. They searched through England and Scotland, the newspapers helped with descriptions of the set, and this publicity and the promise of a high price discovered two of the chairs in the possession of a church. Some of

the vestrymen were for selling, but a determined minority put every possible legal difficulty in the way of the sale. But finally Canfield got them.

He now had ten of the dozen. The eleventh was sent to Christie's by a descendant of the original Shaws. The twelfth was finally found among the effects of an obscure actress, also a Shaw descendant, who had been estranged from her relatives.

The set when complete was valued at $60,000. It was sold by the Canfield estate to Mr. Perry.

Canfield's friendship with Whistler, taken up at length in another chapter, was directly responsible for his obtaining a collection of that master's works second only to that collected by the late Charles L. Freer of Detroit and presented to the nation. In addition to the famous oils, water colors, and etchings bought by the Knoedler Galleries shortly before Canfield's death, a large group of Whistler lithographs selected by the artist and signed were sold by the Canfield estate to the Brooklyn Museum in 1915. The unfinished portrait of Canfield by Whistler, His Reverence, was sold by the Knoedlers to the Cincinnati Museum, at a price said to have been $15,000. The most famous of the Whistler oils, the Miss Rosa Corder and the Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac, cost Canfield $25,000 and $10,000 respectively. The dark colors in these two paintings probably will prevent their deterioration which in the case of other Whistler oils has proceeded apace in the last few years. The pigmentation in the

oils he used was so poor that for the long future, it is perhaps safe to say, the artist's water colors and etchings now worth five and six times what Canfield paid for them will be worth a great deal more than the oils, which have reached their top price and will probably go down as the deterioration proceeds.

III

Canfield gave perhaps half-a-dozen newspaper interviews in his lifetime. How he felt when he was called a prince of gamblers by his former lawyer who was bringing suit against him, how he regarded his jail term in Providence as a blessing in disguise as he looked back upon it, as well as his answer to the question, what he would do if he had his life to live over again, are revealed in the following excerpts from conversation he had with a New York *Herald* reporter in June, 1906:

Reporter: "Is it a source of annoyance or regret to you that you have been called the prince of gamblers? Does the word 'gambler' grate on your sensibilities?"

Canfield: "I do not think so. I know that I have been a gambler for a good many years and while I cannot be proud of that reputation, at the same time there is no use denying it. I have no intention or desire of trying to live down the past. My record and reputation are too well known for me to distort them in any way."

"Do you regret it?"

"I regret the misconception that has generally obtained

Characteristic Canfield expressions in court. The drawing at the lower right suggests the reason for Whistler's calling the gambler "HIS REVERENCE."

about me. Because my business has been that of keeping a gambling house the public came to look upon me as a sort of Bowery character. They thought I was a 'tough,' that I had none of the finer instincts of humanity; possibly that I was a drunkard, cold-hearted, and a murderer at soul; that I lured people on to gamble; that I was a sort of Shylock and demanded my pound of flesh from every one of my customers; that I was only too willing to take away from a man his hard-earned savings, to bring distress and suffering upon innocent households and to lead young men into the paths of dissipation and possibly of crime.

"None of this is true. I have endured it, this odious reputation, because I considered it in a measure my just due and punishment for the business I have been in. As a matter of fact, I never asked or encouraged a man to gamble in my life. Whenever some patron of mine has suffered a loss and has come to my office to split the consoling pint of champagne before going away, I have never said: 'Well, cheer up, old man; better luck next time.'

"On the contrary, I have always told the loser that his loss was only to be expected, and that if he played again with the hope of recouping it the chances were that he would lose still more. I never tried to 'jolly' customers in that way, as the expression goes. It is not necessary. To be a successful gambler, more than in any other occupation, truth and honesty are essential. There is no use whatever in lying to your customers. They will gamble anyway, and it is much more satisfactory to be honest than not. So far as I know I have never done a dishonest thing in my life. I have never lied for myself, but I have lied a great many times for other people. I think that that is excusable and even justifiable."

"Is that your code of ethics, to be honest for yourself, but dishonest for others?"

"I do not know that I have any code of ethics. I do not care a rap what other people think about me. I never did. As morals are considered by most people, I have no more than a cat. The only person whose respect and good opinion I want is that of Richard A. Canfield. So long as I can satisfy my own conscience, so long as I know that I am honest with myself, I am satisfied.

"In this country it is illegal and considered disreputable to run a gambling house. In some other countries it is not only legalized but considered an honorable occupation. It all depends on the point of view. I cannot find any fault with anyone for disapproving of my business, but as long as I myself approve of it it makes no difference to me what other people think."

"How did you happen to become a gambler?"

"That has always been a puzzle to me. I am half Puritan and half Quaker, and just how it happened that that combination should produce a 'prince of gamblers' is more than I have ever been able to study out. Somewhere in my Quaker or Puritan ancestry there must have been a strain of unregenerate blood.

"When I was a boy they looked upon me as a hopeless case. I developed an aptitude for no kind of business or professional work. And I suppose that is how I happen to be a gambler. There was nothing else that I could do successfully. My poor old grandmother, who had about nine dollars in a savings bank, used to bemoan my lack of application and say that she supposed it was to fall to her lot to support me in her old age. Well, she will not need to. The public's desire to

gamble has put me in comfortable circumstances and I need not worry about the wolf for the rest of my life."

"Are you as wealthy as Mr. Delahunty stated on the stand during the trial?"

"No, I am not. He said I was worth five millions. I have nowhere near as much as that. But then I have accumulated enough to keep me from worrying. I have always been a philosopher and even in the black periods of my career I have been cheerful and happy.

"During the time of my exile in Europe after the famous raid on my establishment I lived at Claridge's in London. My friend Whistler the artist was there, too. He was eating his heart out with worry about my affairs while I was simply having a pleasant vacation from business despite Mr. Jerome's threats and Mr. Delahunty's conduct of my affairs. Whistler and I, by the way, had been very close friends for many years. He insisted upon painting my portrait, and it was the hardest job he ever undertook. When I was posing for him I could overhear him talking to himself and cursing me for not keeping the same expression. He would mumble to himself:

"'Dick, you scoundrel, why don't you keep your face still? You change it every minute. How do you suppose I can get a likeness when you have a thousand different expressions?'

"Anyway, the poor fellow had an awful time with me before the portrait was finished. I suppose the fact that I do not look the same any two consecutive minutes has much to do with the grotesque pictures of me that have been printed in the newspapers."

"Are none of them good likenesses?"

"No; I have never seen a picture of myself that I really thought looked like me. I doubt if anyone could recognize me

from the majority of pictures that have been printed. Many of them are nothing more than caricatures."

"Did your confinement in jail in Providence make you something of a cynic?"

"On the contrary, I look back upon my term in prison as one of the best things that ever happened to me. This may seem a somewhat remarkable statement, but those six months I spent in jail were probably the most beneficial and the happiest six months I ever spent in my life. I had nothing to do but read. And I was reading continually and assiduously the very best of books. It inculcated in me a taste for good literature that I never had before and which has been a great joy to me ever since. If it were not for that term in jail I probably never would have been able to appreciate good books because I never could have found the time to read them. With the exception of that term of idleness and literature mine has been a very busy life. I was born with a taste for art, but I never cultivated it, nor saw the opportunities for its enjoyment until I had saturated my brain with the best authors. Since then good books and good pictures have been my hobby and my recreation."

"If you had the opportunity of living your life over again, what occupation would you choose?"

"I think I would rather be a professor of literature than any other occupation I know of; at least an occupation of that nature which would allow me to spend most of my time in reading and delving into books. I can think of no pleasanter way of passing one's life."

"But at such an occupation you would necessarily be forced to abandon any idea of accumulating great wealth."

"Oh, I don't care anything about it. I never did care for

money for money's sake. I only like to make money, first as an amusement, and a very interesting one it is, too. Then secondly because money affords me an opportunity for indulging in my hobby for books and pictures. Anyone can make money, especially if he happens to be a Yankee. There is no trick about it, no secret, no great talent or genius required. But it does take a wise man to keep money, though. That is why wise men are not gamblers except for amusement."

"You were never ambitious then for a career as a lawyer or broker?"

"I have had too many unpleasant experiences with lawyers to ever care to be one. And I certainly would not be a broker. It is too much like my own business—only more so. In my business as I told you the customer has 5 per cent. against him. The man who goes down and plays Wall Street instead of faro or roulette has about 75 per cent. against him."

"Did you ever contemplate a gambling establishment in Europe?"

"After the raid on my place here in New York I was offered a salary of $30,000 a year to manage a gambling casino in one of the most famous and exclusive resorts in Europe. I was sorely tempted to take it, as my business here seemed to be killed and as the casino would have on its board of directors men whose names were prominent in society, finance, and even in royal court circles."

"And why didn't you?"

"Because a little twelve-year-old girl asked me not to. She thought that I already had reputation enough in that direction."

"Do you mind telling me who the little girl was?"

"Certainly not. My daughter."

IV

The casino at Saratoga, where he made most of his gambling money, opened usually the last week in July and closed at the end of August. Probably the restaurant with which the gaming room was connected was the most noted eating place in the Western world. Certainly the cream of society in America and Europe was to be seen there during the racing season, and a great many people whose charges at the famous Saratoga hotels included meals ate nowhere but at Canfield's. The prices were higher than those of Sherry and Delmonico in New York, partly because Canfield wanted his restaurant to attract only the cream of the resort's visitors, and partly because the service in every respect was better than could be obtained anywhere else—and therefore costly in the extreme. Though the restaurant's receipts were more than five thousand dollars a day during the season it didn't make money for Canfield. But he was satisfied, for it brought him advertising and men who could and would fill his pockets with gold.

Unlike the Newport and Forty-fourth Street houses, the Saratoga place was easy to get into. All that was necessary was an appearance of prosperity. Half-a-dozen private detectives from New York watched at the entrance of the restaurant and at the doorway from the restaurant into the gaming room to see that no known crook entered, and Patrick McDonald, manager of the Club-House and former manager of the race

track, saw to it that no Saratogan was allowed in the gambling room.

Unlike the Forty-fourth Street house and that at Newport, every bit of food and liquor consumed in the gaming house had to be accounted for. So long as the play continued, the bar and kitchen remained open, and orders from the gaming room were filled without question. The next day the vouchers for the food and drink were presented to John B. Northrop, who had charge of the financial arrangements in the gambling room, and he paid them out of the profits of the preceding night's play. If, as occasionally happened, there were no profits, the payment was made out of the reserve fund. There were nine single-end roulette wheels and two faro boxes in the public gaming room at Saratoga, and two double-end wheels and one faro box in the private rooms upstairs. Thirty housemen in charge of these received on an average $750 for the season of approximately five weeks. One million dollars, half of it in one-thousand-dollar bills, the remainder in five hundreds, hundreds, and fifties, was kept in the safe against a series of big runs of luck for plungers, but nobody ever made a serious dent in it. In addition to this money Canfield always left with Northrop signed blank checks to take care of winners who didn't care to carry away cash.

It seems remarkable in these days of machine-gun banditry and pay-roll snatching that such a condition could have existed without drawing a gang of sawed-off

shotgun experts intent on rifling the place. But so far as old-timers who were connected with the place for years can remember there never was anything remotely resembling a hold-up in the Club-House. Possibly it was because in addition to the private detectives connected with the place a force of Saratoga policemen patroled the grounds at all hours during the season.

Canfield's chef at Saratoga for several years was a Frenchman named Jean Columbin. He was paid $5,000 for the season and kept an expense account during the rest of the year, when he traveled over Europe picking up ideas for new dishes and otherwise preparing for the Saratoga season. The fifty waiters had their railroad fare paid from New York to Saratoga to start the season and received a dollar a day from Canfield. Their tips averaged fifty dollars a day. They were satisfied to pay their own fare back to New York when the house closed. The head waiter got $1,500 for the season and of course levied on the waiters for much more than that.

Canfield gave generously to Saratoga churches, hospitals, and charitable institutions, white and colored, in the manner of Morrissey and Spencer. This was in lieu of the protection money he paid in the city. Churches of all denominations had only to make known the fact that a gift would be acceptable and Canfield made it. He remembered that if enough Saratoga voters were hostile his gambling house would have to close. So he gave handsomely.

The financial arrangements in the Club-House were

well nigh perfect. The business was carried out with a precision that would have done credit to a great bank. There was a check on all money paid out, all food, drink, and cigars distributed. The $40,000 tied up in the wine cellar was not subject to raids by the personnel as was that at Forty-fourth Street, where everyone had access to the cellar and nobody cared how much was used. In Saratoga the wines were kept under lock and key, and only two men could get at them. There were frequent inventories of all stock, and whenever there was a shortage the man in whose charge the goods were kept had to make it good.

V

Canfield in his adult years was five feet eight inches tall. He fought a losing battle with fat in his last twenty years, hitting the 200-pound mark in the late Nineties and gradually increasing his poundage until at his death he weighed 240. It was a steady gain, compounded of good food and drink. To keep his stomach from bulging to the point of discomfort, he wore corsets. He did not regret the increasing embonpoint, though it was responsible for the increasingly numerous sieges of sickness that he had to face in the last fifteen years of his life. His face was of course fat and florid and smooth, except for a short period in the early Nineties when he cultivated a moustache whose extremities went scarcely more than an eighth of an inch beyond the ends of his mouth. His hair was brown, his eyes a searching dark gray.

Whether in Saratoga or New York, he awoke early, more often at six than seven o'clock, and could be heard pacing up and down his bedroom before he rang the bell for his breakfast. At breakfast he would usually have little more than scrambled eggs, water rolls, and coffee, but if he had been drinking hard the preceding night he would eat a tremendous quantity of corned-beef hash. Breakfast over, he would scan the reports of the gambling house and go over his mail. For twenty minutes then he would read the New York *Sun*, with special reference to the editorial page and almost none to sports. And then he would go out for his morning walk.

If he happened to be in Saratoga he might drop over to see W. Edgar Wooley, proprietor of the Grand Union Hotel, one of his closest friends, talk with him for a half hour, and walk back to the Club-House. Occasionally he would walk through the marvelous park of which the Club-House formed the center, sometimes escorting the aged Negro housekeeper, Mrs. Lewis, who had served under Morrissey and Spencer, and who hobbled forth on each pleasant day to sit in the park and dream away the hours, her services in the past having earned her the right to a year-round living.

Canfield walked briskly when alone, his head flung back, chest out, a striking figure even in a crowded street. His face had a mobile expression, a circumstance which made Whistler curse, if Canfield may be believed.

After his return from his walk he was engaged in de-

tails of his gambling house and restaurant, if at Saratoga. If in New York he would go to his downtown office at 12 Broadway, where he would answer the correspondence he had looked over before his walk, the letters in the meantime having been taken there by a Negro servant. He would keep in touch with his brokers, Mills Bros. & Co., Wasserman Bros., Chandler Bros. & Co., follow the market closely, carry on the arrangements for his glass works and the stopper company, and usually come uptown about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The next two hours he would usually spend in reading—art catalogues which might have arrived at the house, art books, religious tomes, historical works. He knew Gibbon, Froude, Green and Gardiner, Prescott and Bancroft and John Fiske probably as well as the average history professor in an American university, for he had read them all and had a marvelously retentive memory for essential facts. He was particularly taken with the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and continually returned to it, dipping here and there to recall to his mind the striking passages. When one particular subject struck his fancy he would buy up all the books that dealt with it and go into an orgy of study. One whole winter he thus gave up to the study of ancient Egyptian art.

In the realm of fiction Thackeray was his favorite, probably because he dealt with the upper strata of English society, in which Canfield hoped some day to

move. He was also a great admirer of the work of Stephen Crane.

Canfield invariably dressed for dinner, which he usually had at Delmonico's if in New York, and of course in the Club-House restaurant during the Saratoga season. Usually he had guests for dinner at Saratoga—Mrs. Teresa Dean, "The Widow" of the magazine *Town Topics*, a marvelous conversationalist who knew all the current gossip; J. Pierpont Morgan, Gates, Drake, Wooley, William C. Whitney, Dr. Douglas C. Moriarta, his physician at the resort. In New York, in addition to Delmonico's, he occasionally had dinner at the Café Lafayette at University Place and Ninth Street, and in his later years, when in business in Brooklyn, lunched at the Clarendon Hotel in that borough. After dinner he would often return to the Forty-fourth Street house, to sit and talk with casual visitors or those players who had either won or lost big amounts and who wished to split a pint of champagne with him. By midnight he was usually in bed, to read many times until two or three in the morning if the book proved interesting. Away from his family for the greater portion of every year, he had numerous affairs with women. He was discreet. None of them ever even threatened blackmail.

He was a hard man, but just. His employees trembled in their shoes when his voice, always deep, rumbled in the preliminaries of an explosion. They must have a satisfactory alibi or get blistered with choice profanity

which next time would probably end in notice of discharge. He picked his helpers, from the lowliest servitors to his manager, as he chose his art objects—after long study and searching for facts on which to base a judgment. Men in his employ reacted with unquestioning loyalty to his demand for a high standard of performance for pay above the average of the day. The members of his staff must have reputations for probity, soberness. They must not gamble.

He had from twenty-five to forty suits, blacks and grays, all custom made, as were his fifteen pairs of shoes and his underclothes. Though he frequently was badly intoxicated, he never had to be put to bed, and he was always able to pull his old-fashioned nightgown over his head, no small feat on occasion. His mind functioned perfectly, apparently, even when his legs became wobbly and his voice thick, for promises he made when on sprees he always kept, and nobody could short-change him without being called to account.

Virginia M. Kelley, the colored woman who served him as housekeeper in his various New York homes from the middle Nineties until his death in 1914, was the only person besides its owner who lived continuously at 5 East Forty-fourth Street until Canfield sold it. She had a room on the basement floor and supervised the work of the household during the day, never being seen above stairs in the evening. She was in the house the night of the Jerome raid, and she was at Canfield's bedside when he died.

Canfield was an actor in an important part every minute of his waking hours. He liked to impress people, and he succeeded. Wherever he went he was sure to be recognized and pointed out. Often this recognition would be instantaneous, and while he was going to a restaurant table the hum of conversation would die down. Sometimes it would not start up again, the crowd waiting to overhear what he had to say. He never disappointed them.

The master gambler was a good hater. When he had a falling-out with a man that man became a deadly enemy. Probably his greatest hate was reserved for District Attorney William Travers Jerome—for reasons that are understandable. The animosity he showed toward John Delahunty requires explanation. Canfield trusted Delahunty implicitly at the time of the raid. The lawyer had assured him Jerome could not take his gambling paraphernalia out of 5 East Forty-fourth Street if it were not in use. Jerome took it out, Delahunty still insisting that it was illegal. "All right," said Canfield, "sue him and the police officers who assisted him, and teach them a lesson." So Delahunty brought suit. On Delahunty's representations a number of lawyers were employed to keep Canfield and Bucklin out of jail and make Jerome and the police wish they had never entered Canfield's. For a time things went along fairly well. Both Canfield and Bucklin were freed by upstate courts. But when the lawyers Delahunty had hired presented their bills Canfield went into hysterics. It was

a hold-up—he would call the thing to the attention of the bar association. But he finally paid the bills, still grumbling.

His lawyers made a mess of their legislative fight against Jerome—and lost it. And still their bills came in. The Dowling anti-gambling measure became a law and threatened to end his gambling career—and he broke entirely with Delahunty, bitterly refusing to pay the lawyer's bill and fighting it through a court action that tore the veil from many things he would have preferred to hide from the public. He testified in that action that he believed Delahunty deliberately urged him into actions that were certain to end disastrously for him, but which would make it necessary for him to continue paying money to lawyers.

Of all the lawyers he used in the years from 1891 to his death in 1914 scarcely any terminated their services with him in a friendly mood. Canfield was rather opinionated, and thought he could mark out a course of action as well as any lawyer. The rules of the courts made it necessary for him to use these word jugglers, but he did not respect their opinions. And he was certain that the fees they demanded were all out of proportion to the services they gave him. So there was a succession of them—Delahunty, Stanchfield, Hinman, Gleason, Brackett, Fursman, Tracy, Britt, Marshall, Battle, and Lockwood. The last of these he made executor of his estate, with plenary powers. But probably that was because Luke Vincent Lockwood was an art

connoisseur who by mere chance was also a lawyer.

Canfield owned a Mercedes automobile in the early 1900's, when automobiles were still a rather uncertain quantity and foreign cars were as scarce as winners at his gambling tables. But his family never had an automobile for themselves in Providence. He maintained a stable and a coachman there, but this was the limit of his extravagance for them, beyond their having a housekeeper. Possibly he had just enough of the old New England stuff in him to realize that his son and daughter would be better off living in upper-middle-class circumstances than in the luxurious fashion he could have provided for them. Probably for this reason they never visited Saratoga or Newport, and seldom came to New York during the time he was active as a gambler.

He cared nothing for sports. Occasionally he would attend a professional baseball game in New York, but only because some good friend with whom he wished to spend the afternoon was able to overcome his objections. So with the theater. He had seen Booth, the elder Sothern, Joe Jefferson, Irving, and Richard Mansfield. No second raters need apply.

Eventually the house at 5 East Forty-fourth Street, which he made famous, passed out of the gambling business and the street floor was occupied briefly by the bond house of Charles E. Brickley & Co., the reigning spirit of which was the football player whose deadly dropkicking for Harvard helped make for Percy Haughton a reputation as one of the greatest football coaches

America has produced. A few months after Brickley's company leased the place there was a fire in their quarters and most of the beautiful woodwork which had cost Canfield so much money was badly scarred. Eventually the building was torn down. The wreckers were able to save the dining room, however, and it now forms the private office of the F. B. Keech & Co., brokerage-house branch, in the five-story building that succeeded the four-story brownstone structure Canfield knew. Both No. 3 and No. 5 are to be torn down shortly to make way for banking quarters for the Title Guarantee & Trust Co. of New York, which owns the buildings. Meantime, remembering the high play that went on there, those who like their humor broad may take pleasure in learning that the first floor is occupied by a concern known as the Keep Shirt Co.

CHAPTER IX

"THEY CAN'T CLOSE CANFIELD'S"

I

THE country was still singing with gusto "I'd leave my happy home for you-oo-oo-oo-oo" as 1900 opened, and the song bade fair to equal in popularity that other Harry von Tilzer hit of an earlier day, "A Bird in a Gilded Cage." Theodore Roosevelt, scornful of talk that he might be McKinley's running mate that fall, was planning, according to an Albany dispatch to a New York paper, a second term as Governor of New York State. The origin of the most characteristic Rooseveltian saying is disclosed in the dispatch: "Theodore Roosevelt is fond of repeating a West African proverb: 'Speak softly and carry a big stick, and you will go far.'"

On the first day of the year Kid McCoy beat Peter Maher in five rounds of furious boxing at Coney Island and placed himself on the outer fringe of contenders for the heavyweight championship of the world, held by James J. Jeffries. Richard Croker, Tammany's absentee boss, broke a leg at his country estate near Wantage, England, and a Negro who claimed to have been a slave of President Washington's celebrated his 114th birthday in an almshouse at Hempstead, Long Island. New

Haven Railroad stock, "as good as a government bond," had closed the year 1899 at $211 a share. John A. Dowie was preparing to found Zion City on the lake front north of Chicago and people it only with the pure. In the New York theaters William Gillette was playing to S. R. O. business in *Sherlock Holmes*, Richard Mansfield's "farewell appearance" was announced by Charles Frohman, manager of the Garden Theater, Anna Held was appearing in De Koven's operetta, *Papa's Wife*, the Four Cohans were playing in *Running for Office* at Proctor's, and the Castle Square Opera Company was presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's *Iolanthe*.

New York at the turn of the century gave evidence physically of the new era of skyscrapers and rapid transit, but politically an unchastened, unbridled Tammany Hall still stood astride the city, and vice in all its unloveliness was in the saddle, and apparently meant to stay there.

The elevated railroads were still using steam for motive power, but had started laying the electric third rail before the close of 1899. It was twenty-three days after Mayor van Wyck had turned the first shovelful of earth in front of City Hall for the beginning of the subway, on March 24th, that plans were announced for the elevated's power house at Seventy-fourth Street and East River.

The upheaval of earth in token of the subway was a mild affair compared to the upheaval of earlier in the month when the first real stirrings of the municipal

campaign of 1901 got under way in exposures by newspapers of the viciousness of the Tenderloin. The unlovely pictures they painted seemed to prove that conditions in the city's sporting playground were worse than the Lexow committee and its successor, the Mazet committee of 1899, had found them.

On March 7th the *Herald* carried two stories of the Tenderloin that aroused some interest among the reform element generally and showed the power arrayed against Jerome and those interested with him in putting the lid on the wide-open city. One of them related the fact that when a policeman named Flynn tried to arrest bouncers at the disreputable Tivoli music and dance hall at 145 West Thirty-fifth Street after they had assaulted a patron, Charles T. Ackron, manager of the café, snapped his fingers at the policeman, saying:

"That for you and your chief. Go back to him and tell him that he cannot close my place, nor can he interfere. My pull is stronger than his."

The other story was an interview a reporter obtained with President Bernard J. York of the Police Board. In the course of an interrogation on what the police were doing to suppress gambling, York naïvely said:

"I hear that a man who has long been famous as a gambler has opened a most magnificent 'club' just off Fifth Avenue near Delmonico's, where he has invested $200,000 or thereabouts in fixings.

"I do not know if this is true, but if I had my way I would find out. I am opposed to vice, as is every decent citizen, but even the president of the police board is sometimes fettered."

Of course he was talking about Canfield's.

The *Herald* regarded the first paragraph of York's statement as so important that it ran the words in boldface type.

There were repercussions from both stories the next day.

Ackron, the manager of the Tivoli, assured a reporter:

"Sure, I snapped my fingers in the 'copper's' face and sent my regards to Chief Devery. What do I care for him? I'm running inside the law, ain't I? Besides, I pay enough for protection. The men who are behind me are big enough to put Devery and York out of office at the same time. I care for none of them. Men come here to spend their money. If they are robbed they will be ready to go home to their families all the earlier, won't they? So much the better then. Men should stay home, where they belong, or not kick if they are robbed."

When York elaborated on his statement concerning Canfield's, saying that if he got evidence he might go over the captains' heads and get action against the big gambling houses, the *Herald* quoted a man said to be close to the administration:

"So Barney York says he will clear the Tenderloin if he is furnished information, does he? Well, do you know what will

happen to him if he attempts it? It will be another case of Hamlet and the grave-digger with some gambler-politician to fondle the police president's official skull as he remarks, 'Alas poor York, I knew him well.'

"You never hear of Commissioner Sexton making foolish remarks like that. We control the police, and the office of the district attorney as well, and no power this side of election can close New York."

There was no reply to this, but when Ackron's statement was given to York and Chief Devery, York said with a sad smile, "I don't believe he said it," and Devery: "I ain't afraid of nothin' that goes on two legs and violates the law."

But neither did anything.

II

On that same morning, March 9th, the *Times*, which had been quietly working on the matter of Tenderloin vice, aroused the town with an amazing story that told in detail how every kind and degree of illegal traffic had its price, having paid which, it was allowed to run without interference. The *Times* said this tax of the underworld was paid to a "gambling commission" composed of a commissioner at the head of one of the city departments (but not police), two state senators, and the dictator of the pool-room syndicate of the city. These men set the prices for the various concessions, meeting in the apartment of one of its members at Forty-seventh

Street and Broadway, the newspaper said. The total of the graft the *Times* estimated at $3,095,000 a year.

This sum it arrived at as follows:

400 pool rooms @ $300 a month	$1,440,000
500 crap games @ $150 a month	900,000
200 small gambling houses, @ $150 a month	360,000
20 large gambling houses @ $1,000 a month	240,000
50 envelope games @ $50 a month	30,000
Policy	125,000
	$3,095,000

The two hundred gambling houses in the piker class, the *Times* asserted, nearly all had layouts for roulette, sweat, klondike, craps, red-and-black, and faro.

The big houses, like Canfield's, Daly's, Kelly's, and Dave Johnson's, paid $1,000. Six of them also gave up part of their earnings to one of the state senators and the gambling commissioner. When Daly in times gone by, said the *Times* story, had a monopoly of the "swell" business he gave up as much as $100,000 a year not to be molested. "As he never was, he did not pay in vain."

Evidently the *Times's* informant was the proprietor of one of the large houses, for the story represented the big fellows as being put out because the commission handed out licenses promiscuously. It appeared that applications were considered in the order in which they were made, an "introduction fee" of $300 being necessary with the application. The police captain of the applicant's district reported to this unofficial "gambling

commission" on the would-be licensee's ability to pay regularly. The proprietors of the old-established houses were hoping, the article stated, that there would be a crash and that after a short period of "laying low" they might resume business under better terms.

When President York was shown the charges of the *Times* he was dumbfounded. He said the police had investigated a list of alleged gaming places and had found no evidence. "Take for instance the pool rooms," he said. "Every evidence of criminal business might be removed in a minute."

"But," the reporter queried, "what of the gambling houses fitted up with a deal of costly apparatus—Canfield's place, for instance?"

"Canfield's?" said the commissioner musingly. "Let me see, that's the place in Forty-fourth Street, is it not?'

"That is the locality," said the reporter.

"Then again, most of these places are run as private clubs," said Mr. York. "That makes them hard to get at."

"But the police or the detectives ought to be able to get in as private citizens, ought they not?"

"Certainly," said Mr. York.

"And you would not advise the police to visit or raid them with flying banners or a brass band, would you?" was asked.

"I certainly would not," said Mr. York, "and there will be no investigations made in that way."

By way of explanation of what Canfield's place was the *Times* said:

The gambling house of George [sic] Canfield . . . has lately been established in Forty-fourth Street, near Delmonico's. It is the finest place of its kind in this country if not in the world, and the nightly play there is enormous. It draws its patrons from the wealthiest men in the country, and while it is not hard for a man whose appearance denotes a fair measure of affluence to pass its portals, the "shoestring gambler" does not long remain its guest.

The entire big brownstone house is fitted throughout with extreme magnificence. The rarest Eastern carpets are upon its floors, and masterpieces of art adorn its walls. The furniture, consisting mainly of divans and davenports, are marvels of beauty and luxuriousness.

The gaming room on the second floor extends the length and width of the house and is a noble hall in proportions. In it are the most elaborate gambling layouts in this country, consisting of roulette wheels, faro tables, baccarat tables, and *rouge et noir*. Baccarat, faro, and roulette are the principal games, and at times and for certain players the limit is absolutely removed.

Not long ago a certain well-known banker of this city for whose benefit the limit is removed and who has been a patron of Canfield in this city and at the Saratoga Club left his check for $75,000 with Canfield as the result of one night's play.

Servants throughout the house attend to the wants of the players and the place is conducted much like one of the most exclusive clubs. Entertainment is free to the guests. The costliest dishes—game, *pâtés*, and the rarest wines—are

served throughout the night. Everything is conducted with the utmost decorum. There are no loud words or heated arguments, all such being quietly but firmly stopped at their incipiency. A fair slice of Canfield's profits finds its way regularly into the pocket of one of the senatorial members of the gambling commission.

In an editorial appearing that same morning the *Times* asserted that the greater part of protection money was divided between Democratic and Republican politicians. A reporter for the paper quoted "a big gambler" as saying:

"After all, I believe this scare will do most of us who have been in business a long time a lot of good. It will drive the pikers out of business, for if some show of making a cleaning out of these places is made, only the small fry will be sacrificed. Wait and see if the little fish don't suffer. . . .

"When things quiet down a bit the old places will go on as usual for they will always be open no matter how much reform you have in New York. . . . Do all the hammering you like for a while. It will do the 'boys' a lot of good."

The fat was in the fire and the newspaper reporters went around to interview people who might have an inkling of what was what in gambling circles. First they quoted Fire Commissioner John J. Scannell, who by chance lived in an apartment at Broadway and Forty-seventh Street. Mr. Scannell said that he knew of no gambling commission, official or otherwise, and that furthermore he knew nothing about gambling. State

Senator George W. Plunkett, Tammany leader of the Fifteenth District, had his answer ready:

"I'm one of those few men," said the senator, "who never was in a gambling house in my life. I never saw a game of roulette or of faro in my life. I don't know anything about them."

"And of the gambling commission, Senator?" the reporter gently insisted.

"I don't know anything about it. I don't think there is anything of the kind in New York. New York is the cleanest city in the United States. It is cleaner than any little hamlet."

The "dictator of the pool-room syndicate," who for the purposes of the interview was allowed to remain temporarily anonymous but whom everyone knew to be Frank Farrell, had this to offer:

"Don't ask me to talk for publication. My hands are in the air. Isn't the city prosperous? Was money ever so plentiful as now? Why are we attacked in this manner? . . .

"Now you mark what I tell you: this crusade will amount to nothing. Force is already being brought to bear which will stop it. 'Big Tim' will take a hand and his friends are powerful even in the newspapers and in the churches."

If Senator "Big Tim" Sullivan took a hand it was in no publicly forthright manner. He had nothing whatever to say when the reporters got a chance to talk to him.

"Big Tim" had been a power in Tammany since the middle Eighties and controlled a number of election dis-

tricts when he first entered the New York Senate in 1894. He developed the personal contact between district leader and the people of the district to a finer point than any other politician and was able to swing the mass of the voters to his side. A strapping figure, he had a magnetic personality. He never drank or smoked, but he was satisfied to let others do as much of either as they wanted to, and made sure he'd profit in their doing so by running several saloons. Very early in his political life he adopted the methods of Tweed with the refinements Croker had brought into being, and soon the saloons, bawdy houses, and gambling dives on the Bowery and other portions of his district were pouring into his hands a golden stream of which the veriest trickle went to his constituents in the form of shoes at Christmas, coal, funeral wreaths, and wedding presents.

As he got more power Sullivan put the additional money he obtained from protected vice into real estate, particularly theaters. In 1912 he became insane, and after eluding his friendly guards was run down and killed by a switching engine in the Bronx. His estate was worth millions of dollars. The proprietors of the large gambling establishments in 1900 and 1901 were inclined to blame Sullivan for their woes, saying that his "Bowery methods" of letting anyone and everyone open a gambling place if he had the matriculation fee overcrowded the market and forced the disclosures that killed gambling as a wide-open thing in New York.

With the newspapers pounding the administration,

John F. Carroll, leader of Tammany Hall in Croker's absence, ordered the pool rooms to close. Those of James A. Mahoney, numbering about one hundred and thirty, obeyed. Not so Frank Farrell's places. Devery would protect him, Farrell knew. Mahoney was losing $8,000 each day his pool rooms were closed, and at the end of forty-eight hours after he had threatened to cable Croker the word went out that he might reopen. His headquarters on Forty-second Street between Lexington and Third avenues at once resumed business and the branches in Manhattan and the other boroughs, in Jersey City and suburban towns of Jersey and Westchester County, began taking in the money.

While the tumult and shouting over the gambling disclosures was at its height, it was later discovered, Carroll sent his young brother over to England to consult with Croker, and the boss, recovering from his broken leg, assured reporters who visited him at his country home that he was satisfied with the way his assistant was handling the situation in New York.

III

On the night of March 9th the town was just as wide open as it had been every week-day night for months past, but the next night, Saturday, when profits would certainly have been big, policy shops, gambling houses, and houses of prostitution all were closed. When a *Times* reporter sought to learn from various officials why the gambling places in particular had by someone's ukase

shut up shop, they all with one accord began to dodge. Van Wyck never talked for newspaper publication. York was tired of seeing his name in the paper. Gardiner was tired of being misquoted. John F. Carroll, leader of Tammany in the absence of Croker, was tired of being accused of any connection with vice. And Chief Devery:

"I don't know nothin' about gamblin', and I won't say nothin' appertainin' to or touchin' on them matters. All them complaints which has came to me has been investigated. That's all."

On its editorial page in the issue of March 13th the *Times* addressed itself to the district attorney. After saying that it did not expect much action against the gamblers by "the author of that noble sentiment, 'To hell with reform,'" it launched a tirade against the organization back of him:

. . . That Tammany should really be in favor of purifying New York by enforcing the laws against vice and crime is a contradiction in terms. It would denote that Tammany was going out of business by suicide. Tammany is simply a partnership with vice and crime to which its contribution is "protection" and in which its share of the profits is blackmail. It has made a covenant with death and with hell it is in agreement. When its leader pretends to be in favor of destroying its livelihood he simply means that the case is strong and that it will be necessary to keep quiet until the danger has blown over. He even finds it necessary, for the time being, to acquiesce in this shutting up of the gambling places and the conse-

quent shutting off of so much of the revenues of the organization.

The next day patrolmen of the East Fifty-first Street Station gave currency to a rumor that early that morning a covered van had backed up to 5 East Forty-fourth Street and that what looked like crated roulette wheels and other gambling paraphernalia had been carted out of Canfield's. The story ran up against a stone wall after a sergeant in the station house admitted it might be true. A notch up the scale a detective indignantly denied the yarn and told Acting Captain Lantry in the presence of a reporter how absurd such a story was. Yes, the captain agreed, the story couldn't be true. What probably gave rise to such a rumor was the presence on Forty-fourth Street of "a swill wagon that goes to Delmonico's between three and four o'clock every morning."

The gaming places now began to reopen, cautiously at first, but soon with the old abandon. When the courts upheld the stopping of music in disreputable resorts on the ground that they had no concert-hall licenses, the police refused to allow music in Delmonico's, Sherry's, and other places, but quickly yielded when the newspapers assailed their position.

For eight successive days, beginning with its March 16th issue, the *Times* addressed an editorial "To His Honor the Mayor," calling Van Wyck's attention to the fact that its charges of the existence of a gambling

commission had not been controverted and asking him to remove the head of a city department who was a member of the commission. In one of these editorials, after telling the mayor that he himself was "at the head of a brazen-faced and powerful gang of blackguards and blackmailers," it went on:

> You have the power to break up and destroy utterly this alliance of crime and corruption. Why don't you do it? Is there anywhere in your cowed and trembling soul the courage of a mouse left? . . .
>
> Two members of the notorious gambling commission are state senators and beyond your official reach. But one member is the head of a city department. You can set your grip on that man's neck in a way that amid some reminiscent horrors of the past would bring up before him a picture of the immediate road to Sing Sing.

Fire Commissioner Scannell had served time in the Tombs, the city prison of New York, on a murder charge in the early Seventies, and on being adjudged insane by the jury which tried him had been sent to an asylum, from which he was soon released. While an inmate of the Tombs he had been intimate with two other men accused of murder, Edward S. Stokes, who brought Jim Fisk's career to an end with well-placed bullets, and Richard Croker, later to become boss of the city and helpful friend of these comrades of unhappy days. It was because Mayor Grant refused to make Scannell fire commissioner that Croker denied him a renomi-

Canfield and the Boss of Tammany linked by the famous American cartoonist under the legend, "The Exiled Richards." Croker was spending one of his numerous vacations in England, but Canfield had fled from Jerome.

W. A. Rogers in the New York Herald

nation in 1890. Stokes after getting out of Sing Sing leased the Hoffman House, which prospered after Croker made it the headquarters of the Democratic organization.

A story in the *Herald* of John W. Gates losing nearly a million dollars to Joe Leiter in a poker game at the Waldorf-Astoria provided further fuel to the reformers who had been hammering at the police because the little gamblers were arrested while the big fellows got away scot free. Dr. Parkhurst, viewing the situation as a whole, felt that it was good things were going from bad to worse, because there would be better chances for a reaction against the Van Wyck brand of administration. He placed full responsibility for the plight of the city on the shoulders of Platt and the Republican machine which had injected Tracy into the campaign of 1897.

IV

In the midst of the furore over wide-open gambling Richard A. Canfield arrived in New York on the Hamburg-American liner *Fuerst Bismarck*. He had had a pleasant visit with Whistler in England and had traveled over France and to Monte Carlo, where he gave a practical demonstration of how to make money as a customer by quitting when he was $25,000 ahead. John Delahunty, his lawyer, met him at the pier and they drove in a hansom cab to the Forty-fourth Street place, where at his leisure Canfield scanned the day's papers. The *Herald* carried on its first news page a

picture of his house, with one of his faithful servitors posing all unconsciously as lookout at the door.

Early in April, when the commotion over gambling had just about died down, Canfield filed suit in a court at St. Louis against two brothers, Harrison I. and James T. Drummond, for $55,000 which he said he had loaned James Drummond the preceding fall. The complaint set forth that during a roulette game James had gone broke and had asked that credit be extended to him. This Canfield had refused to do until Harrison Drummond, who was present, guaranteed the debt. The Drummonds were prominent socially in St. Louis, and were independently wealthy as the result of the sale of their tobacco holdings a short time before to the American Tobacco Company. They had then gone into the more socially acceptable business of selling bonds.

"All I have to say," James Drummond told newspapermen who interviewed him the day the Canfield papers were filed, "is that I did go to Canfield's place and was foolish enough to get drunk and play roulette there, and when it was over I was told that I had lost $55,000. I did not know then, I don't know now, what I lost, or whether I lost anything."

Canfield's place was dark that night. But the police had nothing to do with the closing down of the place. They were somewhat at sea about what their procedure would be. They would look over the transcript of evidence in the case and see if they could proceed against

Canfield. The *Herald* in an editorial, "A Pointer for the Police," retorted:

Isn't it funny how one has to go away from home to learn the news? There are no gambling houses in New York—it must be so, for the police can't find any—and yet the *Herald's* St. Louis correspondent telegraphs that the keeper of a New York gambling house has followed a gentleman out there trying to collect a little bill of $55,000 contracted here over the roulette table.

The New Yorker an imposter? Not a bit of it. The St. Louis man says it is quite true that he was in the gambler's place, but he isn't quite sure about the amount lost.

Will the police make a note on't? Even the stranger, within our gates briefly, can readily find a gaming house that the entire force of New York cannot—or will not—discover.

Why not put a few St. Louis men on the force?

Five days later the police board cautiously acted:

Resolved, that the Chief of Police be and is directed to cause to be investigated at once the statement which alleges that a gambling house is maintained on Forty-fourth Street, east of Sixth Avenue, said to be kept by one Canfield, and the Chief is further directed to report what, if any, action has been taken in reference to such a place.

"East of Sixth Avenue" got a laugh out of New York, which knew, as did everybody in the Police Department from chief to the veriest rookie in the upper reaches of the Bronx, the reason for the ambiguity of the resolution. "East of Fifth Avenue" would have been entirely too definite to be comfortable. "Men, young,

middle-aged, and old, streamed into Canfield's clubhouse last night," one of the papers said the next morning.

They continued to stream into Canfield's for the rest of the year. Stories of lawsuits, police shake-ups, raids by Judge Jerome and Anthony Comstock—nothing mattered for the rest of 1900. When Arnold Feldstein, a prominent silk merchant, failed for close to a million dollars, canceled checks made out to Canfield and Bucklin and totaling $19,335 were found among his papers. The receiver brought suit against Canfield and Bucklin, hoping to recover triple damages, but the case got nowhere. And just about the same thing happened to Canfield's St. Louis case. The court appointed a special commissioner to take depositions, and the suit dragged along until December 19th, when Canfield withdrew it and paid the costs.

The only gain the reformers were able to chalk up at the end of the year was the removal of District Attorney Gardiner in mid-December by Governor Roosevelt on charges growing out of statements issued just before the presidential election which Roosevelt held had been perilous to a fair election. The governor named Eugene A. Philbin, an independent Democrat, to the place.

V

Late in 1900, with the municipal election nearly a year off, the Citizens' Committee of Fifteen, which had been operating in a rather desultory manner, began making raids on gambling and disorderly houses. The

committee, organized by the Chamber of Commerce, was in search of information that New York was really wicked, and though officials and detectives of the Parkhurst and Comstock societies could have given all the information needed, the Committee of Fifteen chose to see for itself.

William Travers Jerome, who had been a judge of special sessions in New York since the reform administration of 1895, accompanied detectives of the Committee of Fifteen on their raids and held summary court on the premises. Jerome had been an assistant to John W. Goff in prosecuting the Lexow inquiry in 1894 and was to make a name for himself as a vigorous district attorney of New York County over a period of eight years.

Tammany answered the Committee of Fifteen by organizing its own Committee of Five, which started later than and finished before its boiled-shirt rivals, but conducted its investigations informally and save for a broadside its chairman, Lewis Nixon, delivered at Devery, whom Van Wyck was to describe as "the best chief of police New York ever had," it raised no ripples. When it gave up the ghost in March, Devery was no longer chief of police.

On January 10, 1901, Jerome, in his Court of Special Sessions, had made the statement that gambling was going on every night in Canfield's. Captain Lantry of the East Fifty-first Street Station, whose precinct had the responsibility for any gambling being done on East

Forty-fourth Street, replied through the press that with the help of Canfield's neighbors he had investigated the reports and that there positively was no gambling going on. Canfield, he said, was in Europe and two Negroes, a man and a woman, were the sole inhabitants of the place. The Tenderloin gamblers laughed at this statement. Canfield was in New York all right, and gambling was going on, though it was confined to a dozen of the dyed-in-the-wool regulars. After Canfield left for Europe in the middle of February play was carried on only spasmodically.

The Legislature, on appeal from Republicans in New York, backed by independent Democrats, now passed the Stranahan Bill, which provided for abolition of the Police Board of four and of the office of chief of the department, vesting the authority in a single commissioner appointed by the mayor. Governor Odell signed the bill on the morning of February 22d. Before four o'clock that afternoon Van Wyck had appointed Colonel Michael G. Murphy, up to that moment president of the Health Board, as commissioner of police. Murphy at once named Devery his first deputy.

The town interpreted this move as a thumb-at-nose answer to the reformers and the Legislature, particularly since Murphy declared that his first deputy would have exactly the same authority as he had hitherto enjoyed, except that he would not be allowed to make transfers in the department on his own initiative. Van Wyck put one of the erstwhile commissioners, Sexton,

in Murphy's old job, and soon Ex-President York was named second deputy police commissioner. Murphy promised, despite these ill omens, that vice in all its forms would be attacked by the police with vigor and there was a disposition to give him a chance to tilt at the vice windmill. The colonel had been a member of the county democracy, was a late convert to the Tammany ranks, and had served on the Tammany Committee of Five which was now preparing to wind up its affairs. He was a Civil War veteran and had taken a leading part in the Fenians' attempt on Canada.

On March 2d Murphy let it be known that there positively was no gambling going on at 5 East Forty-fourth Street, that one of his detectives had been able to gain admission to the place and had found the tables covered with dust cloths, which convinced the police commissioner at least that no play had been in progress there for weeks.

Eight days later the *Herald* printed a map of Manhattan designating locations of 91 gambling houses and 139 pool rooms. The map had been furnished by Lewis Nixon, chairman of the Tammany Committee of Five, which had finished its work but was yet to issue a formal report. Commissioner Murphy shook up the police force simultaneously with the publication of the map, transferring several captains and subordinate officers. It was revealed that Nixon had sent a cablegram to Croker in England while the committee was conducting its investigation, protesting at Devery's retention on

the force and saying that he could no longer continue with the committee unless Devery were forced out. Croker's answer had caused the wind-up of the committee's work:

> I am sorry that you have taken this position. Devery cannot retire in the face of the attacks made by our enemies. If he has been guilty of a crime let them convict him. When that is done I will be one of the first to help throw him out.

When Jerome seemed doubtful that Canfield's was really closed up, and took occasion to assure his courtroom that there wasn't a single square gambler in New York, no, neither Canfield nor anyone else, Colonel Murphy sent another detective to Canfield's. In the hallway he came to grips with a Negro servant who, mistaking him for a burglar, scuffled with him and fired a shot at him which luckily went wild. Upon subduing the servant, the detective entered the house and satisfied himself that no gambling was going on.

That was the night the formal report of the Committee of Five was made public. The police were furnished the detailed list the *Herald* had printed ten days before. The committee found that prostitution on the lower East Side was less open and flagrant than it had been some months before, and that the police had the situation under control. As for gambling, the opinion was expressed that most of the houses had been closed down for several weeks.

Platt meanwhile had been persuaded by some up-

state Republicans that the party had a wonderful political opportunity in the police situation in the city. He sent his son Frank to Albany with a message to Governor Odell that a bill which would allow the governor to name the police head in New York would be passed by the Legislature. Odell was warned by young Platt that if he valued his political future he would sign such a bill.

The governor was ambitious politically. Two New York governors had reached the White House in recent years. Platt was powerful. But the proposal was repugnant to him, he flatly refused to advocate it, and told young Platt he would veto it if it passed the Legislature. Platt backed down, New York City was allowed to run its own Police Department, and Odell served another term as governor.

VI

The Committee of Fifteen, sometimes in evening clothes and operating with the University Club as a base, continued to make raids, with Jerome going along to help out, and accepting bail from whatever prisoners might be corralled in the dives which were visited. Occasionally the quarry had fled when the raiders arrived, and on one occasion, when a projected raid on the Haymarket failed, it was established that a couple of detectives from the near-by West Thirtieth Street Police Station had given warning to the proprietor of what was coming. The newspapers were not at all back-

ward in saying that Big Tim Sullivan as the head of the gambling ring was responsible for this dereliction, and further charged that the detectives of the Fifteen were frequently bought up, as were those of the Parkhurst Society.

Canfield returned from England in mid-April to find the *World* claiming that he had a couple of times broken the bank at Monte Carlo and another newspaper proclaiming that a Pittsburgh millionaire had dropped $50,000 in a night's play at 5 East Forty-fourth Street. Honest John Kelly's brokerage house had just failed, and Kelly was out $150,000. Another gambler who had just got into the news was the inveterate Canfield booster, Pat Sheedy, who was said to have been the go-between in the transfer of the Gainsborough painting of the Duchess of Devonshire which the notorious Adam Worth had cut from its frame in the art rooms of William Agnew & Sons in Bond Street, London, many years before. The picture had been held in a warehouse in Brooklyn and was restored to the Agnews when they paid $25,000 to Worth through the Pinkertons and Sheedy. The Agnews originally paid about fifty thousand dollars for the picture, and as they soon sold it to J. Pierpont Morgan for $125,000 they were satisfied. The transaction gave Sheedy the sort of publicity he wanted, and thenafter he basked in the spotlight whenever a wealthy child was kidnaped or a work of art was pilfered, offering to act as a respectable fence in transactions between the underworld and its betters.

The Committee of Fifteen and the Republicans and independent Democrats who were responsible for its formation were now at loggerheads, some vigorous critics declaring the committee was merely stirring up a hornet's nest without getting anywhere. The committee itself was divided on the practicability of continuing the spectacular raids which Jerome and John McCullagh, state superintendent of elections and Devery's predecessor as chief of police, were staging. At the end of February, while detectives of the committee were awaiting the word in the gambling house of Albert Hallenbeck, 107 West Forty-fifth Street, Mrs. Hallenbeck had come downstairs and stopped the gambling with the announcement that her husband had just died. The incident, small in itself, caused a renewal of criticism. There was talk that the committee was playing favorites. And why didn't it raid Canfield's?

One of the most vigorous of the critics of the raids was John D. Crimmins, an independent Democrat who was considered a possibility as the Fusion candidate for mayor the next fall.

Senator Sullivan was riding the tide now. Fifty of his friends, including the acting leader of Tammany, John F. Carroll, paid $150 apiece to toast him at a dinner at the Hoffman House. They presented him with a silver souvenir six feet high. The menu was in impeccable French and the favors, silver statuettes of the senator, cost fifty dollars each. Big Tim led the diners in singing the old Hoyt favorite, "The Bowery," and Frank

Farrell and Carroll assured him that he was the finest fellow in the world.

VII

The *Times* that summer printed a story that "a senator" had collected $350 from each of 411 pool rooms in the city the preceding spring on the pretext that the money would be spent in killing in the Senate a bill which made it a misdemeanor for a telephone or telegraph company to furnish information on racing to keepers of pool rooms or other gambling resorts. The bill had passed the Assembly when the collection was made. How the $143,850 collected was distributed nobody seemed to know, but the bill failed to pass the Senate.

Jerome's detectives and those of the Committee of Fifteen had been getting under Bill Devery's skin, and whenever he had the opportunity to discredit the work of the reformers he did so. When a policeman who had been sentenced to three months in jail for non-support of his young children came before the deputy chief in May for the formality of being dropped from the force, his lawyer mentioned the fact that Justice Jerome had had a hand in sending the policeman to prison.

"Justice Jerome, eh!" bellowed Devery. "This complaint's dismissed. There's a lot of tin soldiers runnin' around this town with popguns on their shoulders, shootin' them off in the streets and raisin' riot and re-

bellion and degradin' the whole—the whole community. It's an outrage. Justice Jerome ain't goin' to run this town if I kin help it [wild applause from the policemen in Devery's court]. . . . It's about time a halt was called."

Early in August there was an explosion to set the town by the ears over the gambling conditions in a confession by two men formerly in the pay of the Parkhurst Society that they were now employed by the gamblers and were bribing detectives of the various reform bodies to tip off the gambling houses in advance of raids. The sensation cause the political pot to boil. The Republican machine, mindful of the obloquy heaped upon it for its misdeeds of 1897, speaking through Platt promised to support any candidate the Fusion forces might decide to oppose to Tammany. The Hall was itself looking around for a candidate, since Van Wyck had been lampooned as a director of the ice trust and the vice scandals of his administration made it impossible for him to continue. Out of fifteen men whom a committee of citizens selected as potential nominees for mayor on the Fusion ticket, Seth Low, who had been the Independent Republican nominee in 1897, was chosen. He had been president of Columbia since 1889. This job he now gave up and with Jerome, who was running for the district attorneyship, made a vigorous campaign that emphasized the administration's alliance with vice.

They talked in every borough and several times a day for weeks before the election. Jerome displayed the brass check, symbol of white-slave houses of bondage

whose infamy Upton Sinclair has celebrated in a book title, and promised that if elected he would clean up the city. Low pilloried the Van Wyck administration and ridiculed Edward M. Shepard, his opponent, who four years before as well as just before accepting the nomination had been opposed to Tammany.

Jerome paid his respects to Canfield several times during the campaign. When he was heckled about the East Forty-fourth Street place he promised it would not do business long after he was elected. And a couple of weeks before the election he quoted Canfield as saying to a friend that if he could get police protection that he didn't have to pay so much for, he wouldn't have a double zero in addition to the single zero carried by the Monte Carlo roulette wheels.

There were amusing things in the campaign sandwiched between the thrusts to the hilt both sides made. One night, when Jerome was making an effective attack on the rottenness of the police force, someone enthusiastically called, "You are Teddy Number Two."

Mr. Jerome did not pause in making answer:

"President Roosevelt is a sterling man right down to the ground, and he always rings true, but as police commissioner he enforced the law in an unwise way and in a way that his oath of office did not call for."

One of the handbooks of the campaign, entitled "'Touchin' on an' appertainin' to Mr. Deputy Commissioner Devery," set forth the history of the vice syndicate which for a price protected those engaged in

illicit enterprises. Carrying the story up to 1901, it went on:

> . . . The combine took to licensing gambling houses, pool rooms, and disorderly houses. So many gambling houses were opened that there was not business enough to go around. The gamblers complained that the percentage of profits and the "extras" demanded by the combine were too high. They began cheating and using "brace games." In disorderly houses women began to rob their patrons. In known instances women who were low, but not thieves, were told that if they would add stealing to their other wrong doing they could increase their own revenue and keep up with the demands made upon them by the police for money. Protection from prosecution was promised and given.

Scanning the two-volume scrap book of the New York Public Library carrying cartoons dealing with the Police Department in 1900 and 1901, one comes to feel that here was indeed a body of men whose business it was to plunder rather than protect the people. Those in authority, there can be no question, were in league with the gambling-house keepers and the proprietors of bawdy houses, and if the lower officers and the patrolmen wanted to keep out of trouble they had to wink at violations of law countenanced by their superiors while pouncing upon those who failed to pay. One sees cartoons and photographs of Jerome holding court in gambling dens he raided with outside help while the police were desperately trying to tip off the law violators. He sees pictures of people who are identified as the receivers of

the swag, maps showing location of gambling houses, pool rooms, policy shops, and houses of ill fame the police had for years carried on their books as "suspicious places" while making no attempt to verify the "suspicions" that everybody knew were only too well founded. It is not too much to say that, despite the efforts of Comstock, Parkhurst, Jerome, and their allies, the town was wider open than at any time before or since.

New York believed Jerome and Low the first Tuesday in November. Manhattan and the Bronx gave Low a majority of 6,000 over Shepard, and in the five boroughs the Fusion candidate led by 31,000. Jerome beat Ullman, the Tammany nominee who had been an assistant of the discredited Asa Bird Gardiner, by 18,000 votes.

Devery, who had squawked when he lost his job as chief in February, talked vaguely in the days following the election of getting his job back through the courts, but he saw the handwriting on the wall and went out of the department at the close of the year, content to collect a yearly pension after having been the subject of more investigations and formal trials than any other police official, not excepting the notorious Williams. Devery and his old friend and fellow companion, Frank Farrell, got the franchise for the New York American League team and held it until 1915, when they sold out to Til Huston and Jacob Ruppert. They failed to win a pennant and in only one year was the club profitable. It was this same baseball property that Huston and

Ruppert brought through the judicious use of a great deal of money to a point where it is to-day the most valuable of all major-league franchises. Huston sold out his share to Ruppert a few years ago. No reform men can think up as many nasty things to say about Farrell and Devery as the New York baseball fans who waited year after year for the Highlanders, as they were then called, to show some baseball ability.

The Society for the Prevention of Crime raided Al Adams's headquarters at 366 West Thirty-first Street a month after election and captured Al and a number of his henchmen. With a number of "dream books" and other paraphernalia was positive proof that Adams controlled eighty-two policy shops in Manhattan north of Fourteenth Street. When the policy king was finally sentenced to Sing Sing for a year and required to pay a fine of $1,000, an official of the Parkhurst Society said, "The entire police force, from chief to patrolmen, has known for a long term of years that Al Adams was just the criminal we proved him to be; and although $11,000,000 a year are paid the police for ridding the community of policy kings, they take the eleven millions and let voluntary societies like our own do their work for them."

Soon after his release from Sing Sing Adams committed suicide.

On December 19, 1901, Reginald Vanderbilt, great-grandson of the old commodore, was twenty-one years of age. With a number of his fellow students at Yale he celebrated the occasion with a dinner at one of the

clubs. After the dinner Reginald took his friends to a gambling place where he lost $70,000.

In a few weeks the story got out. It was bruited about that the game had taken place at Canfield's, a natural enough inference since young Vanderbilt was a patron of both the Forty-fourth Street place and the Nautilus Club at Newport—and Canfield had his I. O. U.'s for $300,000. Only this time it was not Canfield that got the money, but Dave Johnson.

Canfield, on the last night of 1901, with his two tables and faro box merrily turning out money for him, announced to his patrons that "for the present" there would be no gambling. Jerome had been talking big, and Canfield, who in his cups at Delmonico's a short time before had profanely boasted that the new district attorney couldn't get into his place, decided that he would wait a while to see just how things developed.

He could not have foreseen that this night of December 31, 1901, was the last night a Canfield-operated wheel or box in New York City would click forth the bad news to the men on the wrong side of the table. The cumulative publicity he had enjoyed in these two years and three months since the opening of the Forty-fourth Street place was to convince Jerome and everybody else that play was going on there all through 1902—though it wasn't. When police officers on the night of December 1, 1902, broke into his place they found plenty of gambling apparatus, but it was packed away in a closet where it had reposed for eleven months.

VIII

At last Jerome was in office as district attorney, with the Police Department, at the top at least, friendly toward the idea of cleaning up the town. Colonel John N. Partridge, whom Seth Low named to be police commissioner, was ready to transform the force into a resolute body of vigilant defenders of the public weal. Devery was in the ash can with his quarter of a million dollars, muttering against Tammany and yet anxious to be the Tammany leader in the Ninth Assembly District on the West Side. Croker after the loss of the city had again announced his retirement, and Lewis Nixon, the shipbuilder who had found his style cramped when he tried to get at the truth of the vice situation one short year before, was the titular head of Tammany Hall.

During December, while retaining his judgeship in the Court of Special Sessions so that Tammany might not be able to fill his place, Jerome had laid his plans carefully for the job of ferreting out the gamblers. Jerome was a realist after fourteen years' experience in fighting vice, and he had determined that the most successful way to fight the gamblers was to employ a spy who would have the confidence of the men running the houses, a man who could on occasion hazard a few dollars, but would never under any circumstances be thought of as an employee of a crusading district attorney. And so before he took office he had his spy—a

soft-spoken Southerner who knew his way around the town. Jerome used his own money to pay this man's salary, and although the relation of employer and employee continued uninterruptedly through the eight years he was district attorney, he never saw the man during that time, and only once was the spy inside his office. Though the man is now dead, Mr. Jerome does not care to give his name. Many times in the years that followed the gamblers suspected that someone on the inside was giving tips to the district attorney, but evidently they never were lucky enough to fasten on to the spy. The former district attorney assured me recently that he is quite certain his informer did not "double cross" him, leaving that characteristic piece of work to another private detective.

Almost without exception the gambling houses throughout the city were closed down during the first three months of Jerome's term. If there was play it was spasmodic and with only an inner ring of patrons allowed the privileges of the house for a few hours daily. The gamblers were in truth very much at sea. If Jerome with a hostile police force and city administration arrayed against him had been able to make life miserable for the gamblers as he had in 1900 and 1901, how much more would he accomplish under favorable auspices as district attorney. Of course there were high police officials still friendly to Big Tim and Farrell, and under them were men who were slippery enough to neutralize the efforts of Colonel Partridge

and Jerome, but there was no telling where the reformers would plant one of their men. Perhaps it would be better to wait and see how things shaped up. After all, the reformers had only two years to go before making an accounting at the polls.

So during the first two months of 1902 the city showed more interest in Senator Brackett's bill providing protection for Canfield's Saratoga place than in the gambling situation in Manhattan. The dramatic suicide of Cale Mitchell while this bill was before the Legislature, detailed in another chapter, brought gambling forcibly to the attention of the entire state, but Brackett was able to get the bill enacted. It provided that in all Saratoga cases involving civil arrest the warrant to be effective must be approved by a Saratoga police justice. As sentiment in the village of Saratoga was overwhelmingly in favor of an open town during the summer season, gambling houses which operated with the consent of the village authorities were safe from the petty annoyances of reformers, and only a governor resolutely demanding that a sheriff close the gambling places could now worry Canfield.

But toward the end of March, 1902, when the newspapers printed stories about Reginald Vanderbilt losing $70,000 celebrating his twenty-first birthday the preceding December, the reporters went to Jerome to find out what he was going to do about closing up the Forty-fourth Street place.

Jerome told them he could put Canfield's out of busi-

ness—but there was a hitch that had not been mentioned in the campaign speeches of last October:

"It would take at least a thousand dollars to get into Dick Canfield's place and get corroborative evidence. Do you think the controller would stand for a bill of $250 lost at roulette? He would say that the city isn't going to spend its money in that way."

Jerome added that he himself wouldn't put up the money on the chance the controller would reimburse him.

Captain Lantry of the East Fifty-first Street Station pooh poohed the idea that there was gambling at Canfield's and offered to give his year's salary, $2,450, to anyone who could get into the place and bring out evidence that would convict the king gambler.

"I have been trying for two years to get evidence against Canfield's place and never a bit have I got," he assured the reporters. "Only let someone come forward with a complaint and evidence on which I can get a warrant and I'll break in right away if I have to break every door in the house. The house is closed as tight as a drum anyhow. I can't get in there and if my men tried to get in there they'd be thrown out. I have had men detailed to watch the place, and not two people go in and out in a day. I could station a man in uniform in front of the house but that would be a fool proposition for the man couldn't arrest anybody who went in or out. The house is in the directory as Mr. Canfield's private residence and he is in Europe at present, I

understand. I wouldn't know the man if I met him, anyhow."

Jerome's statements about the amount of money needed to convict Canfield called forth an editorial in the *Tribune* which took him to task for his hesitancy about spending money in closing "the most famous and familiar hell in town." Under the title "Canfield's" the newspaper said:

> The official view seems to be that there are insuperable obstacles in the way of closing a notorious gambling house in this city. Thousands of citizens know just where it is and almost anybody, on slight inquiry, can learn all about it. It is luxuriously furnished and elaborately equipped with the various implements of the business conducted under its roof. To get in the visitor must be known by the attendants at the door as a person whom it is safe to admit, or, at least, must be accompanied or vouched for by such a person; but its patrons make little or no effort to conceal the fact that they frequent the place. Singly or in groups they go there—for example, from a neighboring restaurant, to which, perhaps, they return to discuss their luck. There is probably not a policeman in the Borough of Manhattan who is not aware that it is open and prosperous, and a man wanting to be conveyed thither would think it strange if his cab driver did not know the quickest route.
>
> How does it happen that this establishment continues to gratify the passion for gambling of a large number of men, many of them prominent in the life of this and other cities, and to heap up riches for its undisputed and conspicuous owner? Unquestionably because it pays for the privilege.

Pays whom? We don't pretend to be able to name the recipients, but it would be idiotic to suppose that it defies the law with perfect impunity for nothing, or for less than a large amount of cash. District Attorney Jerome says that if the controller would pay his bills, which would be heavy, he could close this and every other gambling house in the city; but he takes it for granted that the controller would refuse to pay them, and says that he is certainly not going to spend his own money for that purpose. Perhaps Mr. Jerome is right, and yet public recollection of things done by Mr. Jerome himself in that general line is fresh. It has not always been very expensive to avoid the police, catch gamblers at play and get away with the apparatus. If in this instance the district attorney is right, it is a disgrace that he is not wrong. But what if it would cost some hundreds or thousands of dollars to shut up the most famous and familiar hell in town? The evidence of crime often comes high. Mr. Jerome thinks, or used to think, that every liquor dealer in New York ought to be nabbed as often as he violated the law, if it cost a million and required the services of the whole police force. Isn't it pretty nearly as important a duty to stop the enormous gains of a notorious gambling house as to interfere with the illegal sale of a glass of beer?

It may be conceded that it is not so easy to secure admittance at Canfield's front door as at the family entrance of a groggery. But we won't concede either that the public authorities could not put a stop to his business if they were bound to do so without subjecting the city to a heavy expense, or that a heavy expense would not be wisely incurred in ending a scandal which, whether they recognize it or not, is attaining monstrous proportions.

IX

Canfield made no answer to the attacks on him and his business, although Bucklin, on his orders, allowed no gambling in the place. At just about the time the *Tribune* was insisting that Jerome make good on his promises to get into the Forty-fourth Street place Frank Farrell was making an offer to Canfield of $1,000,000 to take over the places on Forty-fourth Street and Saratoga. When Canfield refused Farrell set about making his property at 33 West Thirty-third Street into a luxurious gaming place. Workmen put bars inside the windows and installed an almost impregnable door. He spent a quarter of a million on the place. If Canfield had the advantage of being close to Delmonico's and Sherry's, the new Farrell place was right back of the Waldorf-Astoria, which could be counted upon to furnish the out-of-town plungers in quantity. The preparations for work of putting the new place in shape attracted so much attention that the newspapers started to carry stories about it, and the *Tribune* in September addressed itself to Low and Jerome, demanding that as soon as the place opened it be raided.

But it wasn't.

Canfield had a prosperous summer at Saratoga despite the notoriety which he had suffered as a result of Mitchell's suicide. The racing season under the direction of William C. Whitney was a brilliant success. John W. Gates, John A. Drake, and the other plungers

were on hand and play was high. Canfield's profits for the month of August were well over the $500,000 mark. During the season announcement was made that the old Indian encampment adjoining the Club House had been acquired, that it would be made into a park, and that the clubhouse would be enlarged. Brackett's measure had apparently made Saratoga permanently safe for the gamblers.

That fall of 1902 was to see the final struggle between the forces of reform and wide-open gambling of the type that had been going on for two generations in New York. Could Jerome and Low make good on their promises to close up Canfield's, Daly's, and the rest? Big Tim Sullivan's faction in Tammany Hall was in the ascendant now. Lewis Nixon, shipbuilder and temporary head of Tammany, resigned in disgust in May, 1902, and a triumvirate consisting of Charles F. Murphy, Daniel F. McMahon, and Louis F. Haffen was placed in charge of the Hall's destinies. Big Tim could have run roughshod over all three of them, but he wanted to remain in the background and pull the strings of the gambling combination. Due to his support, Tammany in September made Murphy leader, and in May of the following year gave him full control.

In September the gambling house owned by John Daly at 39 West Twenty-ninth Street closed down. His place at 8 Barclay Street, which had been in almost continuous existence since Morrissey's prize-fighting days, had been shut up in March, due, it was said, to

the enmity of a Republican district leader. "Lon" Maynard's establishment on Broadway between Forty-Second and Forty-third streets closed up because, as Maynard told his intimates, the police had frightened away his customers. He had refused to pay, it appeared, and someone had given forth the dictum, "no pay, no play." Word had apparently gone forth that Jerome in the lingo of the day would have a fat chance closing up the gambling places that were careful about who was allowed to play, for just east of Broadway on the lower side of Forty-fourth Street Dave Gideon and John Daly were having a house fitted up for gambling purposes, a house subsequently to be managed for them by William W. Busteed and Shang Draper and Al Adams, the latter out on bail after his arrest for running policy houses, were having two adjoining houses on the same street renovated and connected, with the purpose of moving the gambling paraphernalia from one into the other while a raid was in progress. There were other places above Forty-second Street on which work was quietly going forward, and it looked as if the old Tenderloin would soon yield to a new.

Jerome set his jaw a little tighter—and opened it only to talk. During November he announced that a man whom he knew to be a patron of Canfield's was on the then sitting grand jury, and that Canfield might be summoned by the jury and asked all about the Forty-fourth Street house, but at that house it was said he was out of town and nobody knew when he would re-

turn. It turned out he was in Providence visiting his family.

Suddenly the situation took on a new aspect. A detective employed by the Citizens' Union made affidavit that he had been able to get into Canfield's and had lost money there. The affidavit was the basis of a warrant which Jerome received on the afternoon of December 1st.

CHAPTER X

THE BLOW FALLS

I

Joseph Jacobs was the instrument through which Canfield's gave way before the attack of Jerome and his men on the night of December 1, 1902. Jacobs had been for nearly five years a member of the detective force of the Citizens' Union and had become something of a figure in the raids which that organization conducted, and in the court sessions which followed. He was a small-boy's idea of a sleuth, a man much given to disguises, or at least talk of disguises. He told the reporters inquiring about his life previous to his New York appearance that he had once kept a restaurant in Arizona, with card tables accompanying. One night during a quarrel at the card tables the lights had been shot out, and when order was restored and the lights came on again four men were found dead.

"From that moment," he solemnly assured the newspapermen, "I have warred unceasingly on gambling and gamblers."

At noon of December 1st Judge Wyatt of the Court of Special Sessions, acting on Jacobs's affidavit that

he had gambled in Canfield's, made out a warrant permitting entry and search of the Canfield house at 5 East Forty-fourth Street. On similar grounds he also issued warrants against the premises at 33 West Thirty-third Street, said to be owned by Frank Farrell and Gottfried Walbaum, the latter of whom had been the owner of the old Guttenberg race track in New Jersey, and against the establishment of Lou Ludlum on Fortieth Street opposite the Metropolitan Opera House.

Nearly two years later Jacobs was arrested in the office of Philip J. Britt, Canfield's lawyer, where he had confessed that the affidavit he swore out against Canfield's was false in every particular, and was sentenced to a year in Sing Sing for perjury.

But now in the afternoon of December 1, 1902, a detective with a salary of twenty-five dollars a week and an expense account, he went into a public telephone booth, consulted a notebook which gave the number of the private telephone at 5 East Forty-fourth Street, and talked with Bucklin. He told Canfield's manager of the impending raid, and asked him to convey to William Burbridge, manager of the house at 33 West Thirty-third Street, and to Ludlum, the same tidings.

Bucklin at once got Canfield on the long-distance wire at Providence, and Canfield took a train which landed him at Grand Central Station before ten o'clock. In the meantime Bucklin had got in touch with John Delahunty, Canfield's attorney, and both went to the

house and conferred with Bucklin and a couple of Canfield's friends who had never gambled in his place.

When Police Inspector Brooks, county detectives, and assistant district attorneys climbed through the window which Brooks had smashed, without waiting for the formality of having the door opened, shortly after eleven o'clock that night, Canfield and Delahunty met them. Last year a newspaper printed a reminiscent story of how reporters attending a dinner at Delmonico's at the corner of Forty-fourth Street had got into Canfield's by means of a Delmonico dumbwaiter which served the gambling house. It is too bad, but the story simply couldn't be true. Although Canfield's was "next to Del's" to the rounders, there were in fact twenty-seven feet separating the two places, and those twenty-seven feet were occupied by the home of Mrs. Charles Robinson, who had been annoyed time and again by persons making the very natural mistake that her house was the Canfield gaming place. Mrs. Robinson could have been served by a Delmonico dumbwaiter —though she wasn't—but not Canfield.

But the newspapermen had no difficulty in getting into Canfield's once the door had been opened from the inside and the second wave of police had entered that way. The reporters roamed to and fro, making notes of the furnishings, asking questions, now of Canfield, now of Jerome, and even of the colored servants. They followed the detectives from floor to floor as the search for gambling paraphernalia was prosecuted. It was the

first time Jerome had ever seen Canfield, who was in evening clothes, as were Bucklin and his guests. Jacobs, brought face to face with Canfield, said he had not seen him when he played in the house six days before, but identified Bucklin as the man who had dealt him faro. So Bucklin was placed under arrest.

A superficial search of the house had disclosed no gambling apparatus. But closer investigation of the top-floor rooms showed that one of them, the second from the rear, was not as deep as the others. The room was filled with trunks and hampers, and articles of clothing hung on the east wall. Inspector Brooks tapped this wall with a hammer. It sounded hollow. Once again he swung an axe. Two or three blows opened up a hole, and with the help of a candle they were looking into a small room in which the first glance brought to view what they were looking for.

"By God!" said Jerome, as he looked into it. "At last we've got the stuff!"

Ten minutes later enough of the wall was down to enable the detectives and police, who had now arrived, to take out five long roulette tables, three wheels, a faro layout, several packs of playing cards, and thousands of ivory chips, most of them plain, but some initialed M. S. C. (Madison Square Club) and D. & C. (Duff & Canfield). None of the chips had the interlaced crescents with which furniture and walls of the house were adorned, a device used on stationery of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, which the recently ended

The only posed photograph of Canfield in existence, from a tintype taken in Cortland, New York, in 1903 when he was attending the trial of his manager, David W. Bucklin. Bucklin is at the left.

Molineux murder trial had made familiar to New York. No entrance to the room could be found. There was no entrance. The stuff was dead storage.

Jerome refused Canfield's offer to have his servants carry out the valuable roulette wheels and tables. As the officers removed the equipment from the house a crowd of five thousand milling in the street trying to get as near as possible to "the house that couldn't be raided" was held in check by police reserves. The reporters tarried for a few moments (first editions didn't come out as early then as now) to hear what Canfield had to say. He was ready to talk:

"There has not been a card turned in my house in months. The police and the district attorney examined the place tonight from top to bottom and found nothing.

"They sounded the walls and floors, looking for mysterious hiding places, and finally on the top floor they found in a place I have reserved for storage gambling equipment which does not belong here. It is used in my Newport establishment which is closed, and it was simply sent here for storage.

"I wish to say that Mr. Jerome was very courteous and gentlemanly. He was very nice to me and I was willing to assist him. They have arrested my manager but they have not done anything to me yet."

The next day Jerome gleefully announced:

"It cost less than fifty dollars to get Canfield, and a wild and woolly Westerner with no social connections did the job. Therefore I conclude that Canfield is like all the other gam-

blers, willing to take every cent every man has got, no matter what his station."

And Canfield:

"I have learned that a man's house is his castle everywhere except in New York."

Jacobs was strutting about telling how easy it had been to get the evidence against the Forty-fourth Street place. A millionaire whom he did not identify had taken him there.

"I posed as a Java prince and wore a black curly wig and a black beard. I had my face colored to complete the disguise. It was a great success. I first played roulette and lost. Then I tackled the faro game and won. I made money at Canfield's, but not very much."

Later he changed this story, saying that he had paid ten dollars to a former dealer in Canfield's, who had got him by the doorman. On that occasion there had been no gambling in the place, but the next time he went there he was one of several that played roulette. He lost his money quickly, and got out. It was all lies, but only Canfield and a few of the gamblers realized it.

The newspaper stories were columns long, with pictures of Canfield, Jerome, Brooks, Piper, Bucklin, pictures of the paraphernalia taken from the house, of the famous doorway and of the entire exterior, diagrams of the floors, stories of the Vanderbilt losses and the suit against the Drummonds, and in a day or so a

complaint from Canfield that someone had walked off with one of his small peachblow vases, valued at $8,000. It was returned by a reporter who had put the bauble in his pocket thinking it was worth a dollar or so and wouldn't be missed. Pat Sheedy reiterated his statement of the preceding year that Canfield was the only real gambler in the United States, and that Jacobs had never played there, to which Jerome replied that Sheedy was a crook who had been clever enough to keep out of jail, a card sharper and dope giver.

When Canfield and Farrell complained that Jerome had used illegal methods in entering their places, the *Times* declared it had faith in the district attorney and that if the gamblers felt they had cause for action, why didn't they proceed against him? "Perhaps Jerome knows some law himself," the paper remarked. As for the police:

> Whatever assurances of immunity they may give to powerful gamblers they cannot keep the pact so long as this terrible district attorney is in office.

Meanwhile Bucklin, having been released on bail, was subpœnaed to tell a judge in star-chamber examination what he knew about gambling in Canfield's, and Jerome announced that he would hale between ten and twenty patrons of Canfield's before the same jurist and make them relate their experiences there. His first subpœna was served upon Jesse Lewisohn, junior

partner of the banking firm of Lewisohn Brothers. When Jerome told the newspapermen that Arthur A. Housman, head of a stock-exchange house, would also be subpœnaed, Housman wrote a letter to the newspapers indignantly denying that he had ever been inside Canfield's.

It appeared that on the night of the raid Jerome had told Canfield that his wealthy patrons would find themselves facing the glare of undesirable publicity if he did not plead guilty, and that Canfield had replied, "Oh, well, then, I'll stand for my place."

Just two weeks after the raid Canfield sought the arrest of Jerome, Brooks, and Piper on charges of illegal entry. Farrell also brought suit against Jerome and a group of police officers. Of course this action was a mere gesture, for as the *Times* pointed out, the indictments which Canfield and Farrell sought must pass through Jerome's hands. Furthermore, said the newspaper, Canfield would have difficulty in proving that he himself had been "in the peace of the people of New York."

Jerome quoted Tennyson in answering through the newspapers the Canfield and Farrell actions:

"It amazes me that a gang like this should be so stupid as to play into my hands as they have done. . . . The best thing for a lawbreaker to do is to engage in just as few legal contests as possible. He has troubles enough of his own to keep out of jail without making any attempt to fight back. The wise ones or those who are well advised go 'way back and

sit down and keep as quiet as possible. A felon like Canfield has got an intolerable cheek to go blowing around about his constitutional rights. But the animus and purpose of his proceedings are quite plain and they don't disturb me a particle. This man's actions remind me of what Lord Tennyson once wrote when he had a fight on with Lord Lytton and wanted to get back at him. It was in one of Tennyson's earlier poems and referring to Lytton he said:

"'But men of long enduring hopes
And careless what the hour may bring
Can pardon little would-be popes
And Brummells when they try to sting.'"

Canfield answered with a renewal of his search-and-seizure stand and matched Tennyson with Whittier:

"It is absolutely impossible for an unlettered felon to cope with the intellect, culture and refinement of a person like the district attorney, therefore I would make a most pitiable spectacle of myself in attempting to reply. Besides, I have employed lawyers to do the talking for me, and what's the use of having lawyers unless you use them? Then, too, I have always supposed that the proper place to try legal actions, criminal or civil, was in a court of law. The district attorney evidently thinks that the place to try his cases is in the newspapers. Maybe he is right and I must bow to such a superior intellect.

"I am just about to start on a little trip to a Western city to look at a few paintings and porcelains that are about to be sold by a Western collector. I would much rather look at art collections than to engage in a wordy controversy with Mr.

Jerome. If I am found guilty of any crime I must take the consequences of it like any other criminal. In the meantime I hope to establish the fact that a citizen of New York has certain rights in any house where he may be abiding which the police and even the district attorney must respect. The actions I have begun I have begun on principle and I shall fight them to the end. As Whittier wrote in 'The Watchers,'

> "'I shun
> No strife nor pang beneath the sun
> When human rights are staked and won.'"

While this interchange was proceeding members of Jerome's staff had drawn up subpœnas for the secret hearings in Judge Wyatt's chambers and served them on Payne Whitney and his brother, Harry Payne Whitney, and on Mortimer L. Schiff, as well as Jesse Lewisohn and Housman. Lewisohn, refusing to answer the questions, was arrested for contempt of court and got out on a writ of habeas corpus. Housman told reporters on his way out from the secret session that he had spoken his mind to the district attorney for seeking to involve him in the mess. The Whitneys and Schiff took refuge behind the Lewisohn action. Lewisohn was thus the stormy petrel of a fight that went through one state court after another until finally the Court of Appeals decided that he did not have to answer the question, "Do you know Richard A. Canfield?"

While Jerome and the Police Department showed they were in earnest in their fight against gambling by smashing in pool rooms, Jacobs was testifying in court

on cross examination by Canfield's lawyer, former State Supreme Court Justice Edgar L. Fursman. He said that he had been born in Boston, had run away to sea at fourteen, been miner, waiter, ranchman, deputy sheriff, and marshal in the West and had come to New York nine years before. He told the court that one day he ran into a man named Willard, whom he described as a professional tout, and that Willard had offered to get him into Canfield's for twenty dollars and actually did it for ten.

The day before Christmas Canfield sailed for England, to sit for his portrait to Whistler, without taking the trouble to communicate with Jerome. Though Bucklin had been arrested and several of his patrons were squirming to keep from telling what they knew about 5 East Forty-fourth Street, no charge had as yet been made against Canfield himself.

When Jerome learned on January 5th that the master gambler was out of the jurisdiction of any court in the United States he was surprised. Just a few days before he had been talking about prosecuting Canfield to the fullest extent of the law, and here Canfield was gone.

The English art dealers, hearing that the gambler-connoisseur was staying at Claridge's, swarmed about the corridors of his suite "the way they did with J. Pierpont Morgan," as one New York newspaper's correspondent put it. They had no qualms about taking tainted money, it appeared.

II

James Abbott McNeill Whistler was now in his sixty-ninth year, and Canfield, whom he had met through Charles A. Freer, the Detroit art connoisseur whose famous collection of Whistlers now reposes in the Freer Gallery in Washington, had introduced Canfield to the artist two years before. Whistler, having lost none of the idiosyncrasies that almost daily precipitated fights with those thrown in contact with him, was charmed by Canfield's manner, liked to have him about the studio, and according to Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, who certainly were not partial to the gambler, once called Canfield "a perfect gentleman" and on another occasion said that he was "the only man who never made a mistake in the studio."

The story of the four-and-a-half months Canfield spent in London on this occasion is recorded in some detail in the *Life of Whistler* written by the Pennells and in *The Whistler Journal* compiled by Mrs. Pennell. Almost every day he was in the Whistler studio. Sometimes the artist would work for two or three hours on the painting of Canfield, sometimes only for a few minutes, and at other times not at all. Mrs. Pennell records the fact that Whistler was apparently an admirer of Canfield the man, certainly of Canfield the cocktail mixer, and assuredly of Canfield the collector who didn't haggle over prices.

The year before Whistler had cut an art connoisseur

named Kennedy when that valiant soul tried to warn him that Canfield was a gambler and therefore an undesirable character. Kennedy had told the Pennells of the verbal lashing administered to him, and so when in January, 1903, correspondents of the New York papers kept bombarding them for information about the relations of the gambler with the artist the two Americans were in a quandary. Pennell asked one inquiring journalist why he himself didn't ask Whistler the question he wanted answered, and when the other dubiously suggested that Whistler might kick him downstairs, replied, "Well, wouldn't that be better for your story?"

Whistler's health was precarious, and the doctor had warned those who came in contact with him that he must not be excited in any way. The newspapers had a pretty good idea, it seemed, of what Canfield was doing in the Cheyne Walk studio. The Pennells, whom Whistler had some time before named as his literary executors, felt that Whistler ought to be warned that his relations with the gambler were making him look ridiculous in England and America. But look at what had happened to Kennedy, and what the doctor had said. They compromised by telling another artist about it. He said he would try to speak to Whistler. If he did it affected Whistler's relations with Canfield not at all.

Mrs. Pennell speaks of Canfield as "a Harvard graduate who spends his time between quoting Horace,

cleaning out young millionaires and patronizing painters with the proceeds." Whistler himself introduced Mr. Pennell to Canfield in his studio, in the presence of Sir John Lavery, the noted British artist who came to this country last year to paint the portrait of Cardinal Hayes of New York.

"I want to introduce Mr. Canfield of New York" were Whistler's words presenting the "big fat man with clean-shaven face." Canfield "rushed forward with both hands outstretched. 'Oh, Mr. Pennell, I am so delighted to meet you, I have so long known your work.'"

Pennell continues:

"In Whistler's studio there was nothing to do but to shake hands. But with the best will in the world it is not easy to imagine this Canfield any but the notorious gambler Canfield about whom Kennedy warned Whistler."

Mrs. Pennell herself met Canfield, the *Journal* reveals, when Whistler invited her to come to the studio to see the Rosa Corder, which had been bought for America. The gambler was in the studio when she arrived, and he and Whistler let her know that he had bought the picture from Graham Robertson. Whistler was cleaning it, but because of a hard cold made little progress, and soon fell asleep resting his forehead on the tea table.

I am left to Canfield who plays showman and host, too. Seems to be running the whole place—thinks I had better

not wake up W. to say good-bye; he will make all my excuses. . . .

This outlander running the show! No wonder the Pennells felt Whistler was making a mistake.

Canfield had made Robertson an offer of 1,000 pounds for the Rosa Corder, and the dealer had refused, but had accepted a second offer of two thousand. "Damn fool!" was Canfield's comment later. "I would have offered 5,000 pounds and jumped at the chance of getting it for that."

The picture of Canfield by Whistler which the artist in satiric mood named His Reverence was never finished. Whistler died in July of that year. Canfield took the picture to New York and when he died in 1914 it was willed to his son. The son disposed of it to the Knoedler Galleries. It is now in the Cincinnati Museum.

Canfield's interest in the Pennells ceased when their *Life of Whistler* appeared, as did that of Freer, the *Journal* records:

It is not safe to tell the truth about some American collectors [Mrs. Pennell concludes]. The last time J. [Mr. Pennell] saw Canfield was at a show in New York where there was furniture said to be decorated by Whistler. Canfield was loudly explaining the evident fact that the paintings on the furniture were not by Whistler when he saw J. He left the room so rapidly that he forgot his hat and stick and they had to be sent for. This was our last encounter with him, though later he tried to prevent J. from even consulting his published catalogue, while, writing to a man who is our friend and who

showed us the letter, he declared us "monumental ingrates," which has amused and puzzled us ever since, as with the exception of seeing him at Whistler's and endeavoring to get a contribution from him for the Whistler Memorial we never had anything to do with him.

Canfield sailed for America the middle of May, intending to return the following autumn so that Whistler might put the finishing touches on His Reverence. Their last meeting is recorded in an interview Canfield gave a correspondent of the New York *Sun* in Saratoga when the artist died. Whistler in Canfield's version of this scene speaks not unlike the repentant Philip Nolan in Edward Everett Hale's *Man Without a Country:*

"After I had my first sitting on New Year's day, 1903 [said Canfield], I saw Whistler every day until the day I sailed for New York, which was on May 16th. He was not able to work, however, on all those days. In fact, there were days at a time when he could do nothing but lie on a couch and talk, as only Whistler could talk, about those things which interested him. It was mostly of art and artists that he conversed, but now and again he would revert to his younger days at home, to the greatness to which the Republic had attained, and to his years at West Point.

"In spite of all that has been said about him, I know that James McNeill Whistler was one of the intensest Americans that ever lived. He was not what you call an enthusiastic man, but when he reverted to the old days at the Military Academy his enthusiasm was infectious. I think he was really prouder of the years he spent there—three, I think they

were—than any other years of his life. He never tired of telling of the splendid men and soldiers his classmates turned out to be, and he has often said to me that the American army officer trained at West Point was the finest specimen of manhood and of honor in the world.

"It was in this way that I spent every afternoon with Whistler from New Year's until May 15th, the day before I sailed. When he was able to work I would sit as I was told, and then he would paint, sometimes an hour, sometimes three. At other times he would lie on the couch and ask me to sit by and talk to him. On the morning of the day of the last sitting he sent me a note asking me to take luncheon with him, and adding that he felt quite himself and up to plenty of work.

"So I went around to his studio, and he painted until well into the late afternoon. When he was done he said that with a touch or two here and there the picture might be considered finished. Then he added:

"'You are going home to-morrow, to my home as well as yours, and you won't be coming back till the autumn. I've just been thinking that maybe you had better take the picture along with you. His Reverence will do very well as he is, and maybe there won't be any work in me when you come back. I believe I would rather think of you as having this clerical gentleman in your collection, for I've a notion it's the best work I've done.'

"Whistler had never talked that way before, and I have since thought that he was thinking the end was not far away. I told him, more to get the notion, if he had it, out of his mind, that I would not think of taking the picture and that if he didn't put on one of those finishing touches until

I got back, so much the better, for then I could see him work. That seemed to bring him back to himself and he said:

"'So be it, Your Reverence. Now we'll say *au revoir* in a couple of mint juleps.' He sent for the materials, made the cups, and just as the sun was setting, we drank to each other and the homeland, and I was off to catch a train for Liverpool and the steamer. So it was that Whistler and his last subject parted."

It is a pretty picture, and who shall say it is overdrawn?

It transpired that with the aid of the artist Canfield had acquired a collection of Whistler oils, water colors, engravings, pastels, and drawings second only to that of Freer. Most of the collection was sold for $300,000 to the Knoedler Galleries nine months before Canfield's death, and three of the most valuable oils, Rosa Corder, Count Robert, and the Nocturne were in turn bought by Henry C. Frick at a price said to be above two hundred thousand dollars, and are in the Frick Gallery in New York.

III

During Canfield's absence, which continued until near the end of May, Jerome was busy seeking to make certain the conviction of Canfield and other gamblers. To prevent this, the newspapers said, the gamblers had raised a million-dollar fund which would be placed at the disposal of lawyers representing patrons of their establishments who would refuse to help the authorities.

The gamblers took heart when Supreme Court Justice William J. Gaynor, writing in the *North American Review*, condemned the action of Jerome and the police in breaking into Canfield's and decried the tendency of the district attorney generally to resort to extra-legal and illegal methods to get his men.

By the time the newspapers awoke to the fact that Canfield was in London his lawyer had filed suits for damage against Jerome, Deputy Commissioner Piper, and Inspector Brooks, and had sought to have Brooks arrested on a charge of breaking and entering. Jerome was calling Canfield a felon and a crook almost daily. Now he produced the record of the Cranston jail term in Rhode Island to confound Delahunty, who had told newspapermen that the story of Canfield's having served a term in jail was untrue.

When Jerome learned that his man was sitting to Whistler he said: "It is too bad that Mr. Canfield has gone so far and at so great expense to have his portrait painted. If he had remained here a while longer he might have had his picture taken at the expense of the public."

Canfield, interviewed in London, declared that Jerome was conducting a campaign of vilification to screen his blunder in breaking into a place where no gambling was going on. He offered to leave it to Jerome's own clubmates to serve as a jury and decide whether he had ever used crooked methods in his gambling houses. One answer to this was an anonymous

letter in the *Herald* by one who signed himself "Juror No. 1" and who said that five years before he had been robbed at 22 West Twenty-sixth Street while Canfield ran it. Therefore, he said, his verdict would be "Guilty."

While Bucklin was appearing before the grand jury, refusing to answer, being bailed out by Andrew J. Dam after arraignment on charges of being a common gambler and maintaining a nuisance at 5 East Forty-fourth Street, the patrons whose names Jerome had secured were not doing much for him. Henry K. Vingut, one of these, made some damaging admissions when questioned in Judge Wyatt's chambers, but Jesse Lewisohn refused to answer on the ground that to do so might tend to degrade him, and Archie Pell and Edward Wasserman, like Lewisohn Wall Street brokers, followed suit. When Lewisohn was declared in contempt of court he appealed, and the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court upheld him by a three-to-two vote.

Jerome, announcing that he would appeal the Lewisohn case to the Court of Appeals and if necessary to the United States Supreme Court, was in the meantime trying to snare Reginald Vanderbilt, whom popular fancy identified as the *alter ego* of the "drunken kid," who according to Jerome had dropped $405,000 in five nights' play at Canfield's.

Jerome early in January gave to the newspapers a statement that he was convinced all the gambling houses

in New York were crooked. He reproduced a question-and-answer interview which he had had, he said, with a man connected with a couple of Tenderloin gaming places. This specifically named two of Canfield's dealers as crooks.

Delahunty quickly identified the man who had given this statement to Jerome. It was, he said, one Edward Clarke, under indictment for running a "brace game" and known to the gambling fraternity as a "welcher." Pat Sheedy backed this up in these words:

"It has been the talk of the town for some weeks that Clarke had become a Jerome squealer and that he had told the district attorney about nearly every gambling house in town. The fellow has been a piker all his life and wouldn't bet two dollars on anything unless it was lead piped that he'd win. He is as far out of Canfield's class as a selling plater is outside the class of a stake horse. And every gambler in New York knows that he lied when he said Canfield ran a crooked game. Why, Canfield more than any other man is responsible for straight gambling in this town."

It was popularly supposed that Vingut had told Jerome all he needed to get Canfield and Bucklin convicted and that the district attorney was proceeding against Lewisohn merely for the purpose of making an example of him. So when Bucklin was arrested by the Jersey City police at the door of a bank in that city the *Sun* took it for granted that Canfield's manager was

trying to slip out of New York because of Jerome's perfect case. And:

> There is no longer any use for the raid. The star chamber supplies better evidence and does not require the expenditure of so much vital force. The district attorney need not leave his office to get the evidence he wants. The doors of every suspected house are open to him. No wonder the soldiers of fortune are on the run.

General Francis V. Green on January 1, 1903, had succeeded to the police commissionership when Colonel John N. Partridge, well meaning but easy-going, resigned after a stormy year's service. The new commissioner, deciding that the 306 wardmen who served as graft collectors for the captains were the key to protected vice, sent every one of these men to patrol duty in precincts far from those in which they had served, and ordered that for at least ninety days no one of them should be given any other type of police work. At the end of ninety days they might apply for transfer, but under no circumstances were they to serve under their old captains or in the precincts they had formerly worked.

So salutary did this prove that at the end of March the *Sun* was quoting "a prominent gambler" as saying:

> "Up to the present time the gambling houses were never so tightly closed as during the time the President of the United States was in Mulberry Street. And yet, during the

two years of Roosevelt, there were some houses open, for at least a few nights every week. To-day, however, there is not a gambling house of any account, from the Battery north on Manhattan Island, which is doing business. New York was never so free from gambling houses, as going concerns, as it is now.

"There are just about fourteen so-called reputable gambling houses in New York. They are: Canfield's, Dave Johnson's, Billy Coe's, Hallenbeck's, Maynard's, John Daly's, John Kelly's, Betts's, Maher's, Shang Draper's, Charlie Reed's, Sol Lichtenstein's, the houses of the Burbridge-Walbaum confederacy in Thirty-third Street, and Deacon Jim Westcott's.

"Every one of those houses is closed, and you may take my word for it that they will be closed for a long and indefinite period. The gamblers are making arrangements to go back to the West, where many of them came from, and they will not undertake to do business in New York until the atmosphere here becomes much more thoroughly cleared than it is at present."

Three days later the same paper under the headline "Frank Farrell's New Fort" described a place that well-known gambler and baseball entrepreneur was fitting up on Forty-fifth Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues. It was designed to be impregnable to police axes, the newspaper said. That little story was more potent than axes and warrants. The place was never opened, and Farrell gave up trying to be a gambling-house keeper and stuck to baseball and real estate.

Since the trend of the sporting world was still definitely northward, Bucklin took it upon himself at about this time to buy two houses on the south side of Forty-seventh Street near Fifth Avenue, to take the place of the Forty-fourth Street house. Bucklin moved into one of the houses and made plans to have an opening cut into the other, which was to be the gambling place, even more gorgeous than the old one. If the police should raid it the "evidence" could be moved into Bucklin's home before the raiders got hold of it. Canfield didn't think much of the idea when Bucklin told him what he had done, and the two places were sold the following year.

IV

Delahunty, Forbes J. Hennessey, his associate, and Bucklin were at the pier to greet Canfield when he returned from England on the *Campania* on May 23d. Canfield had had a rather uneventful voyage, nobody aboard the ship dreaming that the paunchy gentleman down on the passenger list as A. Campbell who kept very much to himself was the gambler about whom two continents were talking. In the smoking room he had seen a sign which must have caused him to smile ironically:

> It is believed that there are professional gamblers aboard. All passengers are warned against playing cards with strangers.

At the head of his customs declaration, which made mention of the many Whistlers he was bringing home, was:

Richard A. Canfield.....Business: Gentleman

The town was in a fever of speculation about what was going to happen. Here was the prince of gamblers returning to brave Jerome, who was credited with having something in reserve to back up all he had been saying about Canfield. The Masons were stirred up over the discovery that both he and the notorious Shang Draper belonged to lodges in New York, and the Saratoga uplifters were promising that the newly enlarged and beautified clubhouse that Brackett's bill was going to make "the Monte Carlo of America" would not be opened.

Canfield told the ship news reporters that he "might not even go near Saratoga this year. I may say that I am about tired of the gambling business, anyway, and I have half made up my mind to give my entire future to my family. Nothing that I could do would so greatly please those who are most dear to me as to quit the business which I have followed."

His lawyers took him before a Supreme Court Justice, but despite all the talk of indictments which had raged for four months the district attorney's office would press no charge against him and he was allowed to go.

The *American*, recounting this, embellished its story with a box in which it quoted Jerome on two occasions:

District Attorney
Jerome in December:

"Canfield is now a fugitive from justice. He is a yellow dog, who runs and yelps at the first lash of the whip.

"We have a complete case against Richard Canfield. We have everything we want from Bucklin in the way of evidence. Others have added their testimony to that given by Bucklin, so I do not hesitate to say that when the time comes both he and Richard Canfield will be indicted. I could go so far as to say that I believe we could indict and I believe convict Richard Canfield without the testimony of County Detective Jacobs, who obtained the evidence which resulted in the raid of December 1st.

"Richard Canfield will never return to New York while I am district attorney."

District Attorney
Jerome yesterday:

"It would be manifestly improper for me to say anything about Mr. Canfield's return. It is true that I said I believed he would never return. I am not at liberty to say whether he is under indictment or not. Anyhow, I think the game is pretty well burst up in New York now. In other words, there is very little doing in the gambling line."

Canfield hastened to Providence, where at his modest home on the unfashionable West Side a reporter for the Providence *Journal* found him. Canfield himself answered the reporter's ring of the bell. He was very democratic in his greeting, had his coat, collar, and

tie off, slippers on his feet. He "might have been a business man in a small way, keeping a little grocery on the corner." The *Journal* man asked him about his plans for fighting Jerome, and about Saratoga. Canfield wouldn't talk about them, but he threatened to sue the *Journal*, which had been talking about him in a rather slurring way which it was to repeat the day after the story of its reporter's visit was published.

It seems that someone in New York, possibly a man-of-straw for the *Journal's* purposes, had written asking who was the most-talked-about Rhode Islander. Posing the question, the newspaper declared that in addition to famous manufacturers and statesmen "there are distinguished connoisseurs of the roulette wheel and the fine arts whose peachblow vases are as rare as Kohinoors," and went on to name eleven Rhode Islanders, including Canfield, who might with some show of reason be entitled to the honor. But ahead of all these it placed "Mike" Lynch, the Brown University baseball pitcher who had just shut out Yale, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania.

Meantime the notoriety which had enveloped Canfield with his arrest by Jerome had brought him offers from Cuba, Mexico, South America, and several European countries to take over places where he was guaranteed a free hand without the necessity of crossing the palms of police officials and with no recalcitrant district attorneys to harry him. One of these offers, made by Prince Bariatinsky of Russia in behalf of

the Maison Laffitte in Paris, moved the New York *Times* to declare:

> Not even the drunkest gamester who ever "blew in" to his place has induced Canfield to palter with his moral principles. He has relied . . . upon the ultimate advantage secured to him by the percentage in favor of the dealer. And he has his reward in the Macedonian cry that comes to him from distant Paris to come over and give the swells of Europe a run for their money. He will get the money but they will get the run. But how about the aleatory requirements of New York, uptown?
>
> "Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
> A breath can make them as a breath has made.
> But a straight gambolier, his country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

Canfield accepted none of the offers.

On June 1st, when Canfield was arraigned in court on the charge of being a common gambler, Delahunty sought a change of venue on the grounds that Jerome's statements that his client was a felon and that his gambling implements were crooked had so inflamed the public mind that he could not get a fair trial in New York City. On July 20th the petition was granted, Binghamton, county seat of Broome County, being designated.

On the advice of Delahunty he had now secured the services of Lafayette B. Gleason, an upstate lawyer active in Republican circles. Gleason helped him hire

John B. Stanchfield of Elmira and Harvey D. Hinman of Binghamton to defend the actions which Jerome was bringing against Bucklin and his employer. The Bucklin case was transferred to Cortland, seat of the county of the same name. From time to time the cases were postponed toward the close of 1903, while Jerome sought to secure witnesses who would testify about play in the Forty-fourth Street house. Reginald Vanderbilt had successfully dodged subpœna servers ten months when the Court of Appeals on October 21, 1903, held that Jesse Lewisohn need not answer Jerome's questions, and the district attorney was doing his best to delay the trials of Canfield and Bucklin until the spring of 1904, when he hoped to win from the Legislature amendments to the penal code which would prevent such legalistic dodgings and squirmings as Lewisohn had exhibited. Stanchfield and Hinman of course urged early trials. They succeeded. Canfield's case was dismissed on January 11, 1904. When Bucklin's was similarly disposed of four months later Jerome had a new weapon to confound the gamblers—the Dowling Law.

Tammany had come back into control of New York City in the fall of 1903, its candidate, George B. McClellan, son of the Civil War general of the same name, defeating Seth Low. The Fusion forces were badly disorganized in their battle with the Wigwam. Low's controller and president of the Board of Aldermen, having been renominated, were dropped by the Fusion-

ists when they accepted Tammany's endorsement, and thus became out-and-out Tammany candidates. Jerome had attacked Low as unfit for renomination, and as a result of these factional fights it was seen that Fusion would have no chance. McClellan, once in office, proved no facile plaything of Murphy's, and his police commissioner, William McAdoo, though complaining that the force was not coöperating with him, worked with Jerome to the gamblers' frequent discomfiture.

Mr. Jerome, looking back to the stirring days of a quarter of a century ago, tells me that despite numerous statements in the newspapers of that day in which he was quoted as saying that Canfield was a crooked gambler, he never had more than negative evidence that would indicate anything of the sort.

"For a long time previous to our raid," the former district attorney told me, "we were watching Canfield's place and he knew that we were watching it. It would have been impossible for him to remove any large gambling paraphernalia without our knowing of it. When we raided his place none of this apparatus could at first be found. We finally located roulette wheels, chips, cards, and other things. But no faro boxes.

"Now I have heard some talk about crooked roulette wheels, though I have never seen one. But crooked faro boxes! Well, everybody knows how common they are. Any number of faro boxes could have been taken

out of Canfield's without being noticed. If they were not crooked why did he not leave them there? Certainly not because of their cost, for they were not expensive. That action by Canfield has always looked suspicious to me."

I asked one of Canfield's closest associates about this and he laughed.

"The plain fact of the matter," he said, "is that the faro box was in the safe that night and remained there. That was the only faro box Canfield ever had at the Forty-fourth Street place and he kept it in the safe when it wasn't in use so nobody could monkey with it. And the box was on the square, just as every bit of apparatus Canfield ever had was on the square."

A dozen men who knew Canfield intimately, men who worked in his houses, were as one voice in assuring me that Canfield's paraphernalia was above reproach. Those who carried stories of crooked apparatus to the district attorney, they say, were of the lowest class of hangers-on, men who were willing to sponsor the most wild stories of double dealing by so-called respectable gamblers if only someone would keep them in funds. It is significant, Canfield's friends point out, that in the gambling profession itself no man of standing has ever claimed Canfield was crooked, though the reputations of others of his day have not come off well in the judgment of the years.

When Canfield was asked point blank about the use of crooked paraphernalia in his house he said:

"It is absolutely silly to assert that I or any other so-called respectable gambler would use crooked gambling paraphernalia. The percentage in favor of a gambling house is sufficient to guarantee the profits of the house.

"All any gambler wants is to have play enough for a long enough time and he'll get all the money any player has. In business if you or I can lend money enough at 5 per cent. we think we are going pretty well in these days. Every time a roulette wheel is spun and bets put on, the percentage on a 36-inch wheel with the double and single 0-00 and the eagle bird eliminated is $5\frac{5}{19}$ per cent. against the player. Therefore you will say that I get an interest on my money of $5\frac{5}{19}$ per cent. every time a roulette wheel is spun.

"If I have any business at all you can imagine what interest I get on my money in any one night. Besides, any gambling house, mine or anybody else's, employing as I do a very large force of men, would have to take every man into its confidence to run dishonest paraphernalia. For a crooked gambler to take his employee into his confidence is to invite blackmail. I have too much sense, to say nothing of honor and honesty, to incite blackmail or share my profits with anybody."

CHAPTER XI

SARATOGA—AND NEWPORT

I

Saratoga Springs, New York, is famous in American history for the surrender on the near-by plains of General Burgoyne and his British troops to the Continentals under Gates in 1777. But the presence of mineral springs which have for a century and a half drawn tourists during the summer months has given it a large place also in the story of American manners. Social history has been recorded in the great, eye-filling hotels of Saratoga for more than a century, and the student of Americana may find there material that, because of the continuity of patronage by people of means, better than anything else records the changes in customs of the country.

Twenty-five years ago Saratoga was known as the Monte Carlo of America because of the gambling houses which flourished openly and gave visitors the opportunity of hazarding large amounts of money at roulette and faro. Chief among the gambling houses of the resort was the Saratoga Club-House run by Richard A. Canfield, in whose halls larger stakes were wagered

than ever Monte Carlo saw. And though to-day the aggregate of play for the season in Bradley's Beach Club at Palm Beach is doubtless higher because America is a much richer nation than it was in 1904, the limit in roulette play at the Florida resort is no higher than it was in Canfield's old Club-House.

There are gambling houses to-day outside the corporate limits of the city of Saratoga Springs, surreptitious little places operating during August, without continuity of management or personnel, roadhouses that offer several varieties of games to the sporting man at a percentage in favor of the house that the old-time Saratoga gamblers did not dream of having. But nobody calls the resort the Monte Carlo of America any more, and since more people visit Saratoga of a summer than in the days of wide-open gambling, the citizens are satisfied.

II

Gambling at Saratoga in the Fifties and Sixties up to the advent of John Morrissey was rather desultory, but when Morrissey appeared on the scene in 1861 with a place on Matilda Street, later to become Woodlawn Avenue, things began to move faster. The new gaming place was in too conspicuous a location to suit Morrissey, and shortly after the close of the Civil War the gambler-politician and his backers filled in a swamp on Congress Street near an old Indian encampment that had become a refuge for squatters, and the build-

ing known as the Saratoga Club-House was put up, its foundations resting on long poles sunk into the marshy land. Soon after setting up the red brick building Morrissey built a race track. When a reform element in the village wished to close his gambling house Morrissey showed them that he knew a few tricks that couldn't be beaten. His standing as a politician helped him. And the largess he bestowed in no picayune manner upon churches, societies, and individuals in the village combined with his reputation as an honest gambler to put his enemies to rout. In a few years gambling was as firmly entrenched as was the horse racing that now began to draw the wealth and fashion of the nation to the Spa.

François Blanc was by this time out of Germany and getting his casino established on the rock of Monaco, but it had not yet attained a reputation as a gaming place *de luxe*, so that it was to his former place in Baden Baden that a writer in 1871 compared the Morrissey establishment and the American Spa:

> More like Baden Baden every year becomes Saratoga. John Morrissey has added still another building to his old establishment, making it a fair rival of the Kursaal at the Badens. The rooms now include a beautiful club *salon*, and Belmont and Travers and two hundred conspicuous members of the Jockey Club are stockholders and members. Gorgeously furnished toilet rooms, faro parlors, and drawing rooms carpeted with soft carpets and decorated with rich carvings and bronzes, hold the *blasé* and allure the *naïve*.

Last summer twenty-five thousand ladies visited these rooms, and this summer several receptions will be held. The Hon. John is liked in Saratoga because he divides the profits of his sinning with the good people of the village with a generous hand. A few days ago he subscribed $500 toward sprinkling Lake Avenue. It is dreadful to think that the descendants of Miles Standish are some day to follow in the footsteps of the gambling Badeners, but year by year the curtain is lifted a little higher and higher, until now we begin to see the beautiful figure of vice without shrinking.

Morrissey was cock of the walk at Saratoga as he had been at New York, but his success made him enemies among the other gamblers. One of these, by name George Hill, came up from New York to establish a gambling place in the rear of the Grand Union Hotel. It could not successfully challenge Morrissey's position, but for several seasons Hill periodically sent messages to the proprietor of the Club-House warning him that if he ever entered the Hill gaming place he would not leave it alive. Morrissey could have killed his smaller rival in a rough-and-tumble fight, but Hill was a crack shot, and the bruiser let him severely alone.

When Morrissey died, in 1878, he had long retired from active prosecution of the gambling profession, and Charles Reed and Albert Spencer, who had carried on a gambling business in various locations in New York City, in at least two of them with Morrissey himself, took over the Saratoga property. Morrissey's great fortune, swept away in 1869, never assumed swol-

len proportions afterward, and he died a comparatively poor man.

Reed was virtually a silent partner in the Club-House property, and he withdrew entirely in the late Eighties, just about the time Duff and Canfield were opening their club room on Twenty-sixth Street. Spencer held to two rules Morrissey had laid down, that no woman should be admitted to the gambling room and that no resident of Saratoga Springs should be allowed to play. The first of these rules was put in effect after Morrissey had noted the storm of criticism that greeted a tentative announcement that a room in the Club-House would be given over to women gamblers. The second was no doubt due to the anguishing experience of Blanc in Baden Baden, where the victims of the gaming tables made life miserable for the man who had ruined them. These rules held through the Canfield régime.

III

In the middle Seventies for a few brief years Saratoga became an intercollegiate athletic paradise. Largely through the initiative of James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York *Herald*, but with the whole-hearted coöperation of local merchants, Saratoga secured in 1874 the first intercollegiate track and field games, as well as the intercollegiate regatta. Columbia won the banner event in the regatta, the three-mile 'varsity race of six-oared crews without coxswains. The following year track games and regatta

were back again, the latter attracting crews, most Americans under sixty will learn with astonishment, from such colleges as Dartmouth, Brown, Wesleyan, Williams, Trinity, Amherst, Bowdoin, Union, and Hamilton as well as Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Cornell. Cornell won the 'varsity race.

Probably the horse racing and gambling were too much for the faculties of the colleges to stomach, particularly since the intercollegiate events were held in July, long after college closed. In any event, both regatta and track games were held at the Spa for the last time in 1876, Cornell taking the boat race. For the first time the track and field athletes competed as teams, Princeton winning the meet.

More damaging to the prestige of Saratoga than the loss of the college athletes was the withdrawal of society folk in 1876 on the completion by the New York gambler John Chamberlin of the Monmouth race track at Long Branch, New Jersey. The elder Pierre Lorillard, later to become one of Canfield's faro patrons, was one of the backers of the new venture. As was pointed out in another chapter, Richard Canfield was a couple of years later to attend the meetings at the Monmouth track while he was managing two hotels at near-by summer resorts. Though the racing continued at Saratoga, that resort's turf and society leadership did not return until 1901, when a syndicate headed by William C. Whitney obtained control of the race course.

Spencer had but little to complain of in his management of the old Morrissey place. As owner of the race track he held a club over the village authorities, who recognized that summer visitors demanded roulette and faro as well as the chance to lay a bet on a horse. To get racing the village authorities were willing to countenance the other forms of gambling. In the latter years of Spencer's management of the Club-House the people even elected a gambler named Caleb W. Mitchell to the village presidency, and it was only through legislation at Albany that he was thrust out after two years in office.

Spencer's first serious trouble came in 1886, when Anthony Comstock and his subordinates in the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice decided that wide-open gambling at Saratoga offered a fair field for their endeavors. Comstock had been busy for some ten years in fighting the lotteries and drying up the sources of the traffic in obscene pictures through the mail. The famous walrus moustache having become a familiar to the lawbreakers, Comstock shaved it off. For three days in the first week of August he and his assistants visited Saratoga gambling places, collecting evidence on which they almost immediately made raids. Spencer's place was one of those raided, but someone must have tipped off the proprietor of the Club-House, for the raiders got only a few chips while in other places they secured more substantial gambling paraphernalia. At the end of a week during which

Comstock had been several times threatened with violence, the raiders betook themselves to New York.

> It was claimed [Comstock said in his report submitted the following January] that over twenty . . . gambling dens closed their doors and removed their paraphernalia in one day for fear of our agents. Most of these places, however, it is believed, resumed business as soon as our agents left town.

Spencer's wheels and boxes, cards and chips were hidden briefly in the Club-House and were back in place even before the Comstock party had left for New York.

Three years later Spencer Trask, a New York broker who had a magnificent summer home at the Spa and controlled a newspaper there, the *Union*, decided that gambling had become so open and notorious that something would have to be done to curb it. He found the village authorities and citizens for the most part antagonistic to his ideas. One of the Saratoga citizens who failed to show enthusiasm, I am told by a man who was close to the gambler, was the pastor of the Roman Catholic Church at the resort. Trask's request for co-operation in putting an end to gambling in the village is said to have elicited the query, "Why don't you clean house yourself?" the allusion being to the branch brokerage office maintained by Trask in the Grand Union Hotel, where sales on margin, it struck the clerical mind, were just as much gambling as hazarding money on a horse or in the rooms at the Club-House.

But opposition to his plans only spurred on Trask the more. He got several New York detectives up to Saratoga, supplied them with money to spend in the various gaming places, and hired an Albany lawyer to make out the forms on which warrants for the arrest of the offending gamblers were secured. Then when arrests were made his newspaper with truly metropolitan enterprise printed a map of the village with black spots indicating the location of the gambling houses.

The news dealers of Saratoga boycotted his paper, and Trask organized a special corps of uniformed boys to peddle it. Meantime his detectives continued to patronize other gambling places. Trask's paper sold fewer copies than ever, but the proprietor in a letter to the New York *Times* declared that he was in the fight to stay. The solid citizens of Saratoga, his letter set forth, were disgusted with conditions in the village. There were even places, he said, in which small boys were encouraged to put up five-cent pieces on the red or the black.

A few days later Trask's detectives succeeded in haling Spencer, Cale Mitchell, and five other gambling-house keepers into court. Bail was immediately furnished when they were held for the county grand jury, and the proprietors resumed the interrupted games. But not continuously. One afternoon the owner of one house industriously noised it abroad that that very evening there were to be new raids. All the other places

closed down, and the shrewd Yankee trick gave its perpetrator a monopoly of play on that particular night. For the most part that August was rainy, and while the women beguiled themselves listening to the new electric-driven talking machine in the parlors of the Grand Union, the men sought solace in cards and roulette at the more or less open houses.

That fall the grand jury refused to indict the gamblers, and the following year the houses were going full tilt. Trask was said to have spent nearly fifty thousand dollars in this vain attempt to purge the village of the gamblers.

But Spencer, growing old and deaf, was beginning to weary of the gambling business now, and in August of 1890 he sold out his 90 per cent. interest in the race track to Gottfried Walbaum, who had been the owner of the notorious race track at Guttenberg, New Jersey. The details of the transaction were not given to the public at first, and a rumor arose that the new owners were a syndicate whose principal members were August Belmont, Pierre Lorillard, A. J. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Senator Hearst, father of William Randolph Hearst. Walbaum paid $375,000 for Spencer's 90 per cent. share.

The newspapers quoted a man said to represent the syndicate. The new Saratoga Jockey Club, this pseudo-spokesman said, would have no connection with gamblers, who had "blackened the fair name of America's greatest watering place." He went on:

"Mr. Spencer may continue running the Club-House. But the complete separation of the race course from that enterprise, it seems to me, will not leave him a leg to stand on as regards the support of local public opinion."

Prophetic words, those. Canfield's friends always maintained that had he controlled the race track he could have continued to operate his gambling place as long as he pleased. It is perhaps a debatable point.

Less than two weeks after the announcement of the sale of the track, though, Spencer's establishment, with a number of others, was entered by the local police. But once more the grapevine telegraph had done its work and only a few poker chips were secured by the raiders. As usual nothing came of the raid. Spencer made his peace with the solid element of Saratoga that fall by buying a dictionary for the village Athenæum and subscribing $300 toward a fund to liquidate the debt of an Episcopal church's parish house.

Two years later court proceedings revealed that in this year of 1890 Spencer had also given two of the village's police commissioners $1,500 apiece and that another gambler had given them half as much.

IV

But by 1893 Spencer was ready to call quits. He had enough money to support himself in comfort for the rest of his life, and he started looking around for a purchaser who could keep the Club-House going in the

style to which its patrons were accustomed. By this time Canfield had pushed Duff out in the cold in the Twenty-sixth Street place in New York and had even secured some of the choice business that had gone to John Daly when No. 818 Broadway fell upon evil days. During the spring of 1893 Spencer approached Canfield, who had been going up to Saratoga as a visitor for several seasons, with a proposition to go in with him at Saratoga that year. He told Canfield frankly that he wanted to quit the gambling business and go to France to live, but that for the sake of the patrons who couldn't imagine a Saratoga season without him presiding over the Club-House, the change of management had better be gradual. So Canfield took a part interest in the place. Despite the hard times the house made money, and in 1894 he took over the entire property.

One of the staff at the Club-House inherited by Canfield was a middle-aged man named John B. Northrop who had been connected with the house since the days of Morrissey. Northrop's specialty was determining whether a given player could have credit, and how much, after his cash was gone. He stayed through the entire Canfield régime at Saratoga, making enough in the short summer season to support himself in New York during the rest of the year. His judgment was never questioned by Canfield, who couldn't afford to make many mistakes in I. O. U.'s. Bucklin performed similar functions in the New York and Newport

houses, but his job carried with it the title of manager, which Northrop never had.

In this season of 1894 the process of cutting down the number of gambling houses at Saratoga was in full swing. Mitchell was serving his second term as village president, having been elected on a platform of allowing gambling houses to keep open so long as they conducted their business in a quiet and orderly manner. Like Canfield he believed that a gambler whose boxes and wheels were straight was as much entitled to respect as any business man. Besides the Mitchell place on Broadway and Canfield's Club-House, there were half-a-dozen places running.

The reform element in the village, balked by Mitchell's success in holding his job, was in despair. But they found their champion in the person of Edgar T. Brackett, who was to be elected to the State Senate the following fall, where he became a towering figure of New York politics for more than a decade. His fame, curiously enough, lives in the association he formed in later years when he was briefly a lawyer for Canfield, but it is perhaps not so well known that to him belongs a major part of the credit for the fight on the insurance interests that was later to lift Charles E. Hughes into the governor's chair.

But in 1895 Brackett was more concerned with the government of Saratoga than with state-wide problems. He had been born in the county and some twenty years before had returned to it from Iowa, to which

he was taken as a child and where he had his collegiate training. He was a Methodist but he was also something of a politician, and he knew that Mitchell's policy of allowing gambling in a few houses was what the people of the village and the summer visitors wanted. The one bone of contention was Mitchell's place on Broadway. Brackett believed that this principal street of the village should be clear of gambling places, and he told the village president that he ought to move to some other location.

Mitchell laughed at him. That laugh sent Brackett to Albany with fire in his eye. He angrily caused a bill to be introduced amending the village charter so that the president, instead of being chosen by direct vote of the people, was to be named by the village trustees.

The Legislature, with the disclosures of the Lexow committee before it, was sympathetic toward the measure, which it was claimed would make it possible for Saratoga to rid itself of the gambling incubus. The Senate passed the measure, but the Assembly was hesitating, due to Mitchell's strident protest that he was being persecuted because he was a Catholic. Lafayette B. Gleason, who is now secretary of the New York State Republican Committee, but at this time was receiver for the gas and electric plant serving Saratoga, appeared before the Assembly committee considering the measure and assured its members that the Mitchell statement was untrue. The bill passed the Assembly. Mitchell fought the amended charter up

through the Court of Appeals, but lost. He and the other sports were now out in the cold. The new village president appeared before the police commissioners before the season of 1895 was fairly under way, and:

"I absolutely command and demand of you, as president of the village, backed by the trustees of this village, to close every gambling place in Saratoga without reserve, and if you fail to obey I shall cite you before the board of trustees and ask for your resignation."

The first place to close was the Club-House. Canfield appeared at police headquarters and said he would close up for good—that the officials need not trouble to send any officer to his place. Thus he saved his costly gambling paraphernalia.

Mitchell, bowing to the inevitable, also closed down, and the other places followed suit. The lid was on tight.

The racing season of twenty-eight days was a fizzle, but Village President Sturges said he had received telegrams of congratulation from all over the country for kicking out the gamblers. There were persistent rumors during the season that the magnificent home of Judge Hilton, the executor of A. T. Stewart's estate, was to be leased to a gambling syndicate which would be able to operate it without interference, since it was outside the corporate limits of the village. Another story had it that a petition would be presented to the trustees of the village asking that the Club-House be allowed

to reopen. Judge Hilton denied the first story, and the petition, if it existed, was not presented. But closed gambling houses use no gas or electricity, and Mitchell in his misfortune must have got a grim laugh when he thought of Gleason's having sponsored the measure which cut off revenue from his own company.

Nearly everybody in Saratoga who owned a horse and carriage of any sort in those days made money during the season taking people out to the races. That year hardly anyone went out to the races. The most exciting thing in the village was a series of monster revival meetings conducted by Dwight L. Moody. The unregenerate had to be satisfied with a performance of *Trilby* at the Town Hall. Saratoga at the end of the season was divided into two armed camps, with party lines smashed to pieces. The reformers said it had been a wonderful season. The sporting element's curses, if not loud, were deep.

So much pressure was brought to bear upon the trustees the following year that there was a new village president, and Canfield's and four or five other places were allowed to keep open. But there was no gambling on Broadway. Mitchell was out, though he was later to come back as part owner of a pool room opposite the race track and become the central figure in one of the most dramatic incidents in Saratoga history.

For Canfield the open season was a godsend, since the reform administration in New York, with Theodore Roosevelt at the head of the Police Board, was out to

free the Tenderloin of gambling and disorderly houses, and play in the Twenty-sixth Street house that year was spasmodic—and unprofitable.

V

It was probably with a desire to have an anchor to windward in case the situation in New York City failed to turn out better that in December of this year Canfield made arrangements to take over the gambling casino on Bath Road off Bellevue Avenue in Newport, Rhode Island, known variously as Watson's and the Nautilus Club. Ferdinand (Gus) Abell of 818 Broadway notoriety had invested money in the Brooklyn National League baseball club some years before and now had a controlling interest in the enterprise. Baseball teams were a questionable form of investment just then because of the factional wars that were being waged, but Abell's team made money for him by winning the pennant in 1899 under Ned Hanlon in a twelve-team league and repeated the feat a year later in an eight-club organization, the satisfaction being all the greater because the New York team finished last. One of Abell's employees was Charles H. Ebbetts, who in later years became the principal owner of the team.

Because the most important part of the baseball season coincided with the Newport season, Abell felt that he must give up his gambling house. Canfield was described by the Newport correspondent of one of the New York papers as "a bright young fellow who is

personally acquainted with the swells of New York who deem it necessary to have a 'clubhouse' where they can play all the leading games of chance. Mr. Canfield, while a stranger to Newporters, is well known to the men who will be the exclusive members of the Nautilus Club."

The transfer of the property from Abell to Canfield was not recorded in the office of the Newport city clerk until nearly two years later. It appeared that Canfield had paid $65,000 for the property.

The Nautilus Club was never a heavy winner for Canfield. He continued to make his headquarters in Saratoga during the summer, leaving to Bucklin and Billy Coe the management of the Newport house. In 1904, when he closed even his dining room at Saratoga as a protest against the refusal of the authorities to let his gaming tables operate, he spent some time in Newport. At the end of the season he found that his profits were exactly $1,100. Superintending the closing of the house, he looked up to see a small party of men headed by his old patron Reggie Vanderbilt apparently in quest of some action. Was the game absolutely closed? Yes, Canfield told them. Vanderbilt pleaded for one chance to play the wheel. Finally Canfield agreed to a single spin. Vanderbilt might put up what he wished, but win or lose there would be no second play.

The servants took the dust cloths off and the wheel was turned. Vanderbilt put a thousand-dollar bill on the red. Red it was.

The season had netted Canfield just a hundred dollars. In disgust he virtually gave away the Newport property the following spring to Bucklin and Coe. When Bucklin died his widow sold out to Coe, who disposed of the property in 1922.

VI

The Saratoga Club-House was a gold mine to Canfield through the late Nineties when he was getting established in East Forty-fourth Street "next to Del's." There were only a half-dozen gambling houses operating now, and everybody at the Spa appeared to feel that conditions were ideal. There was only one sore spot, and as in 1895 Cale Mitchell supplied that, in the shape of a pool room which he ran opposite the race course with one Dan Stuart of Texas as his partner. Complaints had reached the authorities that in this pool room low touts and other riff-raff of the race course preyed upon innocent victims, many of them minors.

In 1901, when the syndicate under William C. Whitney obtained control of the track and ushered in the golden years of racing at Saratoga, Mr. Whitney asked the village authorities to close the Mitchell place. They were glad that Mr. Whitney's position in society and politics made the request the equivalent of a command. Mitchell they had come to regard as something of a pest, anyway, and now that the Spa seemed about to have its greatest season the plague spot would have to go.

Mitchell angrily countered with a demand that every

gambling place in town close down. He particularly named Canfield's, but the police knew that story backward and refused to listen to it. The pool room was shut up. Unable to find help of any substantial sort in the village, he and Stuart, who was trying to run a faro and roulette house in Asbury Park, New Jersey, while retaining his interest in the closed Saratoga place, engaged Howe & Hummell, the noted New York lawyers, to help him get Canfield's closed. To anyone who would listen to him Mitchell told a story of how Canfield was paying Brackett and the Republican state committeeman from Saratoga, William W. Worden, for protection.

"Dick Canfield," he declared during one of the spectacular but otherwise unsuccessful raids he caused to be made on the Club-House that August, "has put me out of business and tried to take the bread out of the mouths of myself and my children. I'll never let up on him until I see him in worse shape than I am now. And as for Senator Brackett and William W. Worden, they'll find out that it's a long road that has no turn. The people of this town will rise up some day and put an end to their graft."

When the Howe & Hummell representative succeeded in securing his first warrant for Canfield's arrest he ran into a peck of trouble trying to get it served. No officer in the village would help him, and the lawyer made a weary trip to Ballston Spa, the county seat. There he got hold of a deputy sheriff who, upon learning

the name of the quarry, became suddenly ill and unable to make the trip to Saratoga. Finally a worried constable who had mustered up courage enough to ask for an interview with Canfield was assured that it was quite all right—Canfield would appear in court next morning to answer to charges of gaming and violating the liquor law. By this time the New York lawyer was reduced to threats that the governor would hear about this farce and God help everybody from the district attorney and the sheriff down when he did.

The next day the local court solemnly held Canfield for the grand jury. Senator Brackett told the reporters that somehow he didn't relish the spectacle of New York City lawyers coming to Saratoga and trying to teach its inhabitants a lesson in morals, and that the Stuart and Mitchell type of persecution wouldn't take. Mitchell knew only too well that he wasn't getting anywhere, but Stuart, from the comfortable distance of Asbury Park, declared he was going to fight Canfield to a finish and beat him. He was also going to give Canfield the chance to make good on that threat to throw him into the lake if he interfered with the business of the Club-House.

Later that season, while an attempt was being made to close his place, Canfield had a justice of the peace in one of the small towns of the county arrested when that worthy, told by Canfield's lawyer that the warrant he had issued for search and seizure was defective, insisted on a constable's serving it.

It was all *opéra bouffe* stuff, and Canfield enjoyed it. His place kept open despite the efforts of the Mitchell lawyer, and at the end of the season his net earnings were $500,000.

In October the grand jury as always refused to indict him.

VII

Mitchell was in the doldrums that fall and winter, trying to get the ear of anybody and everybody for his story that Brackett was the author of his woes and that sooner or later the senator would find himself in a tight place, and oh, how Mitchell and the other gamblers out in the cold would gloat over him then! The senator's friends told him Mitchell had reached the stage of talking to himself in the street and that his obsession might lead to something dangerous. But Brackett was riding the top of the wave. He had worked out a plan calculated to send the former village president into total eclipse. In January, 1902, he introduced in the Senate a bill which made warrants for civil arrest drawn up outside Saratoga binding in the village only when endorsed by one of its police justices.

It was the last straw. On the morning of January 29th, while this measure was before the Legislature, Mitchell left his house, telling his family he was going for a walk. To a clerk in a hardware store he was soon telling a story of wild dogs keeping him awake nightly. The first revolver the clerk showed him proved to be good enough. The clerk had taken down a box of shells,

but Mitchell took from it only six, hurriedly ramming them into the chambers, and leaving the box on the counter. The delay in getting his change irked him, it appeared, and he hurried out as soon as he got it, the revolver in a pocket of his coat.

A few minutes later a caretaker saw him knocking at the door of Senator Brackett's office in the town hall. It was locked. The caretaker wasn't sure, responding to a question, whether the senator would be in that day. Probably not, he ventured. Mitchell turned away and the caretaker's duties took him to another part of the building. Hardly five minutes later, when he and two or three other men who happened to be about the building rushed down the hallway to find out what the shooting was about, they found Mitchell stretched out at the lawyer's door, blood flowing from a great hole in his temple, down over the floor board into Brackett's office. As he died the senator was being driven to the railroad station to take the train for Albany.

There had been some insanity in Mitchell's family, it transpired. There is little doubt that he intended to kill Brackett as well as himself. Whether the incident kept Brackett out of the governor's chair is probably debatable ground. Mitchell proved an uncomfortable ghost three years later when, during the debate on the Dowling Law aimed to put Canfield out of business, Senator Brackett's vitriolic attack on Senator Raines drew from the latter the classic retort:

"Poor Cale Mitchell. He shot the wrong man!"

But now as winter wore away and Saratoga began to make plans for the 1902 season the home-rule measure Brackett had backed suddenly was a law. Saratoga had been made safe for the gamblers, and only a governor holding a threat of removal over the head of a sheriff could stop the little ball's roll or the turn of the card. Canfield in particular had every reason for being optimistic. If Jerome's spectacular methods made the East Forty-fourth Street venture temporarily a total loss, the Saratoga and Newport places were safe. The big profits of the preceding year, with the death of a cantankerous neighbor who had refused to part with his holdings, presented an opportunity to beautify the Club-House property.

Canfield's purchase of the unsightly old Indian encampment from the Kilmer estate was made known during the summer. Again the season was a huge success. Despite Gates's spectacular winning at faro in Canfield's this season, there were big receipts for the Club-House. In fact, the very week Gates made his successful coup State Senator Patrick McCarren of Brooklyn lost $100,000 to Canfield. In gratitude to Saratoga for what it had done for him, Canfield was later to tell his friends, he now determined to go ahead with plans he had long had in mind for making the Club-House and grounds the most beautiful of their kind in the Western world. Clarence Luce, the architect who had refitted the Forty-fourth Street place, was

placed in charge of the work of adding a wing to the Club-House and of grading and making the old Indian encampment and the swamp at its foot into a charming approach to the building.

The work was well under way when the raid on the Forty-fourth Street place put the hateful glare of publicity on Canfield. The only way to choke off publicity, he felt, was to go abroad. But as soon as the newspapers learned that Whistler was painting his portrait they were at him again. When he finally returned to New York in May of 1903 the new restaurant added to the Club-House was virtually completed, and the Italian Garden was beginning to glow with color. Soon after his return to America Canfield went to Saratoga. He was fully satisfied with what Luce had accomplished, and was particularly delighted at the system of indirect lighting, the first to be employed in this country, which the architect had had installed in the dining room.

Something else not so pleasing he learned—that Saratoga business men and village officials had been talking about his place as a summer-season liability instead of the big asset that in happier days they had represented it to be. If gambling was to be tolerated at all that summer, the business men decided, it must be behind closed doors. Sharing the disgust of Canfield at receipt of this news were the proprietors of the Manhattan Club—Westcott, Welsh, and Jolly, who also had spent thousands of dollars improving their

property in the hope of the most prosperous season ever.

Senator Brackett let it be known that whatever the town wanted to do with the gamblers was all right with him:

"It is not for me to regulate the affairs of this village, but I want to put myself on record as saying now, that if the majority of the representative citizens of Saratoga want even as much gambling as we have had here during the past two or three years, all right.

"But as for me, I want it understood from now henceforth that I am opposed to all kinds of pool-room gambling and that I believe this town would be very much better off if there was not a gambling house open from one limit of the corporation to the other.

"The primary source of Saratoga's greatness as a resort is her mineral springs. The town was famous long before gamblers thought of coming here and we can do without them in the future as we did before they came. If the extinction of pool rooms in this town means the extinction of all gambling, then put me down for suppressing every gambling house in town."

VIII

The natives and the summer visitors were alike enthusiastic about the changes in the Canfield place. The ten acres were in full bloom by the time the Cavanaugh Special brought its trainload of racing officials and followers up from New York to herald the

beginning of the season. On the hillside of the new park looking down on the Italian Garden that had once been a swamp, rhododendrons flamed; in the garden yellow, blue, and crimson bloomed amid murmuring fountains, while in nooks sheltered by dark pines were marble benches. It was all very lovely.

Of the new restaurant the reporters wrote almost lyrically. It was furnished "with the exquisite good taste that marks this connoisseur among gamblers."

The little ball rolled and the cards were turned this season of 1903 at Canfield's, but the door from the dining room into the gaming room was kept closed. There were enough regulars on hand to keep things moving, though, and the restaurant, although a white elephant so far as making money was concerned, did attract people because of its magnificence, and many who came to dine remained to play. To the uninitiate it was something to write home about if they got the chance to watch the spin of Canfield's roulette wheel and hazard something on the result. The affair of the preceding December had invested the king of gamblers with an aura that now became translated into golden dollars. Men of large affairs engaged in the humdrum of ordinary business wanted to see this wicked gambler whose name had been bruited about by Jerome and Parkhurst, and the attachment between Canfield and Whistler, who had died just a few weeks before, was another circumstance that attracted people to the Club-House. They came, some of them, with the notion

that they would find a large, coarse fellow built along the lines of John L. Sullivan, extravagantly attired, and given to coarse jest. To such people the sight of Canfield moving among his guests, quiet and unobtrusive, low-voiced and gentle, was a revelation. Most people who patronized the restaurant and gaming house that year felt that they knew as much about Canfield as they did of President Roosevelt. Certainly the New York papers at least had advertised the gambler as extensively as the ex-Rough Rider in the preceding ten months.

All in all, the 1903 season was a success, but of course Canfield didn't begin to get back the money he had put into the property.

A year later the opposition to gambling had stiffened, and Canfield, angry that the Spa insisted on only semi-public gambling, refused to open his place. The Manhattan, Chicago, and United States clubs were operating, but the Club-House was closed down tight. The racing officials came to see Canfield, and he told them the place would not open unless he were given a free hand in gambling. They couldn't give it to him, and when he stonily rejected their plea that in the interests of all he should open up the restaurant, they offered to rent the place and pay whatever he asked. He refused, and they at once started plans for putting up a big casino. That would take months, though, and here they were already in the midst of the season. They decided to keep the clubhouse at the track open evenings, and

made the best of a bad job. It was a poor season all around.

The great casino never materialized, but August, 1905, found the lid off. The little rubber ball pushed up by the fountain in the garden rose in the air and fell back into its wire net, rose again and fell that season in symbol of the fact that the little ivory ball was spinning and the cards slipping out of the box in the resplendent Club-House. Through the wide doors between the restaurant and the gaming room diners in the restaurant saw the wheels in action. There was a modified censorship, and eight gambling places in the village were in operation. But the fact that Canfield had surrendered to Jerome the preceding December and that the Dowling Law was in full effect, caused an air of restraint not only at the Club-House, but throughout all Saratoga. Play was slow and low, and not a gambling house in the resort kept open after two o'clock in the morning.

There had been bomb throwings in New York City that summer, and during the third week of August Saratoga had its bomb scare. The home-made bombs that exploded with not much more force than a Fourth of July giant cracker near the United States Club and Canfield's caused excitement but no damage. The Canfield discharge came between eight and nine o'clock at night, outside one of the alcoves of the dining room. Within fifteen minutes a crowd of five thousand people collected and it was all the police and special

officers could do to disperse them. A note in crude characters found near the Club-House missile read:

Twenty pounds of dynamite found at Canfield's ready to go off. Canfield and Ullman to be dynamited, beware! Canfield says gas, I say dynamite.

Ullman was an old-time gambler who was operating at Saratoga for the first time that season with his Bridge Whist Club on Philadelphia Street.

The police decided the whole proceeding was the work of a crank. The extra guards about the Club-House and in the garden yawned with inaction.

It was in this season that Senator Brackett took occasion to inform an interviewer from New York City about his relations with Canfield. Since Senator Raines's biting attack and the enactment of the Dowling Law, Saratoga couldn't be sure about how Brackett and Canfield stood. Opinion was divided on the point whether Brackett had actually caused the enactment of the law by his bitter attack. Was Brackett fighting Canfield's battles? The senator told the reporter:

"My enemies say that because I defended Canfield I was getting a rake-off: Once in my life I acted for him in a legal matter, but it meant only a short visit to New York and had no connection whatever with his profession. I defended Canfield because I thought if we were bound to have gambling, in spite of the law, it was my duty to have it of the very best type, and among those people who could af-

ford to give up their money without value received. Canfield had shown that he catered only to the rich and I stood for Canfield as against the men who would put the temptation before those who could not afford the expense. That was my position and I maintain it was right. Of two evils choose the one that does the less harm; and I chose Canfield. At the same time I stand for the supremacy of the law, and as between Canfield and the law, I say the law."

The straddle did not help Brackett's political ambitions.

For Canfield the zest of the gambling game had been taken away by the attitude of the authorities in both New York and Saratoga. His children were now growing up and his fortune was to be reckoned in millions. The previous year he had sold out the Newport place, and now Saratoga was the one prop remaining. If anyone could be found to make him a good offer he was ready to chuck the whole business and go to England, where such a stigma as attached to his name in America would not exist.

IX

When the summer of 1906 came around the village authorities made it known that they were going back to the 1904 conditions of a few houses operating behind closed doors. Only three places, Canfield's, the Manhattan Club, and the ancient United States Club just around the corner from the hotel of that name would be allowed to have play.

Canfield threatened to act as he had under similar conditions two years before, but finally yielded, and opened the Club-House.

But among the gamblers frozen out was Joseph Ullman, who was quite sure that if any place in Saratoga was to keep open his was. Before coming to Saratoga the preceding season with his Bridge Club, Ullman had had places successively in Long Branch, Minneapolis, and Chicago, his advent at each of these places being apparently the signal for a moral resurgence that threw out not only him but all the other gamblers as well. Ullman had been mentioned in the bomb note picked up at Canfield's the previous year. Allied with him in determination to keep open if any gambling house were given that privilege was Big Jim Kennedy, whose Chicago Club was straight across the street from the United States Club.

On Monday night, August 6th, the first day of the racing season, Canfield's was in operation behind closed doors. But the next day Governor Higgins ordered Sheriff Kavanaugh to put the lid on tight, and the first place the sheriff visited that night was Canfield's. Three years before Kavanaugh had been with a party in the very gambling room he now was visiting, and had been good-naturedly warned by Canfield that as sheriff, for which office he was then a candidate, he had best not see too much in Saratoga. As Kavanaugh now walked through the gambling rooms, up stairs and down, and visited the cellar he could find not the slight-

est trace of gambling paraphernalia. For the first time since Morrissey's day the place had neither faro box nor roulette wheel nor cards nor chips. The sheriff found the same conditions at the other places.

The lid was on. Canfield never operated the place openly again. He kept the dining room in operation the rest of the season, but though Gates and Drake and other plungers were on hand (and the Chicago playboys lost heavily on the track) they were unable to gamble in the Club-House. Prophetically, the Saratoga directory for 1906 had carried Canfield's name in small letters. It had been in capitals each year since its first appearance in 1895.

In 1907 the restaurant was again open and there was a flurry of gambling in the upstairs rooms, but it was a losing season for Canfield all around. At the end of August a sign was posted near the Club-House reading: "For sale, this entire block." Yes, Canfield told the reporters, the property was on the market. He had been offered $400,000 for it by a New York real-estate man acting for persons unknown to him, but the deal had failed to go through.

From time to time during the next three seasons there were rumors that the Club-House would open its doors wide and that the glory of the old days would return to the now tightly barred and shuttered casino. In 1910, with other places operating openly, the tip was passed that Canfield had made his arrangements for the reopening. While the crowd watched for signs of activ-

ity the day the races opened a workman made the rounds of the building. But all he did was to drive nails in the boards covering the windows.

Well, if not 1910, then certainly the next year, Saratoga hoped. But when spring came it brought the announcement that Canfield had sold the entire property to the village of Saratoga Springs for $150,000, something like one fifth of what he had put into it, though the Saratoga adventure had been a highly profitable one despite the lean latter years. The price was $50,000 less than he had asked in 1909 when the negotiations for its purchase were begun.

In May the furnishings in the Club-House were put up at auction, and the denizens of Saratoga attended the sale in droves. Most of them had never seen the inside of the place before, and they gazed so raptly and daydreamed so enthusiastically that the furniture went for next to nothing. One citizen, buying a mattress, found $140 in green and yellow-backed bills inside it. While he was exhibiting it in his office under the legend, "The only easy money that ever came out of Canfield's," the rest of the buyers were frenziedly going over their purchases in the hope that more yellowbacks would turn up.

Canfield never returned to Saratoga after that. The village opened up the blinds, and the jewel in the midst of the beautiful grounds the king of gamblers had laid out glistened anew. Where gambling history was made, in the rooms of the upper floor, the Sara-

toga Historical Society maintains a permanent exhibit, none of it dealing with Canfield or his predecessors in the Club-House. The lower floor, where were the dining room and the main gambling hall, is leased for dances and conventions—with perhaps an occasional card party.

X

Of the many experiences Canfield had throughout the years at Saratoga the one that made him laugh the loudest was the only faintly humorous experience two Hebrews had in the Club-House. Their wives, seeing the play through the open door from the restaurant, suggested to the men that they gamble. The pair went into the gaming room and each got ten dollars' worth of chips. One put all his chips on the red, the other placed his on the black. For half-a-dozen turns of the wheel the little ball showed red or black, and the loser each time congratulated the winner, borrowing the chips he had just lost. Then the ball slipped into the zero and both lost. They thereupon howled that the machine was crooked and left the room in a huff, each ten dollars loser.

His pride in the Saratoga house made Canfield extremely finical about the appointments of the place. The napery, the silver, the china were the best obtainable. Woe to the head waiter who failed to throw a demi-tasse cup away if it had the slightest trace of a crack! The restaurant was something like seventy thousand dollars in the red each season, but the gaming

room usually took care of this quite easily. Canfield was determined to have the Saratoga place the very best that money could make it. He wanted people to talk about it, not only people from all over America, but the plungers from Europe, the barons and the dukes and the princes who flocked to Saratoga to help their American fathers-in-law dispose of their fortunes.

They talked about the Canfield wonders and the winged words brought more people to the dining room, and some of these found their way into the gaming rooms. So the seventy thousand a year was really an appropriation for advertising.

In such a situation it was inevitable that stories of huge winnings and losses should have been upon the lips of visitors to the Spa daily. Prince Hatzfeldt, son-in-law of the railroad builder Collis P. Huntington, is said to have played for two nights at Canfield's and won $10,000. On the third night he dropped the ten thousand and five thousand more, thereby offering the perfect example of a sucker in the Canfield formula, that the little five and a fraction percentage in favor of the house made it only a question of time before the player would lose heavily. The prince was not accustomed to this sort of thing and finally, losing patience entirely, threw his remaining chips in the face of the croupier.

But if the service, appointments, and food were of the very best, and the prices not a whit under those charged in the most exclusive hotels of Manhattan, the

yokels were not barred. If Hiram and Emma on a day's excursion to Saratoga wanted to experience the thrill of breaking the bread of the notorious Canfield they had only to pay the stiff price and they were welcome. They might see the Vanderbilts, the Whitneys and the Goelets at tables near them, but they would also be sure to see the jockeys and the cheap gamblers who had made a killing on the current day. If Hiram looked at all prosperous he could play the wheel or faro. One night a jockey whose employer had given him a bonus for winning a race thought he would give a young woman acquaintance a thrill by taking her to Canfield's. He had promised her that he would buy a bottle of the best wine in the place no matter what it cost. Before he had a chance to see the wine list he gave the order. When he saw what the wine was costing him, he and the girl had cheese sandwiches instead of the elaborate meal they had planned.

The dining supplies at Saratoga were always kept up right through the final day of racing. After the last train had pulled out, the choice foods left in stock were sent to local hospitals. The staff of the establishment had then the not unpleasant task of drinking up the wines and liquors that had been left behind. If any patrons of the place had missed the train to the city they were invited to help drain the supply of intoxicants. In the early part of the next morning the crowd, somewhat fuddled, might have been heard singing "Sweet Adeline" beneath the trees preparatory to seeking such

excitement as might be found in the by now comparatively deserted village.

Lafayette B. Gleason recalls that when the new Club-House dining room was thrown open at the beginning of the 1903 season, no orchestra was engaged, for the reason that Canfield detested music with meals. When William C. Whitney entered the dining room for the first time Canfield asked him how he liked the new place.

"It's wonderful," said Mr. Whitney, "but you ought to have an orchestra."

Canfield would be delighted to get an orchestra. Did Mr. Whitney know of a good one?

Mr. Whitney did. He had just returned from Paris. There he had heard the most marvelous orchestra in the world. He would be glad to cable to Paris and have it brought right over at his expense.

Canfield thought that would be fine, except for the matter of payment. If the orchestra was going to play at the Club-House Canfield would pay the bill for getting them there. He even went so far as to make a special trip to France to bring the musicians over.

When the orchestra arrived, Clarence Luce, Canfield's architect, went with Mr. Gleason to the portion of the room where the players were taking their places, screened behind palms. Luce wondered if there wasn't some way in which he could work out a better solution of the difficulty that had arisen because he had made no provision in his plans for the musicians.

Suddenly the leader of the best orchestra in the world spoke to Luce in broken English, saying that he had seen the architect before.

"Oh, you're mistaken," Luce replied. "It must have been somebody else. I've never been outside the United States."

"Oh, but it was in Burns's in Sixth Avenue that I saw you. I played there four years," the leader persisted, referring to an all-night restaurant similar to that run later by Jack Dunston.

When Canfield heard this he was furious at having been duped. Here he had gone to enormous expense to get the finest orchestra in the world and it was just a Sixth Avenue orchestra. But he said nothing to Mr. Whitney and the orchestra was retained.

In the season of 1901 Canfield showed that he knew how to mete out punishment to those who evaded their obligations to him. The courts, he had found to his sorrow, would give him no aid in his attempt to get back from his patrons money loaned as an incident to play at his houses. Now, when George Kessler, a wine agent whom Carrie Nation once publicly consigned to the devil, refused to pay $13,500 he owed for roulette losses at Saratoga, Canfield scratched from his wine list the brand of champagne which Kessler sold, and telegraphed his friends in Boston, Newport, and New York to do likewise. Kessler countered with a statement to the newspapers that not only would he not pay Canfield anything, but that he intended to sue

the proprietor of the Club-House for $28,000 which he claimed he had lost in Saratoga and in the Forty-fourth Street house.

Kessler had cut a wider swath in New York and Saratoga than any other wine agent, a now vanished class of men who, operating under large expense accounts, set a heavy pace in spending. He usually hired a couple of boxes at the French and Arion halls in the city and dispensed his champagne with a lavish hand. At Saratoga his big red automobile, staffed with a chauffeur and footman, was the talk of the season.

But he soon realized Canfield was too powerful for him, and he paid up. Thereupon Canfield restored the Kessler champagne to his menu and allowed its sponsor to lose some more money at the roulette table.

XI

In September, 1907, at Saratoga, when he was definitely done with gambling, Canfield favored an inquiring newspaperman with his considered ideas on how the state should regulate gambling. Regulate, because, said Canfield, gambling is inherent in human nature and can never be blotted out. Some parts of the Canfield statement in these Volstead times have only an archæological interest, but in general it is as good a case as can be made for gambling:

"There will come a day [he said], perhaps not in our lifetime, when gambling will be licensed. The reason why I am

convinced that there will eventually be a license is that gambling cannot be stopped. As has been done with liquor it will be found that the best public policy is to regulate it and to obtain a revenue for the state. The license will be very expensive and it will involve strict regulations, such as playing by youths or men employed in fiduciary capacities and handling the funds of institutions. The license will necessitate surveillance of some kind, including an examination of all the paraphernalia in use, and will be to a certain extent a certificate of integrity.

"This seems to be the true solution of the gambling problem. The reformers go at it upside down and after they have used their bludgeon gambling continues though less openly. When the honest places are kept in seclusion the other kind reap a harvest. If they stop my clubhouse men ready to perpetrate any fraud will spring up on every corner ready to do business. What is to prevent one of these men from saying, 'I have been associated with Canfield and while he cannot do business openly he is dealing for a few private customers,' and the would-be player is led to some place where he is apt to be fleeced.

"Gambling is a violation of the law. There is a reason why the sentiment against gambling is not strong and why the punishment is usually not severe. Whenever a gambling case comes up in court it is probable that 95 per cent. of those assembled in the courtroom have participated in gambling games, perhaps poker or some mild form of gambling that has not become any more respectable on account of its privacy.

"I do not intend to say this as a complaint, but as an explanation. From time to time you see some comment made

by newspapers about gamblers being lawbreakers. It is true enough that they are and it is also true that a great majority of the men play some game of chance or leave some issues to hazard, perhaps the payment of a game of billiards or for drinks. If any man does not himself gamble it is practically certain that most of his friends do and, realizing that, he is not apt to be severe in his condemnation of gambling *per se*.

"I am practically out of gambling now, and my suggestion of a license is made merely as a good solution of the existing problem. In France, where they are ahead of us in some matters, there are more than forty gambling casinos, many of which are owned by the municipalities. I believe that I have counted forty-three of these watering places, and it is not a watering place if it has not a casino, some of the number being neither prominent nor widely known. I have been asked to take charge of different foreign casinos; at Cannes, where there had been no casino, I was offered the privilege of opening one. I was spoken to about taking the royal club at San Sebastian. I had an opportunity to take the island of Corfu, where the Kaiser now has his residence. Some years ago I could have obtained an interest at Ostend, where gambling has since been stopped by the Belgian authorities. I have had offers from one or two smaller French resorts, from Havana and from the City of Mexico, and the management was proffered to me of an international Tattersall's just outside of Paris. I refused all of these offers.

"Americans generally do not seem to know that shares of the Monte Carlo establishment are regularly quoted in the Paris market. I think their value is now about five hundred. In the old days Monte Carlo stock paid 40 per cent.

in dividends and twenty shares brought from £85 to £100; since the concern has passed into the hands of a syndicate of bankers the closing at eleven has been changed, some of the former restrictions removed, and the profits are much larger, though the tone has deteriorated.

"The Saratoga Club-House has been the only important pleasure resort casino in the world where no woman has ever played, and as you may imagine the importunities have been innumerable. The place has never been open on Sunday since it was built. Morrissey could have started the games on Sunday, but he relinquished the privilege in deference to the wishes of the townspeople and those who followed him continued in the same line though this meant the sacrifice of four days out of a season of four weeks, and the four days when business would certainly have been the greatest. When the gambling houses were open at Long Branch, Sunday was always the star day.

"The Saratoga season has always been short. The longest period in which the club was ever open was two months. The experiment has been tried of having racing here in July, but for some reason it has been possible to collect crowds here only in August. Racing has been tried three days a week and various other tests have been made. With racing in August the season is confined to four weeks, and then is at top speed for only two weeks, for there is one week that the crowds are coming and a final week when they are disappearing. In Monte Carlo, where they have three times as many roulette tables as we use, the season extends over twelve months and is at top speed for about six weeks, especially if Lent comes early.

"Although the limit that has been announced for Sara-

toga has been smaller than in Monte Carlo I have never refused a special limit to a man of means who asked for it. It would be foolish to let a man with nothing to lose bet recklessly. For persons of a certain type the limit has been maintained, but where it has been enforced against some men whom I might designate as undesirable I have made a special limit that was far higher than was ever given at Monte Carlo.

"From the standpoint of the house all the customers are as one player; the house should take no cognizance of individual play, all being exactly as one man, and in the long run the game gets its percentage and no more. If the house accumulates bad debts or is under unusually heavy expense it may fail in prosperity and still have won. The percentage does not come in always each night. On the contrary, I have known the seven or eight roulette tables and the two or three faro tables that were running all to show a deficit on the same night, and one of the most phenomenal evenings I ever knew resulted in the net winning of one dollar.

"The largest winning in one night that I recall here was $150,000. It would be impossible for me to estimate the amount that changed hands on a night like that. One man may lose $100,000 and two others at the table with him may win $50,000 each, and as the bank has done nothing there is no reason for any record."

Canfield told his interviewer that he admired John Morrissey, but that Morrissey's failure to keep his fortune arose from the fact that he did not pay close enough attention to the business and let others run it. Of play in Morrissey's day:

"The play was penny ante by comparison with the present day. I did not know Mr. Morrissey, but I have heard many stories about him from Albert Spencer, who was formerly his partner and with whom I was afterward in partnership before I bought out his interest. In a business like this books are not kept over from one year to the next, but I have a fairly accurate idea of the business that was done."

CHAPTER XII

JEROME GETS HIS MAN

I

The fight to put Canfield in prison having run up against a stone wall in the Court of Appeals decision favoring Jesse Lewisohn, Jerome now turned to the Legislature for relief. Early in the session of 1904 identic measures were introduced by Assemblyman J. Mayhew Wainwright of Westchester and Senator Victor J. Dowling of Manhattan. The bills provided for amendment of the code of criminal procedure so that a witness in a gambling house case might not refuse to answer as Lewisohn had done on the grounds that testifying against a gaming-house proprietor or his agents might degrade him. Specifically granting immunity from prosecution to these witnesses, the bill as drawn swept away all rights to refuse answers even though the examination were held by a judge in chambers. The exclusion of a witness's lawyer from these proceedings would tend to place in the hands of the district attorney virtually every power of a grand jury "to go on a fishing expedition" for evidence of lawbreaking without a grand jury's unwieldiness.

Canfield had sailed for Europe in February for his

annual trip. Delahunty assured newspapermen that his client was very near to a physical breakdown due to his trying experiences with the law. Before sailing, however, the master gambler had denied over the telephone to a Providence newspaper a statement of Jerome's that "a drunken kid" had lost $405,000 in his place in five nights' play. Jerome repeated the story when he got the chance to appear before the Senate Committee on Codes, and promised the committee that if he were given the power he was asking for Reginald Vanderbilt would be placed on the witness stand and "I would guarantee to obtain Canfield's conviction or give my resignation to the governor."

The committee considered two amendments to the bill that would give Canfield and the other gamblers another chance. One of these provisions was that the bill take effect on September 1, 1904. Another provided that litigation then pending be excepted from its penalties. Meeting the charge that the bill was aimed solely at Canfield, Jerome persuasively argued that he was fighting the entire gambling system in New York, and specifically Honest John Kelly, Lou Ludlum, Lou Betts, Frank Farrell, and Shang Draper as well as Canfield.

Senator Elon R. Brown, a member of the committee, assailed Jerome as a mountebank who merely wanted to keep his name before the public with those of Canfield and Vanderbilt, and Senator Elsberg of Manhattan, its chairman, was fearful that the courts would

hold the law unconstitutional if it applied to litigation then pending. The committee overrode these objections by a five-to-four vote in favor of reporting the measure exactly as introduced.

On March 22d, the Senate met to take action on the committee's report. The galleries and the space reserved for spectators on the floor of the chamber were crowded. As soon as the Dowling Bill was brought up for consideration Senator Brackett gained the floor. It was he who two years before had helped Canfield and the Saratoga gamblers generally by winning a special enactment which tied the hands of the reformers at that resort. He now moved that the Dowling measure be sent back to the Codes Committee with instructions to make its effective date September 1st and to exempt all pending criminal proceedings from its scope. Senator Dowling spoke in opposition to this, and Senator Elsberg backed up Brackett, arguing that the measure as framed by Dowling was clearly unconstitutional.

But it was Brackett and Senator John Raines, Republican leader and long-time enemy of the Saratoga senator, who furnished the high lights of the debate. Brackett, frequently consulting law books piled on his desk, attacked the constitutionality of the bill and said that the matter of prosecuting Canfield was insignificant compared with the question of whether the state was to enact a measure that clearly the courts must refuse to affirm. He attacked the combination of Jerome and Raines, saying the district attorney would

be satisfied with the notoriety it gave him. Jerome had done more in his brief career to break down respect for law than he could ever hope to undo, and had demeaned himself by going out on raids when he was a justice of the Court of Sessions, although he was to pass on the testimony of the cases brought before him.

The district attorney, the senator continued, had violated confidences, had been a traitor to the reform movement in New York City, had allowed rum-selling on Sunday, and had not hesitated to commit crimes to obtain evidence. He was "half child and all wild." The fact that he wanted a more liberal law for drinking and a more stringent law against gambling indicated, Brackett asserted, "a mental lapse the possible explanation of which is to be found in the habits of the young man."*

"The other member of the combination, Senator Raines, we may pass with a very brief description," he continued. "His picture has been drawn in this Senate before. It needs no drawing to his fellow senators. No human being has ever received from him a look in the eye. Not a senator here, and some of them have served with him for years, can tell the color of his eyes. Furtive and shifty, aptly describes his actions. Furtive and shifty he is. It takes but a few black strokes of the pencil to paint him. I know nothing but what the public record discloses. I know that he was accused of the heinous crime of having a bribe in his hand——"

*Jerome was at this time forty-five years old.

The bang of Lieutenant Governor Higgins's gavel brought Brackett to order and Raines to his feet with a denial that he had been accused in the Senate of having taken a bribe. Brackett then declared that he was not referring to a charge on the floor of the Senate. The bribery accusation had been made by a New York City newspaper, "and the reason Raines gave for not suing for libel was that he was too poor, that he had no money; and about the same time we read of his having been robbed on a fair grounds. And we have since heard of his dropping thousands in bucket shops."

Closing his discussion of the legal aspects of the bill, Brackett said he knew some of those who were "following the madman who evolved this act cannot be swerved from their course but they now know exactly the law on the subject."

Raines amid a painful silence arose to answer the Saratoga senator. He declared that Brackett's attack upon him was the result of smarting under the denunciation of the press and public for his "shameless championship of a notorious gambler." Recalling the suicide of Cale Mitchell, the gambler, on Brackett's doorstep following a bitter political fight in Saratoga, Raines declared in a sentence that has hardly a peer in the history of debates:

"And on the monument of poor Cale Mitchell should be inscribed, 'A terrible mistake; he shot the wrong man.'"

He himself had nothing in common with Jerome,

Raines continued, but he applauded the district attorney's effort to smoke out Canfield, Senator Brackett's "friend and client."

"Not only," he continued, "had Senator Brackett, this friend of morality and of the Scotch Presbyterians and the Methodists and Quakers of Saratoga, planned to amend the Jerome bill so as to permit gambling in New York and Saratoga until next September 1st, but he planned to make Mr. Canfield absolutely immune from prosecution. Now I have absolutely no objection to Mr. Brackett practising law in the courts for Mr. Canfield, but I do most seriously object to his practising law in the Senate in order to secure protection for his client Canfield.

"If Senator Brackett could forget for a moment the necessity of practising law in the Senate for the filthy lucre which he gets as a retainer from Canfield and rise to the sentiments which he says exist among his Scotch Presbyterian and Methodist constituents he would merit an approval from them which he never would receive with all his professions of honesty and purity if they but understood that on the floor of the Senate Senator Brackett stands as the protector of the greatest gambler and criminal in the world, Richard A. Canfield."

When Senator Brown countered with an attack on Jerome as a sensation monger, Senator Dowling, who had introduced the measure, came to the district attorney's defense:

"The arguments against this bill are reminiscent of the cuttlefish, which, when pursued and in danger of being cornered, ejects an inky substance which discolors the water and conceals its real situation from its pursuers. Some are against this bill because it is too drastic. Others are in favor of it if it is to take effect at a future day.

"No one thought of attacking Mr. Jerome's motives as long as he attacked cheap gamblers. But when he declined to consider 5 East Forty-fourth Street as an art museum, and, passing by the bric-à-brac, broke open the hidden receptacle of gambling implements, he became obnoxious to the high society connections now opposing this bill. It is worthy of remark that Jesse Lewisohn refused to answer whether he had ever been in those premises on the ground that it would incriminate him, which is proof absolute that the reputation of the place as a gambling resort must have been well established. Canfield left for Europe in the midst of the excitement to have his portrait painted, which, having been accomplished, Whistler, the artist, died. The proposition simply is whether the green columns and bronze doors of 5 East Forty-fourth Street shall continue to flaunt their open defiance of decency and law and order in New York."

There were other instances of mud-slinging during the more than five hours of debate that day, but the efforts of Brackett and Raines were not approached. Trustworthy and competent observers agreed that

Brackett's attack on Raines overshot the mark and brought defeat to his cause. Several Republicans who had been wavering threw their votes to Raines, the party leader, and the bill passed, twenty-seven to twenty, one more than was required. The final vote showed twenty-three Republicans supporting the measure, and four Democrats—Dowling, Dooling, and Hawkins of New York County and Keenan of Queens.

The five Republicans opposed to the measure were characterized by the *Sun*:

> Lou Payn's man Ambler of Columbia County; Governor Odell's senator, Louis F. Goodsell of Orange; Nathaniel A. Elsberg of New York City; Edgar T. Brackett of Saratoga, at the threshold of whose law office Cale Mitchell, the Saratoga gambler, shot himself dead just as Senator Brackett was pressing in the Legislature a bill to render Canfield immune from arrest in Saratoga Springs; Elon R. Brown, regarded as the "holier than thou" senator from Watertown.

The *Sun* recalled that in the Senate was a close friend and political disciple of former Governor Frank S. Black, one-time counsel for Frank Farrell, and said that the ex-governor had refused to bring pressure on this senator, William D. Barnes, who had voted with the majority. Brackett's attack on Raines, the newspaper declared very positively, had alienated from support of his position Senators Allds, L'Hommedieu, Stewart, and W. L. Brown.

The fight now shifted to the Assembly, the first skirm-

ish coming when Jerome repeated his charges against Canfield and Brackett before the Codes Committee of the lower house. He again protested that the measure was not designed solely for Canfield but to get at the other gamblers in the city. One of the lawyers appearing in opposition to the bill was George Gordon Battle, who declined to tell the committee who had hired him. Mr. Battle two years later was one of the lawyers employed by Canfield to fight Delahunty, when that lawyer brought suit over a disagreement on fees.

On April 7th, when the bill came up for action in the Assembly, it was freely predicted that Jerome's fight was lost. Governor Odell, told early in the debate that the measure was certain to fail of passage, "expressed no regret," in the language of the *Herald* correspondent. Canfield was called a crook, a sharper, a three-card-monte man, and plenty of other opprobrious things during the debate. After a futile effort to amend the bill with a provision that witnesses in gambling cases might be examined in star chamber proceedings only on an order of the Supreme Court, the opponents of Jerome gave up. The Dowling-Wainwright bill sailed through by a vote of ninety-three to forty-seven.

Jerome was jubilant. The New York gamblers were not too stricken in speech to assure reporters with profane emphasis that Canfield, by fighting Jerome when he could have surrendered and kept his face, had sold out the whole tribe.

Canfield was in Europe when the Assembly took its action. He hurried home, the governor withholding his signature from the bill until Canfield should put his affairs in order. Fifteen days after his return and a month and two days after the bill passed the Assembly Odell made the measure a law. The very next day the houses in West Forty-seventh Street which Bucklin had bought for Canfield were sold.

On the morning of May 12th a certified copy of the Dowling Law reached Jerome from the secretary of state. That afternoon a county detective found Jesse Lewisohn at the races at Morris Park, whither he had conveyed Lillian Russell, and served a subpœna on him. Lewisohn accepted the gage of battle, his attorney playing the appeal game as he had before.

A month later the megaphone man on a "Seeing New York" bus called out to his passengers as the bus passed 100 Fifth Avenue: "This house is the residence of Mrs. Frederic Neilson, who is the mother-in-law of Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt. Mr. Vanderbilt is now supposed to be in hiding. The crowd in front of the house is composed of District Attorney Jerome's detectives who seek to subpœna Mr. Vanderbilt to testify about the money he lost at Richard Canfield's gambling house."

They didn't get their man.

In addition to Lewisohn several Canfield patrons refused to answer the grand jury's questions. Canfield was in town, though the newspapers were printing

stories that had him in half-a-dozen places at the one time. He was under cover, for the very excellent reason that Jerome, for all his wild talk that had let Canfield and Bucklin escape in the trial upstate, might now be able to reach out and grasp him by the scruff of the neck and clap him into Sing Sing—and for two years! To this end had he come despite the legalistic twistings and squirmings by the expensive coterie of lawyers Delahunty had hired! Delahunty was the author of all his woes! If only . . .

He sent a note to the man who had been his legal adviser since 1891, telling him his services were no longer required. Then he hired the firm of Tracy and Britt to represent him.

On the evening of June 4th New Yorkers read in their newspapers that Frank T. (Cæsar) Young, a millionaire book-maker, had been fatally shot that morning while riding in a cab with Nan Patterson, a Floradora Sextette member with whom he had been infatuated. The next morning over the coffee cups, while they read Miss Patterson's "own story" and learned that as Young died his wife was waiting at a pier to take ship with him to Europe, an adjoining front-page headline announced that Richard A. Canfield had been attacked in the lobby of the Narragansett Hotel in Providence by a man whose attempt to stab the gambler had been frustrated by bystanders. This time no woman lurked in the background. It was merely that the assailant, one Harry Gardiner, at last

after several successful attempts to get money out of Canfield had met with a rebuff.

What was the world, that is the sporting world, coming to?

Canfield knew. The game was pretty well up so far as his future operations in New York City were concerned. For once in his life he was genuinely frightened. So frightened that at the beginning of the summer he announced that the Saratoga Club-House would not be opened. No, not even the restaurant, he repeated. Probably resentment toward Brackett entered into the decision as well as fear of the reformers, for all his friends were telling him now that the Saratoga senator's flamboyant attack on Raines had done more than anything else to speed the bill through the Legislature. Saratoga made all sorts of threats of what it would do to Canfield for this slap in the face which made the season a fizzle, but the following year it was to give him the welcome of a hero back from the wars when he opened both restaurant and dining room as of old.

II

That fall of 1904 saw the surrender of Canfield to Jerome. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court had ruled that the new law was constitutional, and the Court of Appeals on November 15th had affirmed this decision. Lewisohn faced a term of fifteen days in jail if he refused longer to answer questions of either the

grand jury or a magistrate holding a John Doe inquiry into gambling conditions.

Alfred Lauterbach, counsel for Lewisohn, threw up his hands. No appeal to the United States Supreme Court for him. His client would yield, he informed Britt and Britt's associate, General Benjamin F. Tracy. It looked exceedingly black for Canfield, who as a common gambler, second offense, could be sent to Sing Sing for two years. Jerome had waited a long time for this chance and would be satisfied with nothing less than a stiff prison sentence.

Just when the clouds were darkest for Canfield a scapegoat presented itself, in the person of Joseph Jacobs, author of all Canfield's woes on that eventful December night two years before. Jacobs's son had just died, and the detective, whose mind was never really quite right, visited the office of Tracy and Britt and said that he was anxious to atone for the wrong he had done Canfield. The two lawyers made an engagement with him to come back to the office for a conference with Canfield, as Jacobs wanted some money for the affidavit he was willing to swear to. The money, he emphasized, was merely to enable him to get out of the country, far, far away.

Britt got in touch with Jerome and told the story. The district attorney advised him to have Jacobs make his confession in writing. With Canfield present a few days later Jacobs signed the affidavit and swore to it. Then he was arrested. Brought before Jerome,

he tried to bluster it out, but finally broke down and admitted that he had never been nearer Canfield's rooms than the vestibule at 5 East Forty-fourth Street. A few days later he was sentenced to a year in state prison at Sing Sing.

The Jacobs confession put an entirely new aspect on the Canfield case. General Tracy, who had seen a great deal of legal service since in the Seventies he prosecuted Henry Ward Beecher's case against Theodore Tilton, made the arrangements for Canfield and Bucklin to plead guilty on December 7th to the now undodgeable charge of being common gamblers. A colored servant and a former dealer at the Forty-fourth Street house were persuaded to swear that gambling had gone on there during 1900 and 1901.

Canfield seemed cheerful [the *Sun* recounted]. His broad, smooth-shaven face was decorated by a blasé smile, but he glanced around the courtroom with some show of interest. Bucklin, who has a bristly little moustache, looked straight ahead at the wall—he looked as if he did not care into which pocket the ball dropped next.

Jerome in asking that the two gamblers be let off with fines of $1,000 explained to Judge Cowing that Jacobs's statement that he had played in Canfield's had turned out to be false. Canfield, Jerome said he was convinced, had given up his gambling places in the state and wouldn't reopen them. Two minutes after Judge Cowing granted the Jerome motion At-

torney Britt paid to the clerk of the court four $500 bills in token of surrender.

The newspapers opened up on Jerome now. Typical of their attitude was the editorial "Fuss, Feathers, and Farce" of the *Herald:*

Mr. Jerome is making a unique record in the district attorney's office.

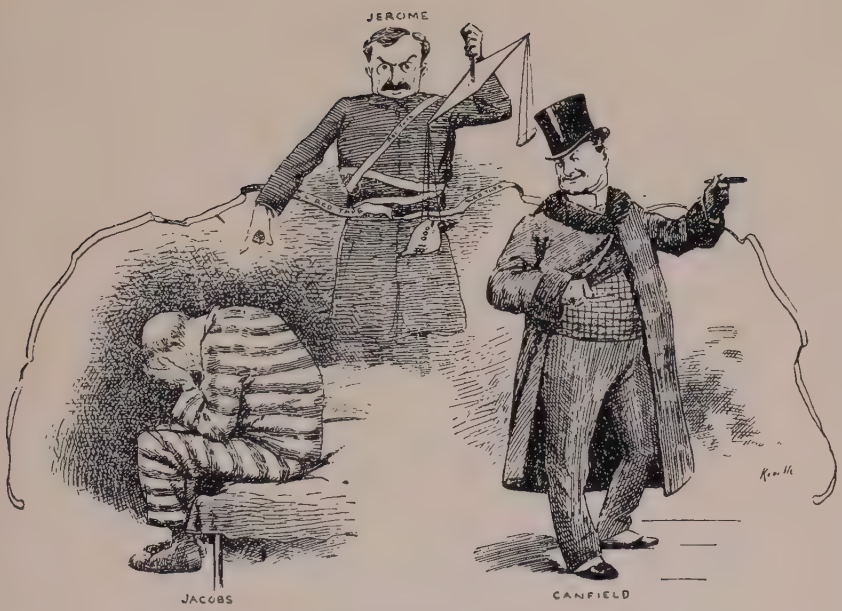
His fuss-and-feathers campaign, waged for two years in the press, the Legislature, and the courts with the avowed purpose of putting Richard A. Canfield in jail, was yesterday brought to a farcical conclusion.

Canfield and his manager having been indicted as common gamblers were accompanied into court by Mr. Jerome, who upon their pleading guilty consented to their discharge upon payment of a fine.

Mr. Jerome's axe-and-crowbar raid upon Canfield's house two years ago, his pursuit of well-known citizens that Mr. Jerome wanted as witnesses and whose names were therefore trumpeted through the land as men who had gambled in the place, the arrest of one citizen because he refused to testify, are fresh in the public mind.

So, too, Mr. Jerome's eloquent appeals to the Legislature to pass a bill compelling anyone who had entered a gambling house to testify. The Legislature passed the law and the Court of Appeals affirmed its constitutionality. And now, with this weapon fitted to his hand—the weapon with which he promised to accomplish so much—the two gamblers go free with a fine which they probably would willingly have paid two years ago.

What a farce!



DESIGN FOR A DECORATION FOR THE COURT OF JUSTICE.

A hostile view of Jerome's action in sending to prison the detective upon whose testimony Canfield's was raided, while the self-confessed gambler was let off with a thousand-dollar fine.

E. W. Kemble in the New York Herald

The district attorney's office said the Canfield-Bucklin cases had cost it $1,200, but that the Citizens' Union had spent $3,300 and other welfare organizations an indeterminate amount. The following year, during Delahunty's suit against Canfield, it was revealed that on the night of the raid Jerome had promised Canfield that if he would plead guilty he would be let off with the minimum fine of twenty-five dollars. On Delahunty's advice and under Delahunty's direction, Canfield then testified, a battery of expensive lawyers was hired to fight Jerome, and damage suits were instituted which were abandoned only with the enactment of the Dowling Law. The total effect of Delahunty's efforts were, in the words of a new lawyer named Marshall, "to plunge Canfield into a raging swirl, a kaleidoscopic panorama of litigation, the end of which was that Canfield was left like a bluebottle fly battling against a window pane in a vain endeavor to break his way out, while half the window was open to him for a clear departure."

What the eminent attorney who said this last really meant was that Delahunty's blundering had cost Canfield $100,000.

III

The gambling-house keepers trooped to Jerome's office in the early days of December, 1904, cooling their heels in the outer office while the district attorney interviewed them one by one in the manner of a prison

keeper registering a newly arrived inmate. They might as well have given him their fingerprints. The Dowling Law was now, despite an occasional murmur of disapproval from constitutional lawyers, ready to go to work, and the professional gamblers were taking no chances. They told Jerome whatever he wanted to know about them, their staffs, their houses. Running a gambling house had suddenly become as much a sucker game as playing roulette and faro against the house, for the district attorney could subpœna patrons of an establishment, subject them severally to an inquisition before the grand jury or a judge, and get all the evidence he needed to send the proprietor to prison. Jerome imposed only a few conditions when he interviewed the gamblers. First, there must be a promise that so long as Jerome was district attorney the gambler he was interviewing would be very definitely an ex-gambler. Second, anyone presenting Jerome's card at the door of any business establishment or residence owned or operated by the man he was interviewing must be admitted, no matter at what hour he presented himself.

Later Jerome insisted that these men also furnish him with a pass key to these establishments. Early in 1905 Dave Johnson told a *Herald* reporter:

"No matter what they say you may believe me when I tell you that not a card has turned nor a ball spun for weeks in the Tenderloin, old or new. It would be suicide for any of the men who 'saw' Jerome to attempt it. He's got us in

the hollow of his hand, and I think that this fact is fully realized.

"The first and foremost condition he imposed upon the men who called on him was sufficient to guarantee an enforced idleness for some time. I mean the promise he enacted that anyone bearing his card would be admitted without delay to any of the houses at any hour of the day or night. There is no doubt that Jerome is thoroughly alive to the situation; all the men with whom I have spoken agree on that. In fact, his detailed knowledge was surprising and it has aroused a real fear in gambling circles where previous crusades were laughed at.

"Of course his strongest weapon is the Dowling Law. Every one of us was afraid of that when it was first passed, but few realized how effective its use would be. As I told the judge when I met him, I had been closed for some time past because I was fearful as to what his inactivity meant. I'm always afraid of a man who stays back from a fight when he's got a big club in his hand. I'm looking to see who he's going to hit with it. We learned that he had not been idle since the passage of the bill, for he has a list of the patrons of each of the houses as long as your arm. He put it up to me to either tell all I knew or stand by and have my customers subpœnaed. That would mean exposure for them and probably worse for me, so there was small choice. And my case was exactly similar to all the others who went before him."

A few months ago Mr. Jerome told me the sequel to this Johnson statement.

Early in January, 1906, when he had barely started on his second four-year term, Jerome heard one of his

friends tell another man in a club that Dave Johnson was operating the old Farrell place at 33 West Thirty-third Street, next to the Waldorf-Astoria. Jerome said nothing, but soon after took a cab to the hotel. Calling a house detective before him, he ordered the man to go over to No. 33 and bring Johnson before him. The man demurred, when Jerome, accusing him of being a runner for Johnson's house, threatened to make a complaint to Proprietor George C. Boldt. In a few minutes Johnson appeared, in evening clothes. What did Mr. Jerome want?

Mr. Jerome told him, in a few crisp words. He was violating his pledge. Oh, but that pledge had reference only to the first Jerome term, Johnson protested. The district attorney thereupon served notice that the prohibition applied to the current term also.

"Have I got to break up the game right away?" Johnson asked. "I've got a lot of men over there and I hate to break it up at once. Can't I run the game the rest of the night?"

"Johnson," said Jerome, "you are not talking to the district attorney. You are speaking to William Travers Jerome. The district attorney knows nothing about your place to-night."

The game ran the rest of that night, and then shut down.

For Canfield the summer of 1905 was a season of harvest at Saratoga, which was now his only gaming place. His Newport place, the Nautilus Club, he had

sold to Bucklin and Billy Coe in the spring of that year, at about the time Delahunty was filing the first papers in his suit against his old client for $74,000, covering his services from the night of the raid to July, 1904, as well as his commission on collection of $130,000 on the Vanderbilt $300,000 notes. Shortly afterward Philip J. Britt, who had succeeded Delahunty, brought suit for $15,000. Canfield, who by this time had become impervious to attacks by lawyers, retained H. Snowden Marshall and George Gordon Battle to fight the two actions.

IV

The Delahunty suit, following four months of legal sparring for advantage, opened late in May, 1906, before Supreme Court Justice Newburger, whose courtroom was able to accommodate only a few of the hundreds who wanted to see the most noted gambler of his generation give up his secrets under the pounding of the man who, as his lawyer for fourteen years, would be expected to know him up, down and across. Canfield had returned from Europe only a week before, still troubled with what the physicians had diagnosed as chronic influenza, and had seen Bucklin get a black eye from an over-zealous photographer who took that means to answer a bit of choice profanity.

As the trial started the newspapers carried stories that the town was again wide open to prostitution and gambling. McClellan, reëlected over William Randolph

Hearst, independent, for two more years in the fall of 1905, had a new police commissioner, General Theodore Bingham, who was trying to break up a new system of graft which had fastened itself on the department. Canfield, strolling into 5 East Forty-fourth Street on a casual visit to the house which he had sold a few weeks before to a syndicate of gamblers, saw the games humming under the direction of Sam Emery, an old race-track gambler, and in the intoxication of the atmosphere and the few cocktails he had taken for old times' sake, tried to buy the place back, without success.

The trial before Justice Newburger brought out many interesting and humorous details of the association of Canfield, Delahunty, and Bucklin in the stormy days when the gambler and his manager were fighting to keep out of the clutches of the law after the famous raid. Delahunty offered in evidence a cablegram which Canfield had sent from London in February, 1903, before Bucklin fled to Montreal, as proof that Canfield had instigated the hiring of expensive lawyers and fighting Jerome at every step:

DELAHUNTY
220 BROADWAY
HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE IN YOUR MANAGEMENT DAVID'S CASE BUT ADVISE FIGHTING EVERY STEP AND FIRE WITH FIRE THINK WASSERMAN WILL DEFY COURT IF THOUGHT NECESSARY LUCE ALSO WOULD ADMIT NOTHING AND SPARE NO EXPENSE AND NO SCRUPLES . . . JUDGE ALL DELAYS FAVOR US.

Five days later Bucklin had fled to Canada because, he now told the court, Delahunty and his associate, Forbes J. Hennessey, advised him that his case was hopeless. Edmund L. Mooney, Delahunty's lawyer, put Hennessey on the stand to swear that he had never advised Bucklin to flee the country, and Delahunty not only testified under oath that Bucklin's action was of his own volition, but introduced letters written by Bucklin from Montreal to give color to that testimony. One of those, sent from Montreal on February 17, 1903, read:

> . . . I am of the same opinion I was. I won't go to jail; I don't mind a few hours or a day, but no three weeks or more for me. If I could be let off with a fine I would stand it, but we have no chance to win and it would be all for nothing.
>
> I cannot help feeling I will be shown no mercy and that they will insist on my getting the full penalty.

When a number of other Bucklin letters were read into the record Canfield remarked in an aside to Bucklin, who sat next to him fondling an umbrella and occasionally letting the handle creep between his teeth:

"You must have been a regular Jim the Penman, Dave, working off your nervous energy that way, eh? I bet I got forty bushels of the same kind of letters, but I didn't keep 'em."

Canfield, from his refuge in London, had cabled Delahunty suggesting that Bucklin's flight was "a frightful blunder unless you advised it," and Dela-

hunty had told Mrs. Bucklin to ignore the frantic requests of her husband to send him some clothing to augment the supply he had thrown into a handbag when he hastily left New York.

Canfield laughed heartily and chaffed Bucklin when Delahunty's counsel introduced another letter he had sent from Montreal in which was this:

> He [Canfield] thinks you can do anything with money, but you can't.

Delahunty on the stand harked back to the spring of 1903 and swore that Canfield had cabled him to "spare no expense" in getting lawyers to help him prepare the suits against Jerome, Piper, and Brooks and in the Canfield-Bucklin defense. Canfield had been particularly anxious to get Harvey D. Hinman, a Republican politician of Binghamton, when his trial on the indictment Jerome had secured against him was switched to Broome County, and kept bombarding Delahunty with telegrams from Saratoga urging that course. Through Lafayette B. Gleason, as we have seen, Delahunty got both Hinman and John B. Stanchfield, Democratic nominee for United States Senator two years before, working to defeat the Jerome actions. Despite the urgent "at any cost" instructions, Delahunty testified, and backed up his testimony with letters from Canfield, the master gambler had protested volubly over the bills sent him by Stanchfield, Hinman, and the rest, calling them a "shrieking outrage" and

threatening to bring the whole matter "to the attention of the Bar Association."

So it was revealed in a court of the State of New York that Canfield was nobody's fool in payment for services rendered him, even by lawyers. With the Delahunty cause actually being tried, he prepared to fight Britt, who thought the $5,000 Canfield had allowed him for his share in arranging the terms of surrender to Jerome was merely a retainer, and asked $15,000 more.

Delahunty's bill, a fine model of mental exhibitionism, was introduced before the court. It read:

To retainer, consultations, advice and services from December 1, 1902, to July, 1904, in relation to the prosecutions instituted by the District Attorney of the County of New York against yourself and David W. Bucklin your manager, with a view to your and his conviction as common gamblers, your punishment by either fine or imprisonment or both, the declared object of the District Attorney being to put an end to your business theretofore conducted by you at No. 5 East Forty-fourth Street, New York City, at Saratoga Springs and at Newport in which business your investments aggregated over two millions of dollars, you being worth upward of five millions of dollars and having an established reputation throughout the world as the Prince of Gamblers, including the following. . . .

He had then enumerated the collection of certain notes, some given by Reginald Vanderbilt, one by Senator Wolcott, and others which were not identified.

Vanderbilt's $300,000 notes had been redeemed by the young man's lawyer by payment of 130 thousand-dollar bills at Stamford, Connecticut, while Bucklin was a self-imposed exile from New York.

Bucklin did not prove a very heroic figure on the stand, but Canfield was easily a match for the opposing lawyers. He testified that he had no personal enmity toward Delahunty, and said that prior to their break-up he had named the lawyer executor of his estate. On the night of the raid Delahunty, he said, had advised him that the gambling implements at 5 East Forty-fourth Street were not contraband and that Jerome could not sustain a charge against him on account of them. They could have been removed before the raid, Canfield told the court bitterly. Again, when on the night of the raid Jerome had advised him that if he would plead guilty to being a common gambler he would be let off with a twenty-five-dollar fine, Delahunty had advised him to fight.

Cross-examining him, Mooney brought up the Providence jail era and sought to make him admit that he had been trying to live it down. Canfield denied this, and cited the fact that he had brought up his family in Providence. Questioned about his relations with Bucklin, he testified that his manager had not received a salary, but a percentage of the earnings of the various houses he managed. Delahunty had done no work in collecting the money from Vanderbilt and Senator Wolcott—he had merely accepted the minimum Can-

field had set in each case. He testified that the "story of the drunken kid," who Jerome once said dropped $405,000 in five nights' play in his place, had annoyed him more than anything else because it was absolutely untrue.

"How about your prestige?" Mooney suddenly shot at him.

"Because I have used that word once or twice in my letters there seems to be a general idea that I meant something extraordinary or out of the way. As a matter of fact, I was very slipshod in some of my correspondence, not expecting that it would ever be produced here in court."

Both sides brought in experts to testify as to the worth of the advice given Canfield by Delahunty. Augustus van Wyck, whose brother had once been mayor, estimated the services at between $30,000 and $35,000, exclusive of his commission on notes collected. As it happened Delahunty was asking $32,500. But Augustus van Wyck's son-in-law, James W. Osborne, testified that the Delahunty services were worse than useless.

Mooney, summing up, called Canfield a welcher, a perjurer, and a faker. The jury evidently believed him. It was out an hour and a half, and found for Delahunty in full—$46,600.

When the verdict was announced Canfield said that he would not appeal. He had hoped the twelve men would believe him, but since they hadn't:

"I have made it a rule to look at myself in the mirror every morning and I feel that if I can look in my own eyes and be satisfied with the examination then I have no reason to regret anything I have done. That is my personal standard and has been for years."

He appealed from the verdict. A year later the case was settled out of court for $18,000, as was the suit Britt brought.

CHAPTER XIII

THE DRAB YEARS

I

Before the jury brought in its verdict in the case of Delahunty against Canfield the prince of gamblers had bought a house at 9 East Fifty-fifth Street, in the very center of the Four Hundred's hunting grounds. Across the street at the corner of Fifth Avenue was the St. Regis Hotel, center of social activities of New York's upper crust, and a couple of doors away from Canfield lived E. H. Harriman, the railway magnate. Tailers and Fahnestocks and Oelrichses, Robinsons, Rikers, and Cochrans—not four out of five, but nineteen out of twenty of them in the Social Register, and Canfield the twentieth.

The building Canfield occupied is still standing in dingy brownstone eminence, its chief architectural feature an ugly bay window that takes up virtually all of the frontage not given over to a hallway. Like all its neighbors, made over or new, it is now dedicated to trade. But it is still in the fashionable district, the rise of Park Avenue as a residential street for millionaires insuring the cross streets between it and Fifth Avenue the right to be considered within the purlieus of society.

The announcement of the sale of the Fifty-fifth Street place to Canfield titillated the newspapers into guesses that the gaming glories of Forty-fourth Street were to be revived under the direction of the greatest gambler of the day. The reporters sought out Canfield before court opened. They wanted to know if he knew that the neighbors were protesting against this incursion.

"Gentlemen," said Canfield with a broad smile playing on his face, "I've simply bought a home for my family and myself—that's all there is to it. Gambling? Why, I've quit that for good. If I'd intended to keep it up I'd have remained in my splendid $200,000 house in East Forty-fourth Street. There would be no sense in moving uptown.

"Oh, yes, I suppose some of the neighbors won't like having me living next to them. There's John Redmond living in No. 11 next door, with whom I used to go to school. Why, I don't suppose he'll even take trouble enough to notice me. As for Dr. Chappell, my other neighbor, I'm sorry he won't fancy me, but that's certainly his fault and not mine.

"We are going to live a quiet life, my wife, my children, and myself. The clicking of chips and the shuffling of cards are sounds that are going to be forgotten."

The newspapers had just printed stories that in the new Tenderloin between Forty-second and Fifty-ninth streets and from Fifth Avenue to Broadway the gamblers were settling down into new quarters and that while the police were making spasmodic attempts to run them out, the district attorney's office had suddenly forgotten its zeal for cleaning up the town. So

it was natural that one of the reporters should ask Canfield what he thought about the district attorney.

"Jerome?" said Canfield with a wink. "Why, Jerome got through when he got me."

II

For a year Canfield lived in the Fifty-fifth Street house, shunned by his neighbors, as he had predicted. His family did not come on from Providence to stay with him, although his wife managed to visit him more frequently than she had when he was actively engaged in gambling, and sometimes she brought the children. To an old friend who banteringly told him that he had better watch out, the neighbors would complain to the police that he was again running a gambling house, he exclaimed, "They have!"

The neighbors, it seems, made the mistake of thinking that the people who now came to see Canfield were his old patrons. But these men were not the Gateses, the Drakes, the Vanderbilts. Rather they were the art connoisseurs, collectors of this and that, who valued Canfield's opinions and came to him to get them.

From the early Nineties he had been going to Europe almost every year, touring the art galleries, visiting collectors in England and France, and occasionally adding to his collections. When he visited London he stopped at the Claridge. The news that he had arrived was the signal for a procession of art dealers to his rooms. They were attracted by his free-and-easy way

with money when he saw something he wanted, and not J. Pierpont Morgan himself got more attention, though his purchases of course greatly outnumbered those of Canfield and cost more per piece. Canfield's friendship with Whistler and his discriminating taste and personal charm, his conversational gift flowing out of a close study of art in all ages—these with his willingness to pay a little more than the going price if necessary combined to make him a favorite with those who had things to sell. Though most of his purchases were made in England he was on familiar terms with the cognoscenti in his own country and wherever auctions involving his specialties were being held he attended them or had his bids in with dealers if unable to make the journey.

In November, 1904, when the Court of Appeals was affirming the constitutionality of the Dowling Law, Canfield had become a business man in the narrow sense that excludes activities such as keeping a gambling house and speculating in Wall Street. Thomas L. Waters, bon vivant and attorney, introduced him to a man named Charles Brisco who held a patent on a bottle stopper with a spring arrangement that made opening of bottles exceedingly easy but which made the bottle, when once opened, non-refillable. Canfield gave Brisco $100,000 to build a factory at Morgantown, West Virginia. The business was incorporated in Delaware as the Union Stopper Company, but when the plant was built Brisco, with Canfield's consent, made

no bottle stoppers, turning out instead lighting fixtures and stationery glass.

After Canfield's death the business was reorganized as the Beaumont Company, a Delaware corporation with $250,000 capital in which the Canfield estate holds a controlling interest. In 1919 a second plant was built in Morgantown. The two establishments employ between five and six hundred people.

At just about the time he was moving to Fifty-fifth Street Canfield began the manufacture of the patented bottle stopper in Brooklyn, organizing the Spring Stopper Company as a New York corporation with a capitalization of $150,000. In 1916, after his death, this concern became the Spring Stopper Company of Delaware with a capital of $1,000,000. During the war, when a shortage of tin and cork threatened to curtail its activities disastrously, the company's officers saved the day by buying up a patent on a machine which turns out bottles with an inside thread in the neck. Up to that time bottles of this sort had been turned out by hand. The machine made large-scale production possible, and to-day most of the large pharmaceutical companies use the Canfield concern's stopper for products which deteriorate rapidly on being exposed to air. Clayton F. McKenly, who was confidential and financial secretary to Canfield for fifteen years, is the general manager of the stopper company and an officer in the Beaumont Company. The Canfield estate holds a controlling interest in both concerns.

While Canfield in the summer of 1906 was having his Saratoga place closed down by the sheriff of the Saratoga county and the apparatus removed, his old enemy Jerome was riding the tide of popularity. Returning from a vacation, the district attorney found that a Pittsburgh wastrel named Harry Thaw, who was cutting a wide swath in the life of the Great White Way, had shot and killed Stanford White, the brilliant architect who among a number of achievements was responsible for the beautiful portico of Dr. Parkhurst's new Madison Square Presbyterian Church across the street from the old one. While Jerome busied himself with details of the trial of Thaw, the rumblings of the political campaign of the fall spread over the state.

On August 11th the *Sun* carried a short editorial in the familiar *Sun* style on the subject of Mr. Jerome and the governorship:

> We understand that Mr. William Travers Jerome is considering the propriety of offering himself as a candidate for the governorship of this state.
>
> If Mr. Jerome runs Mr. Jerome will be elected.

Eight days later Jerome announced that he would seek the Democratic nomination. The Democrats had not had a governor for twelve years, so the party was hungry for the spoils of office. Tammany, forced to choose between Jerome, who would certainly make life miserable for the Tiger, and Hearst, who had recently had cartoons showing Boss Murphy in convict's stripes,

chose Hearst as the lesser evil. Jerome came back to do brilliant work in the Thaw case, though balked by a disagreement of the jury. In the second trial the Pittsburgh millionaire's alienists succeeded in getting him shunted to the Matteawan Hospital for the Criminal Insane, whence he escaped a few years later and fought successfully the attempts of the authorities to put him back.

Hearst was no match for the Republican nominee, Charles E. Hughes, who rode into the governorship on a wave of popularity produced by his masterly work in cleaning up the insurance scandals.

The story of Canfield's spectacular losses in the panic of 1907 has been told in a preceding chapter. Previous to the panic there was a small flurry over the crash of the stock-brokerage house of Mills Brothers & Co., which failed on August 22d of that year. In the investigation that followed the crash it became apparent that the concern had taken collateral turned over to it by Canfield and used it in market operations. The Canfield loss of $100,000 in the failure of this house was reduced a year later when the courts awarded him $25,679.

III

In 1910 striking evidence of the new status of Canfield was afforded in his inclusion as a charter member in the Walpole Society, which was founded in New York among art connoisseurs and men of note in literary

work. The constitution of the society limited the membership to twenty-five, required that new members must be unanimously elected after nomination by two members of the society, and placed the annual dues at five dollars. In addition to Canfield the charter members were: Samuel P. Avery, Hartford; Edwin A. Barber, Philadelphia; Francis H. Bigelow, Cambridge; Dwight Blaney, Cambridge; Eugene Bolles, Boston; Thomas B. Clarke, New York; John Cotton Dana, Newark; H. W. Erving, Hartford; Henry H. Flagler, New York; Hollis French, Boston; Harry W. Kent, New York; Luke Vincent Lockwood, New York; George S. Palmer, New Haven; Arthur Jeffrey Parsons, Washington; Albert H. Pitkin, Hartford; Charles H. Platt, New York; Frederick B. Pratt, Brooklyn; Charles H. Tyler, Boston; Frederick S. Wait, New York, and Theodore S. Woolsey, New Haven. Canfield was made a member of the ceramics committee and two years later had the pleasure of welcoming into membership three of his Providence fellow townsmen, Norman M. Isham, Marsden J. Perry, and George Parker Winship.

To this eminence had come the gambler and, as Jerome had so often reminded him, the felon. It had been a peculiar road for him. The shipping clerk's assistant turned hotel clerk and gambler had, upon a foundation of formal education that his native state had long since deemed inadequate, climbed to the heights. No need to worry because the Blue Book could

never list him as one of the socially elect. He was on his way to that greater eminence, *Who's Who in America*. Probably he would have attained it had he lived a few years longer.

In October of that year his daughter, Grace Martin Canfield, who just a month before had reached seventeen, eloped with a shoe clerk named Martin E. Hannon, twenty-five years old, to Attleboro, Massachusetts. When they applied to the town clerk for a marriage license he told them that the young woman must have the consent of one of her parents before he could grant it. They went back to Providence and appealed to Mrs. Canfield, who consented to accompany them back to the Massachusetts city. They got the license and were married in the rectory of St. John's Catholic Church, Mrs. Canfield being a witness.

The news of his daughter's wedding made Canfield indignant. But he was in New York, and nothing could be done about it. The girl was married and that was all there was to it. But she was so young! What did that fellow Hannon mean by working on the affections of a little girl who had put her hair up only a couple of years before? In his anger and with imperfect advices before him, Canfield wrote out a sizzling letter to John H. Hanan, the noted shoe manufacturer, and demanded to know why his son had done this thing, and what they proposed to do about it. When he received a letter from Mr. Hanan denying any responsibility for the action of Hannon, Canfield felt small. He withdrew his oppo-

sition, and gave his daughter a check for $10,000 as a wedding present. The Hannons came to New York to live, and Grace gave birth to a son in a year's time. A few years later they were divorced.

The next few years passed uneventfully enough. The glass business took up a good deal of Canfield's attention, but there was still time enough for an annual European trip, visits to the auctions, and exhibitions of his Whistler collection. He had given up the house on Fifty-fifth Street after one year's tenancy, and now lived in a rented house at 506 Madison Avenue, with his old housekeeper Virgie and a manservant. Aside from periodic visits with his associates of the Walpole Society and an occasional dinner out with Coe and Simmons or Robert H. Davis, who had been a friend of fifteen years' standing, he went out little in the evening. More and more he took refuge in his books.

The sale of his Whistler collection to M. Knoedler & Son in March, 1914, was made with no more formality than Canfield displayed when matching coins with a friend over a two-dollar luncheon check. Canfield was dining at Delmonico's when Roland Knoedler came to his table and said:

"Dick, how much do you want for your Whistlers?"

"Three hundred thousand dollars," said Canfield.

Said Knoedler: "Excuse me a minute."

He went to a telephone and was back two minutes later.

"Does that offer hold good, Dick?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I'll have a van up at your place to-morrow night."

Knoedler had apparently talked on the telephone with Henry C. Frick, for three of the most important oil paintings in the collection were shortly afterward acquired by the steel millionaire, and are to-day in the Frick Gallery. It is said that Frick paid over $200,000 for the three paintings.

IV

On the night of December 10, 1914, Canfield dined at home. He had a few cocktails, which as usual did not agree with him, and the next morning he was out of sorts. The corned-beef hash didn't seem quite as satisfying to him as usual. Perhaps he was getting old, he reflected. Still, at fifty-nine with a good head of hair that showed only little patches of gray along the temples he ought to be good for a few more years.

He remembered that he had promised McKenly to look over a new six-story building on Duffield Street in Brooklyn, the top floor of which his secretary felt was an ideal place for the quarters of the plant of the stopper company. So he took the subway across the river and with his secretary went to the building. The elevator was not running, but though he was not in the best of shape, Canfield decided to walk the five flights of stairs. It was a long, hard pull, and he arrived badly blown and wasting the little breath he had

left invoking a plague on people who didn't know enough to have their elevators running.

The arrangements of the shop soon made him forget this. On three sides of the big room, as yet bare of partitions, they could look out on New York Bay, Manhattan, Brooklyn Heights, and the borough of Queens. McKenly had drawn up plans for the utilization of the space. The office here, the machinery here, the laboratory over by that window. It was all very admirable, and Canfield's enthusiasm took a bound.

"By God, Mac, you've got something here!" he exclaimed, and was for signing up for the place right away.

The agent of the building was not to be found, however, when they had walked downstairs, and so they had to put the matter off until the next day. They went to the Clarendon Hotel for lunch. Canfield, by now feeling in fine fettle, suggested that a cocktail would go nicely, but when his companion demurred he decided that he, too, would go without liquor.

They went to a subway station. Canfield again spoke of his pleasure at the arrangements McKenly had made. He promised to go over to Brooklyn the next morning at eleven o'clock to sign the lease. He would make it earlier, he said, only he wanted to turn in a life-insurance policy he held in the New York Life. It had a surrender value of $10,000 and he was in need of a little ready money. That would take some time in the morning. He bade McKenly good-bye, assuring him

that he would come over to Brooklyn in the morning and sign the lease for the new quarters.

Thirty minutes later McKenly got a telephone call. It was from a man who identified himself as the station master in the Interborough subway station at Fourteenth Street, Manhattan. His friend Mr. Canfield had been badly hurt and wished him to come over at once. No, Mr. Canfield would not be taken to a hospital until McKenly arrived.

So McKenly boarded a subway train for Fourteenth Street. The train went slowly, being held up several times on its journey by red signals which indicated that somewhere there had been a jam. There was no use in fuming and fretting. The elevated, plus a taxicab, would probably take a good deal longer. The journey, ordinarily accomplished in eighteen minutes, took thirty-five.

Rushing into the station, expecting to find Canfield lying unconscious, the secretary was surprised to find his employer rapidly walking up and down the room, smoking a cigar and, when he saw McKenly, exploding with profanity. Yes, he was all right, he explained, but why had McKenly taken so damn long?

McKenly, wondering at the message he had received over the telephone, wanted to see if Canfield had any marks on his body. It seemed that Canfield had got out of the train, thinking that he had reached Grand Central, and was halfway up the stairs before he realized that it was Fourteenth Street. Turning quickly to get

back into the train before the doors should close, he had tripped and fallen down the stairs, striking on his chin. But, he insisted, he was all right, and was going right home.

His actions were certainly those of a well man. But McKenly knew that a fall of that sort might do something serious to anyone, and a man of fifty-nine. . . . So he insisted that they complete the journey in a taxicab. Canfield grudgingly gave in, but wouldn't accept any assistance in getting out of the station.

When he got home he sat down for a time in the library, brusquely pushing aside all suggestions that he had better have a doctor look him over. Beyond a bruised chin he seemed none the worse for his fall and assured McKenly and Virgie that he was feeling all right, only a little tired. He would be ready to go back to Brooklyn in the morning. But he didn't take any dinner, going to bed early and sitting up reading. When Virgie was ready for bed at midnight she asked if he didn't care to have something to eat or drink and he irritably asked if he hadn't made it clear that he wished nothing. "You just go on to bed and don't forget to call me at seven in the morning," he added in a less truculent tone.

They were the last words he spoke. When the housekeeper tried to waken him at seven o'clock she got no response. He was breathing heavily, she told McKenly a few minutes later over the telephone, and he at once told her to call Dr. J. Clarence Sharp, Canfield's phy-

sician. Dr. Sharp, trying in vain to arouse his patient, summoned two brain specialists, Dr. R. Foster Kennedy and Dr. Isidore Freisner. The physicians found that the blow Canfield received on his chin had fractured his skull at the base of the brain. An operation was necessary if his life was to be saved, but even if it proved successful—and all the chances were against it —Canfield would be hopelessly insane.

The patient died before they could operate.

V

Mrs. Canfield, Grace, and Howland attended the funeral two days later in the staid, proper, and Congregational Broadway Tabernacle, which was jammed with men and women of all walks of life, frankly curious to see what Canfield looked like. After the services the body was taken to the United States Crematory at Fresh Pond, Long Island. The ashes were conveyed to New Bedford, where they were placed in the plot he had reserved for himself next to the bodies of his father, mother, brother, and the three sisters he had never seen.

Only newspaper reporters watched while workmen under the direction of the sexton of the cemetery deposited the urn containing the ashes of the greatest American gambler, and threw the earth over it.

THE END

APPENDIX

(*New York* Tribune, *Aug. 13, 1877*)

RICHES QUICKLY WASTED

The Fate Of New York Gamblers

THEIR PROSPERITY SHORT AND ILLUSORY—HOW THEY HAVE FALLEN FROM WEALTH TO POVERTY

The tragical death of J. F. Murphy, who shot himself last week in the elegant parlors of Murray's notorious gambling house at No. 13 West Twenty-eighth Street, is one of many examples showing that the lives of gamblers generally end in wretchedness and gloom. A glance over the past thirty-five years discloses the fact that comparatively few of the prominent gamblers who have appeared in the sporting circles of New York have retained their ill-gotten riches and enjoyed life to the last. Most of them sooner or later sank into misery and abject poverty. "Matt." Danser's continued prosperity was a notable exception, and almost without precedent. A look into the circumstances of the New York gamblers of to-day does not find many indications that their last days will be any happier than those of their predecessors.

Among the most conspicuous of the metropolitan gamblers was Reuben Parsons, who from 1840 until his recent death had at various times accumulated much money, which he invested in real estate. But at length he went into Wall Street and lost his fortune. His old partner, Henry Colton,

was believed until recently to be wealthy, but legal proceedings have shown that he has transferred all his property to his wife, in the interests of his children. Colton and Parsons and the late Matthew Danser were considered for years to be the richest men of their disreputable class.

From time to time men from distant cities, attracted by the inviting field for their operations presented by New York, have sought to make this city their home. Such men were the elegant Pendleton of Washington and Orlando Moore, who kept a noted gambling house for many years on Broadway, one door below the Chemical Bank. Moore for a time was prosperous, but a desire to force his family into a circle of society closed to them in spite of his wealth and the family's education, led him into extravagance that proved his ruin. Another notorious gambler was Patrick Hearne, an Irishman, of great shrewdness and of polished affability of manner. In company with Schuyler Halsey he established and conducted a gambling house for many years opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. Hearne, perhaps, was the most interesting man of his class. He had a good education and his personal attractions allured into his society such men as the Livingstons, the Jameses of Albany, and the Costers of New York, from whom he won not less than half a million dollars. But he loved play for its own sake, and was addicted to high living and dissipation and extravagance generally. He died almost penniless. Halsey passed off the stage two years ago, leaving out of an immense amount of ill-gotten gains only $50,000. A man named Joseph Hall, originally a house-painter, also tried his fortune in New York. He was a handsome man, but pompous, overbearing, and presuming. Having succeeded in gambling, he invested in trotting horses, and once owned the celebrated trotting stallion Lantern, afterward purchased by Robert Bonner. Hall was famous for his suppers and knew how to cater to his guests better than any other gambler-host in New York. A story is told to show his extravagance, in effect that after Lantern had won an important race Hall had a silver bucket made for the horse to

drink out of. A few years ago, worn out and crippled, Hall was soliciting alms to keep him from starving.

John Harrison was a popular sporting man. He was convicted and imprisoned for keeping a gambling saloon—almost the only case of the kind that can be remembered by the oldest gamblers of to-day. Strange as it may seem, Harrison was called an honest gambler who played a fair game. His low instincts finally led him into an alliance with a woman, notorious as Julia Brown. This ruined him, and he died in poverty. Harrison had, however, given a fine education to the woman's daughter at one of the convents of the Sacred Heart. She has since married a New York lawyer and resides at present in Westchester County.

Harrison had a son, to whom Mrs. Brown left considerable property in Westchester, and whose life after leaving New York was of a most extraordinary and varied character. He went to California in the flush times of 1851 and became such a noted desperado that the Vigilance Committee drove him from San Francisco. He took refuge in Kansas, where he was renowned for his crimes, and where he added two or three to the number of persons he had killed in California. When passing through Leavenworth one day, in conversation with a fellow-desperado, he enumerated on his fingers eleven persons whom he had killed. Suddenly drawing his revolver, he swore he would have twelve men of his own killing in the infernal regions as a jury to try him when he reached his home there, and shot an inoffensive German shoemaker who was sitting on the opposite side of the street at work. The citizens of Leavenworth drove him away and he took refuge in another part of Kansas. In 1861 when the war broke out Harrison with twenty or thirty men of like desperate character joined the Second Kansas Cavalry which was being organized at that time by Col. A. C. Davis, former United States District Attorney of Kansas. Davis very reluctantly admitted Harrison into the regiment and only after a promise that he would control his men and behave himself. After two or three months in camp Harrison and his fellow ruffians

one night crossed the river into Missouri and sacked a little town opposite the camp. Harrison was arrested by Davis, and tried by court martial, but he escaped and went into the Indian Territory near the place where the Confederate army lay. He raised a company of half-breeds who, passing into Arkansas, committed depredations on friend and foe alike. After a time he was captured by the citizens of a town he had previously robbed. They hanged him and cut off his head and stuck it on a pole in one of the streets. The Second Kansas Cavalry moved into this town shortly afterwards and the officers found the head of their former associate. Years later and in a suit for the possession of the property which Julia Brown had left Harrison in Westchester County, Col. Davis, who had meanwhile removed to New York to practise law, was called as a witness to establish the fact of Harrison's death.

The oldest of the gambling fraternity and a man who was possessed of property and with few enemies was "Shell" Burrell, who kept a gambling house in the Bowery. Most of his fortune was made by the roulette wheel. His appearance was peculiar as he was round shouldered and six feet in height. His manners were pleasing and he was always ready to stake his last dollar at roulette. On one occasion when asked what the limit of the bets was he replied, "Bet all you've got and if that isn't enough, get on the table and I will turn for you; but I must be allowed to put my own value on you."

John I. Cassiday, who came from Cincinnati, was another prominent gambler. He claimed, perhaps with reason, to be by birth and education a gentleman. He was a man of fine address and of undoubted literary ability. For a long time he wrote letters for the *Spirit of the Times* over the signature of "Larkin." Becoming fascinated with play, Cassiday gambled heavily and continuously. But he was never a cheat or a blackguard. He died in poverty, leaving a family reared in luxury dependent upon a relation for the necessaries of life.

Recent years have brought forward a herd of low and brutal thieves who, when arrested, seek to disguise their real

character by saying they are "sporting men." John Morrissey, although perhaps not intending to curse New York City with a gang of villains, has been the direct cause of a band of men of the worst character coming from Troy to New York. Hither they all came after Morrissey's successful fight with Yankee Sullivan. Among the most odious of them and best known to the police were Blacksmith Dan Edgar, McCormick, "Bill Mike" Murray (at whose house the unfortunate Murphy shot himself on Friday), a State's Prison graduate, Charles Vosburgh, and "Wally" Patrick. Morrissey and his partners, Reed and Spencer, are the only gamblers, however, who openly defy the law and who carry on in broad daylight pool selling, faro bank, roulette, and all other games that allure and defraud the unwary. After all the wealth that Morrissey has at different times possessed, should his creditors foreclose the mortgages on his property at Saratoga it is doubtful if he would have $10,000. But Spencer is rich. He is a man of some education, and quiet and unobtrusive manners. He will never die poor if his reputation among his fellow gamblers as a saving, avaricious man is founded on fact.

Reed if brought to the auction block would be ruined. Yet he owns several race horses. His adventures have been many and varied. Because he cannot trust himself he does not drink. Reed is the man who killed McCullough in New Orleans a few years ago. He was sentenced to death but the commanding general pardoned him because of the intercession of Andrew J. Butler, a fellow gambler and the father of George H. Butler.

Charles Ransom is now poor and gains a precarious living by carrying on a "skin game" in West Twenty-fifth Street. Ransom was once a partner of John Morrissey. His fondness for fast horses and his dissolute tastes wasted his once large fortune.

Charles Abell is of New England stock. He keeps a gambling house with one Stokes in Ann Street and has a branch at Newport. At the branch house woodcock suppers attract

the "angels" (as inexperienced young men are called by the gamblers), who after a debauch lose large sums to the bank. For his Newport property Abell paid much more than it was worth, hoping, it was said, to attract one rich young man in particular. His success is not yet known. James Thomas is also a native of New England. He is supposed to have some property now, although he has lost largely in stock speculations.

John Petrie from Paterson, New Jersey, a firm friend of Senator Morrissey, accumulated $100,000 during the war, but he has recently been forced to part with a fine farm in the Ramapo Valley, New Jersey.

John F. Chamberlin came to this city from the West in company with Price McGrath. He formed an alliance with John Morrissey, who was then carrying on a gambling house at 5 West Twenty-fifth Street. The immense success which attended this combination so infatuated Chamberlin that he set himself up at No. 8 in the same street. He kept a French cook and served almost unequaled dinners and suppers to entrap the epicure and the politician. Richard Schell, J. Fisk, Jr., "Gunny" Bedford, William M. Tweed, Supt. Kelso, William Hennessey Cook, and other well-known men were claimed as his friends. It was through them that he was able to carry on the gambling business for ten years unmolested by the police. It is supposed that Chamberlin has won altogether $1,000,000, but he bought a stud of horses, thinking this would bring him in contact with persons whose social recognition he coveted. The scheme did not succeed, and he then bought a farm in Monmouth County, N. J. Ill luck soon began to attend Chamberlin. In spite of the "snapper" roulette wheel and many mechanical devices for cheating he has failed utterly unless, as is supposed by some, his brother holds his property to defraud his creditors.

Most of the "bunco men," "match stuffers," pocketbook droppers, and petty highwaymen are broken-down gamblers, who, during the war, promenaded Broadway in fine attire and dined sumptuously every day.

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